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ow everything Newt Gingrich hates—drugs, loose morals, disrespect for authority, the breakdown of family values—happens to be destroying the Mafia

By Jeffrey Goldberg

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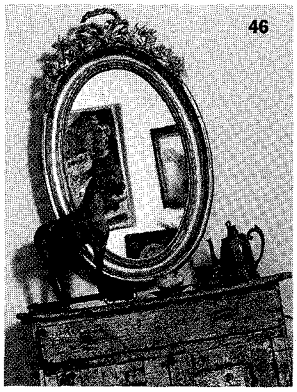
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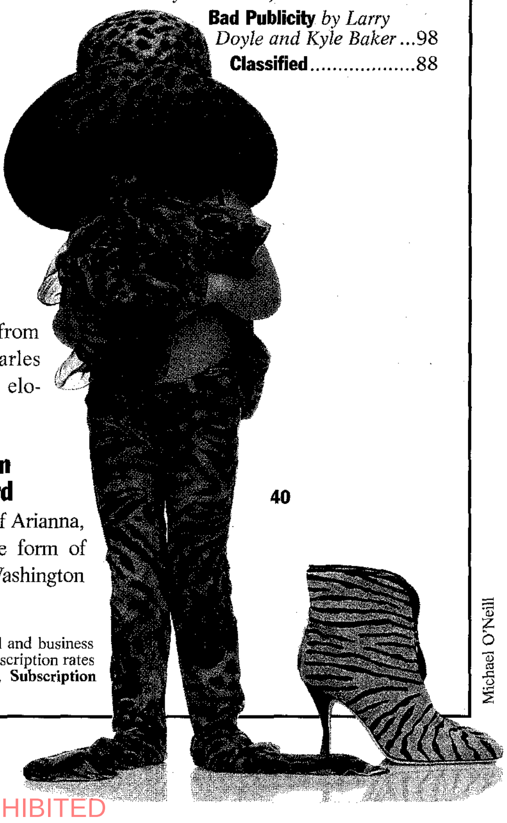
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Michael O'Neill

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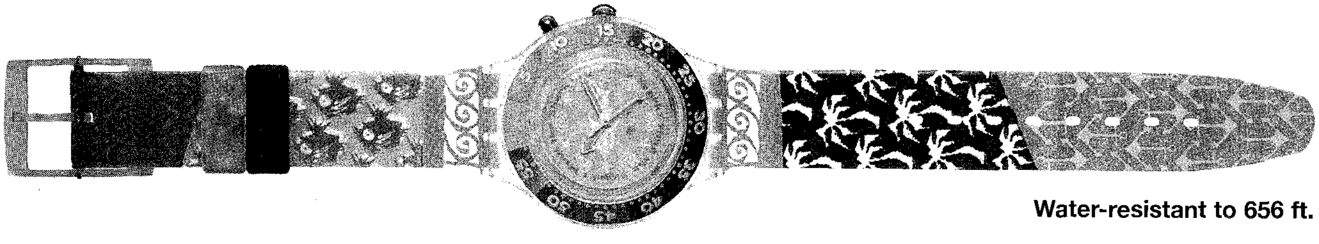

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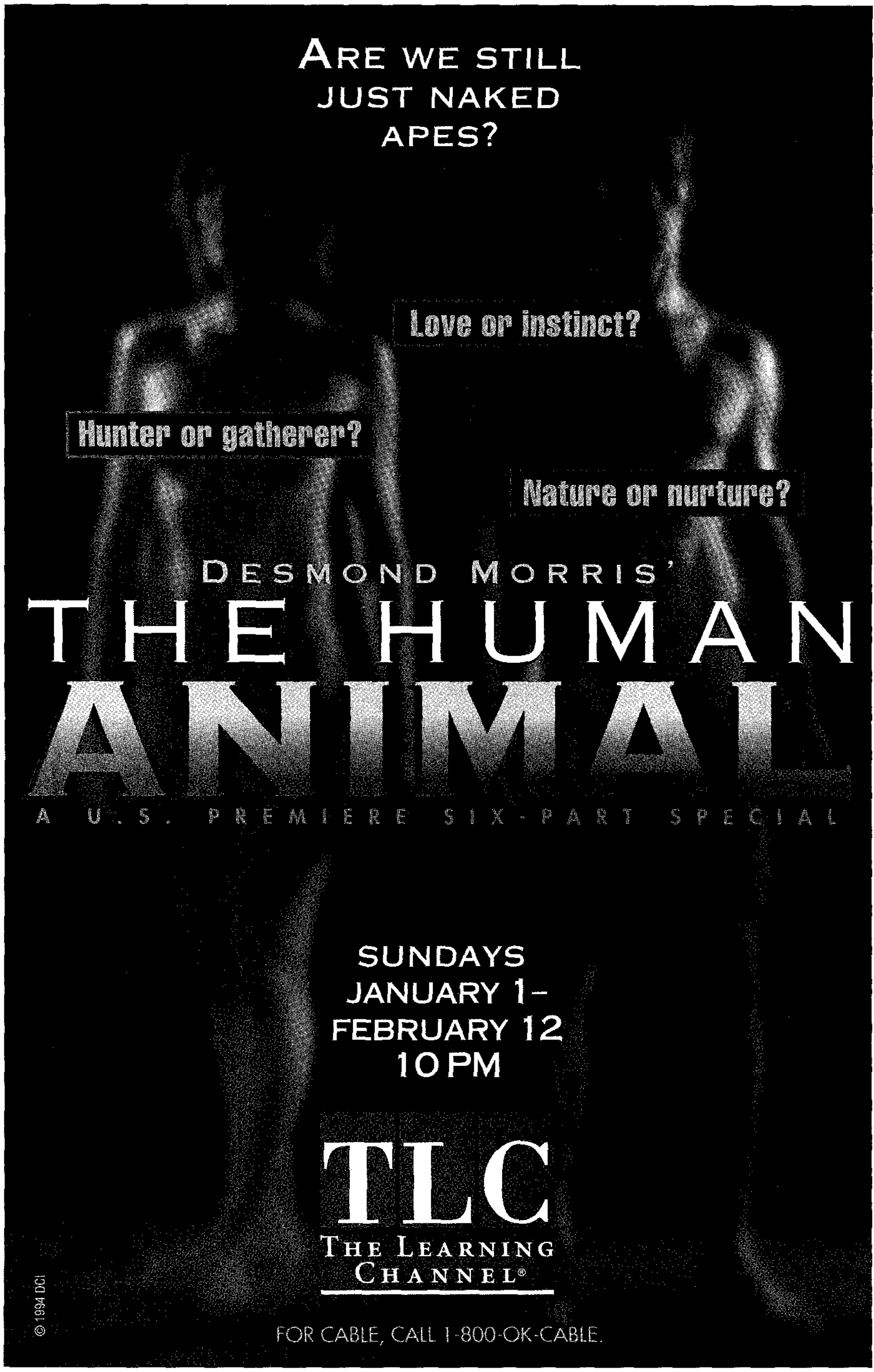
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LETTERS JANUARY 9, 1995

'World' Views

'The World & I' according to Herb London; a Manhattan cabbie's rules of the road; Mario Cuomo's not-so-firm offers.

New York MAGAZINE'S VENOMOUS portraits of me in the November 14 "Intelligencer" ["Herb London, Moonie Man"] and "Gotham" ["Herb London's Most Racist Friend," by Robert I. Friedman] pages neglected to mention several facts. Let me try to set the record straight.

1. I am on the advisory board of *The World & I* because it is a first-rate journal and because Morton Kaplan, a distinguished scholar at the University of Chicago, edits it. By the way, I have written for *The Christian Science Monitor* and the New York *Times.* Does that make me a Christian Scientist and a liberal respectively?

2. In the ten years I've been on the board, I received an honorarium of $100 for attendance at a meeting in Washington, D.C.

3. As far as my "racist friend" Ben Pesach is concerned, I met him once, the day I was interviewed on his public-access program. We did not engage in any conversation outside of the interview, and I have not seen him since.

4. My appearance on the program was indeed inadvertent. I hadn't any prior knowledge of the host or the program. Needless to say, if I knew about him or the program, I wouldn't have appeared.

5. My appearance on the program in question does not mean I subscribe to the host's views, and nothing I said on that program would suggest that I do.

Herb London
John M. Olin Professor of Humanities
New York University
MANHATTAN

REGARDING YOUR "INTELLIGENCER" BLURB on my employer, *The World & I* magazine, I find the use of the word *Moonie* in the headline offensive, especially in its tie-in with the parting shot, "(For another surprising lunatic-fringe-media appearance of London's, see "Gotham," page 22.)" As a copy editor, I welcome the use of terms such as *Native American* and *African-American,* not just to be politically correct (which I see as merely being polite) but because I believe that minorities, especially persecuted ones, deserve to be called what they want to be called. When the term the author uses is clearly derogatory—just last week I changed *crippled* to *disabled*—it absolutely must be changed. In this case, the preferred term is *Unificationist.* On the October 6 *Nightline,* Ted Koppel said: "On last night's program . . . I used the term *Moonies.* This is a label which members of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church find demeaning and offensive, and I'd like to apologize for its use." *New York* would profit from his example.

Louise B. Strait
BETHESDA, MD.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

AS THE ATTORNEY WHO SECURED QUEENS cable public access for Chaim Ben Pesach's TV series by threat of lawsuit, I must take issue with Robert I. Friedman's characterization of the show. Though he is a Jewish activist, Ben Pesach's musings on blacks are no more "hate-filled" than those of Howard Stern. His "little-seen public-access program" (to use Friedman's characterization) has been dubbed by even the left-wing *Village Voice* as the "most riveting" show on cable TV, by left-wing Lynn Samuels as the funniest, and has been hailed on the radio by Curtis Sliwa, Jay Diamond, and Rush Limbaugh.

Brian Graifman
MANHATTAN

Shut Up and Drive

GREAT IDEA EDUCATING THE TAXI RIDER ["Gotham: The Perfect Taxi Ride," by Jordan Schaps, October 31]. As a New York City hack, I would never take the route you suggest in order to avoid a traffic jam, even though I lose far more than the rider when we're stuck in traffic. (Effectively, it costs me more to lease the cab than the meter charges at standstill.)

Why? Try taking a New Yorker—especially a transplanted Midwesterner—half a block off the straight-line path between points A and B: No tip. If I suggest a route like Schaps's, nine out of ten riders would refuse. So I save myself the added aggravation; it's bad enough being behind the wheel and stuck in traffic.

Name Withheld by Request
QUEENS

Letter of the Law

YOUR DEPICTION OF THE WOOING OF MARIO Cuomo by the law firm of Willkie Farr & Gallagher ["Intelligencer: Mario's Parachute of Many Colors," December 19–26] certainly struck a chord with this reader. Willkie Farr is, without doubt, one of this country's great law firms; Governor Cuomo would, I am sure, be a glittering addition to any firm. But since I have been happily ensconced as a partner at the firm of Cahill Gordon & Reindel for the last 24 years and not at Willkie Farr, I want to assure one and all that I certainly did not presume to offer Governor Cuomo a partnership at Willkie Farr.

Floyd Abrams
MANHATTAN

A Mother's Son

THE PAIN OF LOSING A CHILD IS IMPOSSIBLE to describe. My personal pain was further intensified by Alex Williams's piece concerning my son Daniel Fidler ["Fast Track: At *SPIN,* Cobain Was Just the Beginning," May 16]. Daniel, the research editor at *SPIN* magazine, embodied journalism at its best, the antithesis of the sloppy if not just careless work Williams used in his article. Williams's piece epitomizes New York City's inhumane reputation.

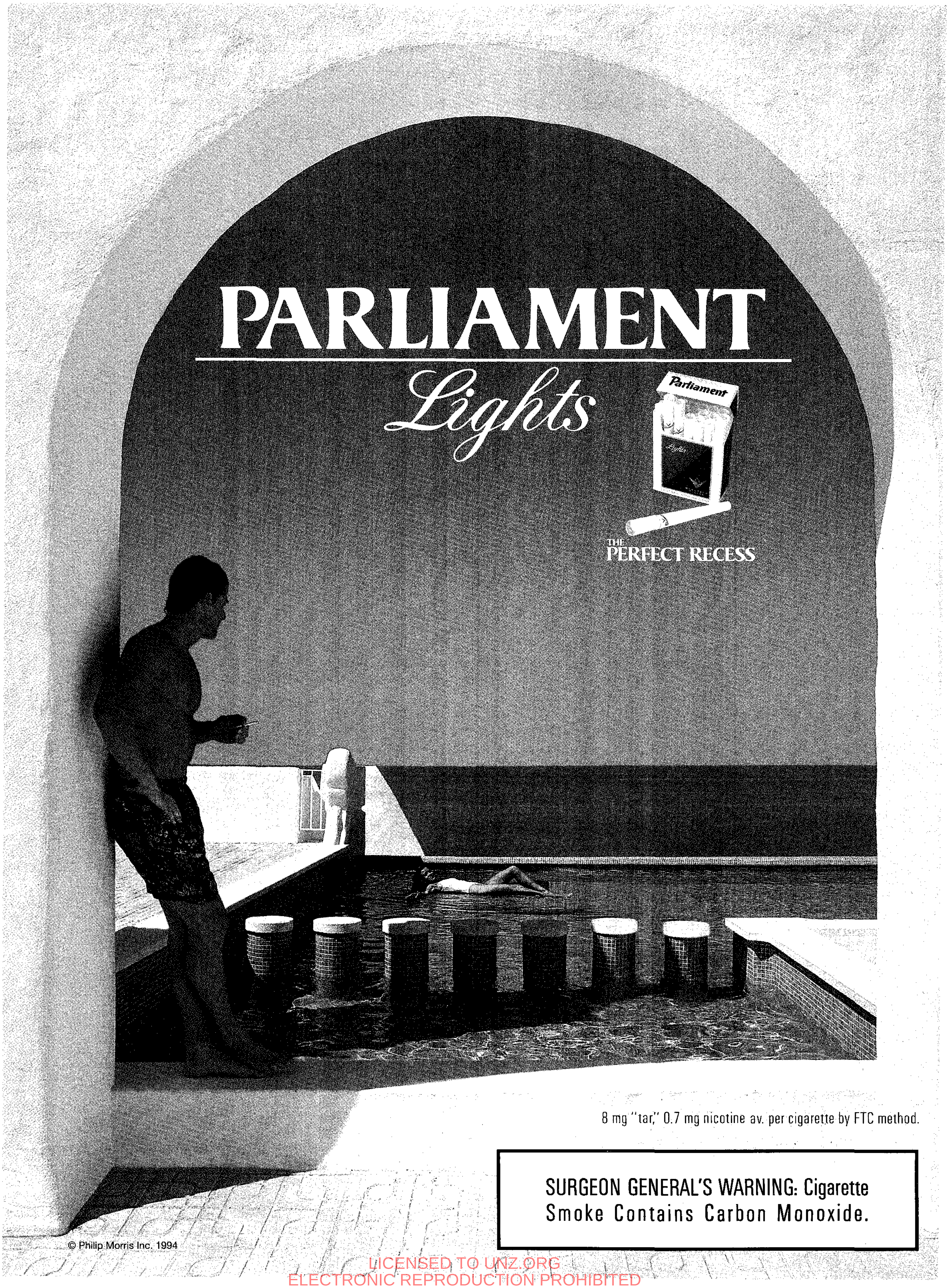
Daniel Fidler lived his life with great dignity. The hundreds of young people who were at his funeral are witness to the fact that Daniel knew of a love that rarely exists in this universe. He opened his heart to a world that sometimes would treat him badly, but Daniel's soul always remained pure; he was special. He deserves to be remembered that way.

Joy Fidler
MERION, PENN.

Credit Is Due

AS THE CO–LIGHTING DESIGNER ON THE new musical *A Christmas Carol,* I was disturbed that *New York*'s very detailed article written by Peter Kaminsky about the show ["Decking the Halls," November 28] failed to credit my co-designer, Peggy Eisenhauer.

Jules Fisher
MANHATTAN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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

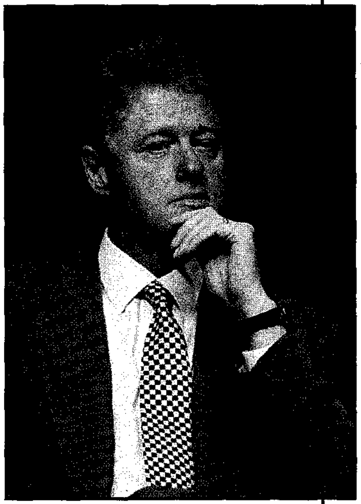
INTELLIGENCER

MESSY MAKE-OVER FOR *NEWSWEEK*

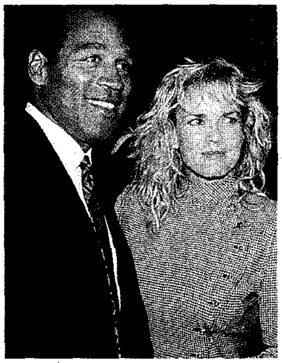
The atmosphere at the usually congenial *Newsweek* has rarely been so charged as it was in the last days of art director **Mark Michaelson,** who late one Friday night responded to the news of his sacking by letting off a fire extinguisher and threatening to take on editor **Maynard Parker** himself (below) with his new weapon. Sources say Michaelson—who had worked at the newsmagazine for slightly more than a year—was fired after developing a reputation for berating top editors (he publicly told Parker's generally low-key heir apparent, **Mark Whitaker,** that he was "full of shit") and conducting less-than-respectful exchanges with Parker. Meanwhile, ubiquitous magazine-design consultant **Roger Black** is being brought in to help recruit a new art director. Black, currently embarking on a redesign of *Crain's New York Business,* surely will dip his hand into *Newsweek's* design as well. The newsweekly hasn't undergone a major redesign since 1985—when, as it happens, Black was its art director. "No discussion of a redesign could take place until a new art director is in place, and the magazine's not in desperate need of one anyway," Black says. "But the baby-boom generation still likes change and that sensation of newness. And magazines have been under pressure to give them new looks. It's been great for us art directors."

BILL CLINTON'S NEW WEATHERMEN

The seriously poll-dependent **Bill Clinton** has taken on a new set of Democratic pollsters, **Mark Penn** and **Douglas Schoen.** Sources say the president, less than happy with his longtime in-house pollster, the left-leaning **Stanley Greenberg,** turned to Penn + Schoen—a more conservative Democratic New York City firm that has done extensive polling work for Senator Daniel Moynihan, Ed Koch, and Ross Perot (as well as *New York*)—to gather information to help craft his recent tax-cut proposal. "Obviously, this represents a shift, an attempt to get a new perspective," one source says, adding that the White House is talking to Penn + Schoen about other projects as well. Greenberg angered Clinton with a post-midterm-election poll that pointed a finger at the administration's agenda—health-care reform in particular—as the chief reason for the walloping the Democrats sustained. Recent Penn + Schoen polls would not have provided much solace, though: A June survey for the Association of Health Insurance Agents showed Californians overwhelmingly opposed to the Clinton health-care-reform package, and a March survey for the *National Law Journal* indicated that an increasing number of Americans feel a need to own a gun for self-defense and are opposed to Clinton's calls for gun control. Penn + Schoen and the White House declined to comment.



The president, thinking



The Simpsons, smiling

THE POLITICALLY INCORRECT O.J.

A new book about **O.J.** and **Nicole Simpson** will allege that the football star was a part-time homophobe as well as a wife beater. Author **Sheila Weller** says that Nicole and O.J. had been fighting for at least two days before Nicole's now infamous 1989 New Year's Day 911 call. The bickering had begun in Hawaii, where the couple and their two children had been vacationing. Weller says O.J. exploded at Nicole after she allowed a gay man to give Justin—at that time well under a year old—an affectionate peck. " 'I'm not letting any infected faggot touch my kid,' " Weller claims O.J. screamed at Nicole. "The argument is particularly significant since O.J.'s father died of AIDS, and arguments about homosexuality plagued the Simpson marriage in the later years." The book, to be called *Raging Heart: The Intimate Story of the Tragic Marriage of O.J. and Nicole Brown Simpson,* will be published by Pocket Books in mid-February, though Weller's still not finished. "I'm already on page 321, and I have ten more pages to go before I even get to their 1992 separation," she says.

THE *MANHATTAN PIGGISHNESS FILE*

Publisher **Evan Schindler** is having female troubles, according to two former employees of the six-month-old young-society monthly *Manhattan File.* Amanda Ross (daughter of Wall Street banker Wilbur Ross) worked until recently in the magazine's advertising-sales department—or, as she claims Schindler calls it, "the Boys' Club." Schindler constantly made inappropriate remarks, Ross says. "He would ask me, 'Amanda, when is your period going to be over?' and ask me to come sit on his lap," she says. "I got crap from all the guys there. One day I came in, and they said I was being fired for not producing. I was always No. 2 or 3 of the five reps." Former production director Debra Townes confirms that "there was a constant threat of that treatment to all women there" and that Schindler publicly made lewd comments about another staff member. Schindler's co-founder, editor-in-chief **Cristina Greeven,** says she has no knowledge of the allegations. "I would have done something about them," she insists.

Photographs: top, Najlah Feanny/Saba; center left, Deborah Feingold/Outline; center right, Celebrity Photo.

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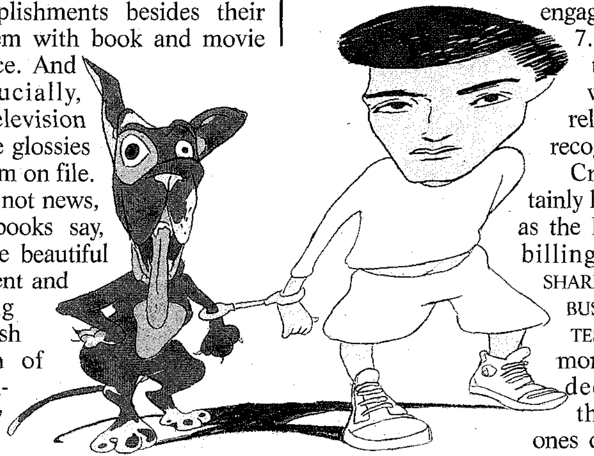
GOTHAM

Ame arde tery k Kelly

THE FRONT PAGE

The Outlaw JFK Jr.

Who needs criminals? Petty, vicious, ruthless, deranged, nefarious, or brilliant, the mass-produced criminal still lacks that certain something we've come to demand from our evildoers: *star power.*



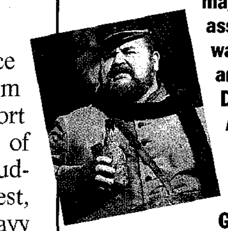
Call them Criminalebrities (*Celebrinal* sounds too much like what one might find cordoned off in a Planet Hollywood bathroom); they're a rapidly expanding criminal class that represents several improvements over the previous model—the largely unsatisfying criminal *turned* celebrity—which often produced spotty Buttafuocan and Bobbitty results. These new lawbreakers are *already* celebrities, already lionized for accomplishments besides their crimes, many of them with book and movie deals already in place. And perhaps most crucially, newspapers and television stations already have glossies and videotape of them on file.

MAN WALKS DOG is not news, the journalism textbooks say, but if the man is the beautiful son of a slain president and the dog is being walked without a leash in direct violation of applicable city ordinances, the *Daily News* would have been media-remiss had it not splashed JFK JR. COLLARED across the top of its front page last week. The details may have been sketchy (Kennedy had "a large black dog"), the celebrity sound bites limited ("a sheepish Kennedy nodded" and "Kennedy nodded again"), and the punishment uncompelling (he can mail in the summons with a check to cover the $100 fine), but this was the handsomest man in America, and attention must be paid.

MAN SMUGGLES GUN ONTO PLANE is also not news, the most up-to-date journalism textbooks say, but if the man is a young movie star often photographed with supermodels, SLATER GRABBED WITH GUN becomes rather inevitable. After a fully loaded Beretta was found in Christian Slater's luggage out at JFK Sr., the actor's attorney pleaded that Slater be let loose since he was on his way to ask someone to marry him ("He apparently didn't say to whom," a Port Authority spokeswoman gossiped). Left out of the otherwise exhaustive report—which included an account of a 1990 drunk-driving arrest, during which "Slater kicked a deputy with heavy cowboy boots," police said—was an explanation of why the actor would need both a diamond engagement ring and a 7.65-mm. automatic to propose. Slater was, of course, released on his own recognition factor.

Criminalebrity certainly has its advantages, as the Reverend Al's top billing in the *Post*'s SHARPTON, 33 OTHERS BUSTED IN COP PROTEST proves. (What's more, "the protesters decided amongst themselves which ones of them would be arrested," a police spokesman said.) And then, of course, there's the Celebrity Trial of the Century, which last week produced O.J. A PRIVILEGE (*Daily News*), O.J. A PRISONER WITH PRIVILEGES (New York *Newsday*), and O.J. GETS RED-CARPET TREATMENT IN JAIL (*Post*). Among the prison celebrity frills afforded Simpson, according to the media saturation, were daily showers, visitors on Christmas, and hot meals. "I keep hearing this bullshit of 'special treatment, special treatment, special treatment,'" countered attorney Robert Shapiro, attempting, unwisely, to make his client out to be a regular guy. "The whole place sucks."

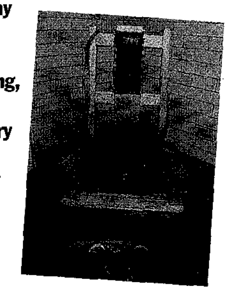
The *Daily News* printed the story under the rubric LIFESTYLES OF THE JAILED & FAMOUS. It was not clear whether it was a new section.



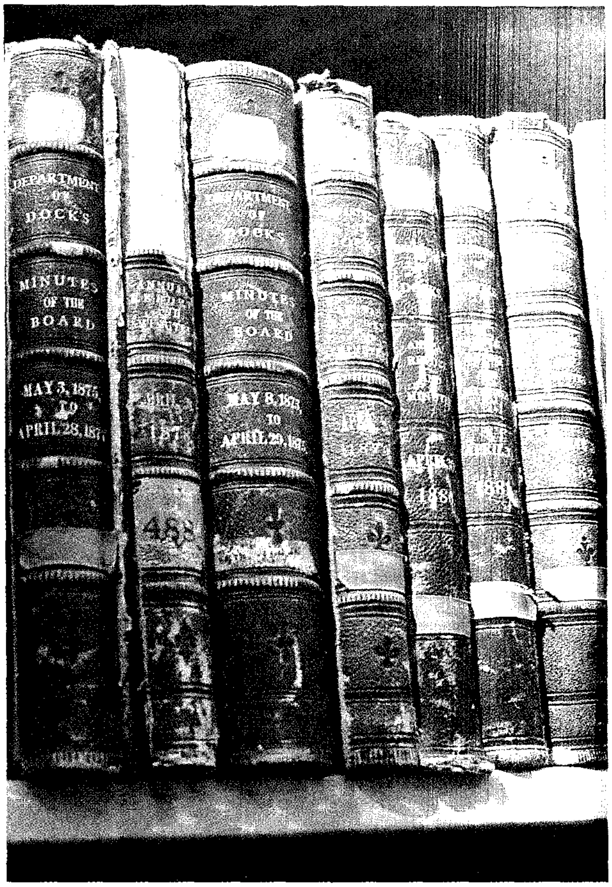
O SOLO RUDY "He's used to talking to the world from an inch from his mouth, but the reality is, you have to enunciate and not chew your words. So I said to him, respectfully, 'Think about talking to the back wall.' The mayor was assuming there was some amplification," Dom DeLuise told *New York,* describing rehearsals of his scene with Giuliani for the New Year's Eve production of *Die Fledermaus* at the Metropolitan Opera.

IN THE DRINK Of the five boroughs, Staten Island has the most alcoholics: An estimated 7.9 percent of the population are "adult problem drinkers," according to the city's Alcoholism Services department. Manhattan has 7.6 percent alcoholics, Queens 6.9 percent, the Bronx 6.6 percent, and Brooklyn 6.4 percent.

DEATH POLL "What form of capital punishment would you want to see implemented in New York State?" Only six of twenty people randomly asked by *New York* said they were against the death penalty. For the 70 percent pro-execution majority, the preferred methods were lethal injection (3); quickly but don't care how (3); electrocution (2); the same way murderer killed victim (2); the most torturous way possible, and castration for rapists (2); hanging, broadcast from Times Square every Friday (1); letting the victim's family go after the murderer with baseball bats (1).



Photographs: top, Mark Peterson/Saba; center, Winnie Klotz; bottom, G. & V. Chapman/Image Bank; illustration by Istvan Banyai.



City

RUDY HITS THE BOOKS

WHEN IT BECAME CLEAR THAT RUDY Giuliani's budget struggle with the City Council would wind up in court, the mayor's people descended on a certain small, little-known city agency where they were able to search for legal precedents by paging through transcripts and reports from three decades of charter-reform efforts. Now, as Giuliani proceeds to implement his fiscal plans by trying out one arcane legal maneuver after another, neglected among the mayor's myriad budget cuts is a charter change that will enable the city to sell off a certain small, little-known city agency.

The Municipal Library—a suite of rooms on the first floor of the former Surrogate's Court at 31 Chambers Street—has provided free access to public documents for 80 years, serving pundits (Murray Kempton), public servants (John F. Kennedy Jr.), and assorted citizens (the writer who recently was there researching his history of city garbage trucks). While the library keeps a low profile—"Just what is the Municipal Library?" Fran Reiter, Giuliani's deputy mayor in charge of libraries, asked when questioned about its demise—about 30,000 New Yorkers make their way there every year to sift through its extensive, idiosyncratic, anachronistic (everything on paper, no databases) collection. A staff of seven maintains newspaper-clipping files on hundreds of topics with scissors and tape. On the open-stack shelves, a book on seventies New York gangs sits near a series of population studies about the Colonial era. Reports on sludge management and AIDS services keep close company. The entire collection amounts to about 200,000 volumes.

More than once, researchers from opposing political camps have been known to sit at the same table while digging up dirt on each other. Indeed, on the same day that the mayor's people were using the library to undermine the power of the City Council, council staff members arrived to search for arguments that could fend off the mayor.

Chris Meyer, attorney for the lefty New York Public Interest Research Group, calls it "a treasure" without which "people will know even less about officials and policies." "Oh, my God," said conservative columnist Roger Starr, informed of its intended closing.

Administration officials do not pretend that selling the library will save much money. Even if all seven employees took severance packages, the city would save only around $200,000 a year. The library's annual budget for books is a mere $30,000. Still, "it is real money," says Fred Winters, of the city's Department of General Services.

Giuliani's people claim that the library is simply not a basic city service and, in the weird logic of privatization, suggest that selling or transferring the collection won't diminish the city's belief in its mission. "The commitment to deliver the service is still there," says Winters. "We're just saying that this might not be the optimal place for us to be putting our resources." He adds that the city is talking with the New York Public Library about taking it over.

ROBERT NEUWIRTH
AND JENNIFER DOWNEY

Communication

A ROOM WITH A VIEWER

"YOU'RE KIDDING! REALLY? THAT IS JUST craziness!" said an apparently quite upset Paul O'Neil, managing director of the Sheraton New York, upon learning that his hotel had recently been singled out on the Internet as the hotel of choice for voyeurs visiting Manhattan.

The recommendation came in the alt.sex.voyeurism newsgroup, from someone calling himself tms@tiac.net, who was, as are many superhighway inhabitants, enthusiastically specific: "Ask for 20th floor or higher, even-numbered room, as close to xx42 as possible," he wrote. "You end up on the 53rd Street side, with close-up views of the Hilton . . . and another private hotel, and further views of a great student- and hospital-oriented apartment building and a suites hotel. Bring your binocs, though. A scope would be even better."

Of course, O'Neil is obliged to fume about this kind of thing. "I can't believe this!" he went on. "How can people even print stuff like that?"

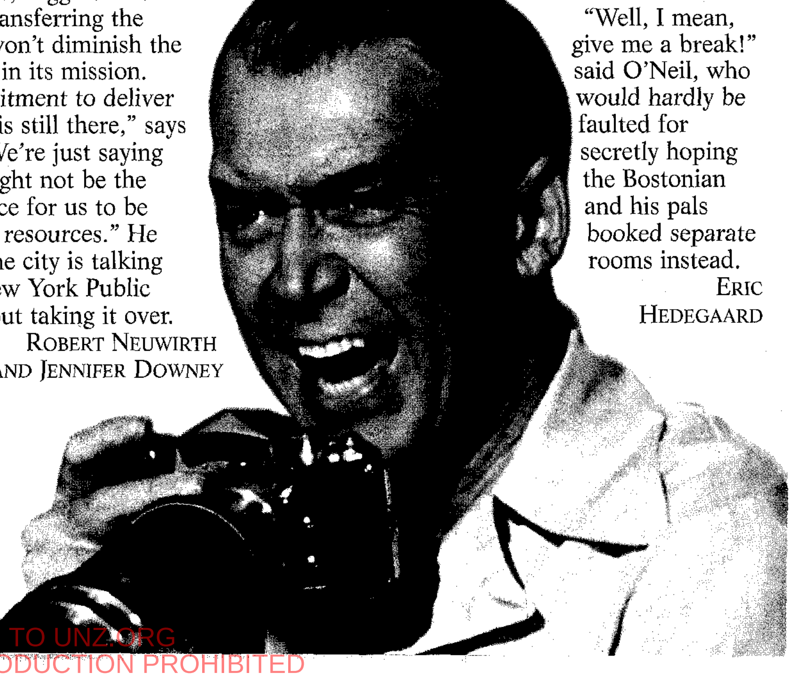
"High points," continued tms@tiac.net. "1. Windows slide open, so you get an unobstructed view. Don't fall out!"

O'Neil quibbled that the Sheraton's windows do not in fact open all the way. "They only open three or four inches," he said, which is, of course, plenty of room for binoculars or, even better, a telescope.

Although tms@tiac.net's post has so far failed to yield an increase in requests for the Sheraton's upper-floor rooms, the word is apparently getting around. "I wonder how much the Sheraton's weekend rate would be?" viewer 1@aol.com, from Boston, asked in a more recent Internet message. "Anyone out there interested in maybe . . . combining to get a room and stake the place out for a weekend?"

"Well, I mean, give me a break!" said O'Neil, who would hardly be faulted for secretly hoping the Bostonian and his pals booked separate rooms instead.

ERIC
HEDEGAARD



Photographs: top, Steven Freeman; bottom, Photofest.

Sports

THE ANTI-STEINBRENNER

ROBERT MRAZEK ROLLS SOME NAMES around on his tongue, along with the second Chardonnay of lunch. He's a man with ponderous eyes, and the names send him to a faraway place.

"I think," he says, "Pete Rose deserves another chance."

Mrazek, the thoughtful ex-congressman from Long Island, wants to start a new baseball league, the first in 80 years. Having Rose manage Doc Gooden would put it right on the map, he thinks. Tear the heart out of George Steinbrenner, too.

It's been two and a half years since Mrazek endured that cursed Democratic primary for the U.S. Senate—the one where headlines about his being the biggest abuser in the House check-cashing scandal were spelled only by dispatches from the Liz Holtzman/Geraldine Ferraro self-immolation. There were also reports about Mrazek buying a Bahamian island with a group that included the manager of the House bank. The resulting attention caused the deal to sour and his investors, Al Gore among them, to lose a $435,000 stake.

Then there was the doctor Mrazek "saw for what I thought was a sinus problem." It was an egg-size tumor at the base of his brain. "I had a seventeen-hour surgery where they sawed open my jaw to get this thing off." It took two kinds of therapy—radiation and writing a novel that was "a lot more mean-spirited than I wanted"—for Mrazek to rebuild his hollowed-out life.

Now it's baseball, full-time. It started when he visited Texas congressman John Bryant, who was putting together an eight-team independent minor league in the South. The idea reminded Mrazek of his beloved 1962 Mets, with "Harry Chiti and Choo Choo Coleman behind the plate and some great players toward the sunset of their careers." Within a few months, the two pols would draw an early sketch of the sixteen-team United League—a back-to-the-future affair that would bring "fan-friendly" baseball to midsize U.S. cities while expanding it to Asia. (By 1999, the prospectus calls for eastern-division teams in Tokyo, Osaka, Seoul, and Taiwan.)

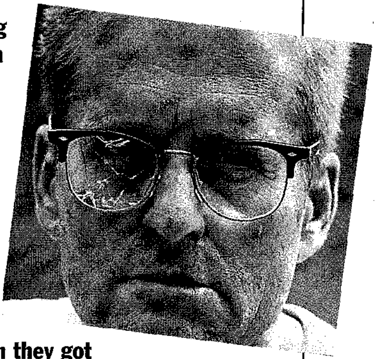
It's hard to tell whether Mrazek has been chastened by his public mortification, or if his soft-spoken, hypnotic manner is merely an exquisitely developed selling tool. But you can't help rooting for the guy—even while wondering whether a nakedly ambitious ex-pol who flipped offshore islands and lived by overdraft is really the person to bring back chicken-dinner baseball. Then again, maybe it takes someone who had "a special counsel review every deposit in my checkbook for 39 months" to create a new sports paradigm—where owners keep open books and players share in the gross. And where, presumably, no one throws a spitter or slides spikes-up.

Leaving the East 56th Street restaurant Hemingway's on a December afternoon, Mrazek muses on his resurrection as Baseball's Commissioner of Second Chances, on how events well beyond his control have made his out-of-left-field plans suddenly plausible, perhaps preferable.

"When we started this last year, there wasn't even an indication there would be a strike," he says. "Now the players union is telling its members not to sign contracts. Their anger is exponentially

CRIME

Don't Talk to Strangers



In 1994, for the first time since the FBI began keeping records, you were more likely to be murdered by a stranger than by an acquaintance, according to a new report. "The advent of this trend has generated a profound fear of murder victimization in that the circumstances surrounding homicides are perceived to be more irrational," the FBI concluded. *Perceived?*

December 25: A motorist in a white Mercedes shot the driver of a Chevrolet Corsica in the face, apparently because the victim cut him off getting into the toll lane of the Triborough Bridge. "They started arguing," a police spokesman said, "and when they got past the tollbooth, a shot rang out."

December 9: A man fatally shot a video-store employee in East New York after he lost a quarter in a pay phone and the victim refused to give him a refund. "Nobody has fistfights anymore," a police spokesman said.

September 2: A North Carolina man fatally shot an NBC stagehand outside Rockefeller Plaza because he believed the network sent rays out of the television set into his brain.

August 24: Two teenagers shot and killed a Brooklyn candy-store owner who complained that they hadn't paid for two bottles of Snapple.

July 14: A man fired shots at two bouncers looking for a late-night snack in a bagel shop because the bouncers had kicked him out of a club for being rowdy.

April 8: A gunman in a car shot the driver of a special-education school bus in Crown Heights, apparently because the driver took too long to unload children at the corner.

March 25: A teenager shot a Brooklyn bodega owner because he was served an unsatisfactory ham-and-cheese hero. "They usually say the customer is always right," a police spokesman said, "but in this case, the customer could not be satisfied."

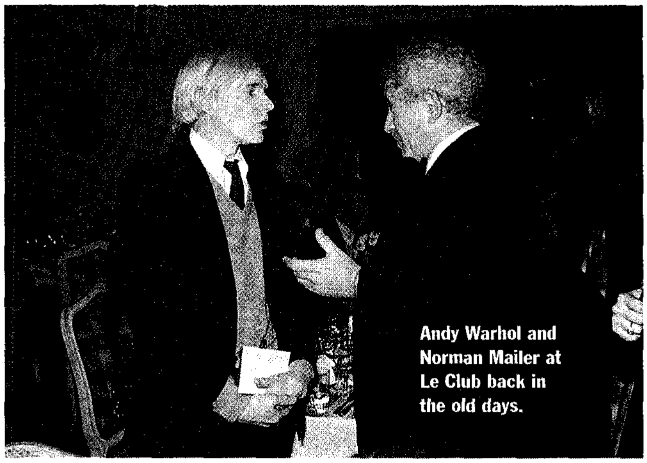
February 1: An 18-year-old man was riding on the No. 5 train in the Bronx smoking a joint when a sanitation worker sat down across from him. "What are you looking at?" the suspect reportedly asked. "You. Why?" the victim replied. The suspect then shot the victim through the heart. "There are some people that take offense at that," a police spokesman said. "It's our modern-day society."

January 7: The owner of a deli in the Bronx shot and killed one teenager and shot another in the buttocks when the teens complained that their order of one slice of pizza, one gyro, and one beef patty was taking too long.

Photographs: top, Luc Novovitch/Gamma-Liaison; center, Photofest.

greater than it's been in years. That's why I like our chances. We're going to take the paranoia out of the game."

SHAUN ASSAEL



Andy Warhol and Norman Mailer at Le Club back in the old days.

Nightlife

LE CLUB *FROID*

IT WAS PROBABLY INEVITABLE that the Kennedys would end up in the same story as a talking vibrator, and now they have Peter von Schlossberg to thank for it. A tale about the fickleness of celebrity and Chinese obscenity laws, it goes like this:

Once upon a time, in a quaint two-story white townhouse on East 58th Street, Oleg and Igor Cassini opened an elegant not-for-profit restaurant and social club that would become a Camelot-era playground for only the very best and brightest. But like the now-degraded Kennedy currency it traded in, Le Club lost its luster over the years. Long gone are the days when Jackie would hold birthday parties for Caroline and John-John there, the nights when Frank and Liz might be sitting at one table while Liza held court across the room. These days, Le Club's clientele is B- or C-list or below; on a typical night, one might encounter an American Jewish Singles dance or be able to spot a celebrity as famous as, say, Gary Busey. Donald Trump recently resigned his membership.

Le Club's board of governors, once composed of the truly fabulous—the late Aristotle Onassis, the Duke of Bedford—

RESTAURANTS

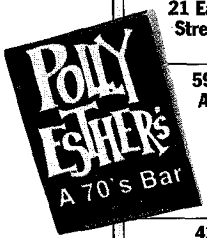
Aura Stories

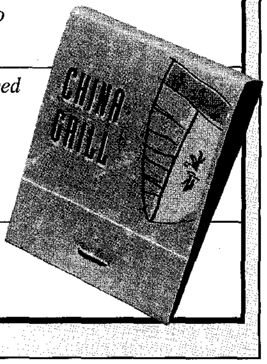
the MARKHAM

"I don't like to say the word *cursed;* it sounds so dramatic," says Faith Consolo, managing director of Garrick-Aug, one of the country's largest store-leasing firms. "But when a place turns over several times, it develops an aura." In Manhattan's evanescent restaurant scene, where last year's dining sensation can be this year's Kinko's, a number of addresses have developed very distinctive auras.

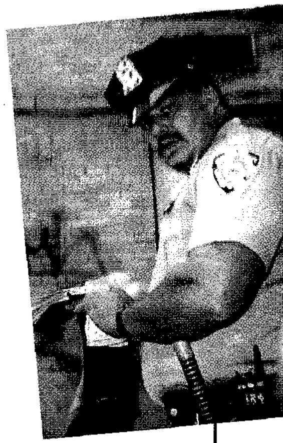
DANY LEVY

LOCATION	PREVIOUSLY	CURRENT TENANT	TENANT'S FEELINGS ABOUT BEING CURSED
1312 Madison Avenue	*A dry cleaner, a barber shop, a penny-candy store, L'Alouette, Jean Claude, Entre Nous*	**Bistro du Nord**	*"People warned me before I took the place, but that didn't bother me. . . . I didn't feel that other people's failing mattered. I felt I had enough creative energy to make it work."—Karen Jean, owner*
23 East 22nd Street	*Ariel and Michael, Cafe Galette, Pesca*	**Bolo**	*"If a restaurant gives people a reason to come to it, they come. . . . There can't possibly be such a thing as a jinx. Coincidence? Yes. Jinx? No."—Laurence Kretchmer, co-owner*
1359 First Avenue	*The Sea Venture, Bobby Rubino's, The Coastal Cafe, AQ on the Spot*	**Yorkville Brewery & Tavern**	*"We don't believe in jinxes. . . . We're going to put this whole thing to an end. We just signed a fourteen-year lease."—Steven Ryan, co-owner*
60 West 53rd Street	*Rose's, The American Charcuterie, The Ground Floor*	**China Grill**	*"I think our space has certain inefficiencies, like a two-floor kitchen and a two-floor property, which may seem like bad luck or a hex, but it's not."—David Napolitan, director of operations*
1115 First Avenue	*Adam's Apple, Eve's Apple, Mai Tai*	**The Rock Garden Cafe**	*"It's a good location. . . . Curse? No. I don't believe in curses."—Tom Thompson, manager*
1378 Third Avenue	*New York Restaurant, Tuscany, Il Posto, Olio*	**Dolcetto**	*"No, I wouldn't think the spot was cursed. . . . All restaurants open with the best intentions."—John Pardalis, manager*
320 Amsterdam Avenue	*Trattoria Olio, Beau Geste, Allura, Cafe Central*	**Ciccio and Tony's**	*"Our location is not cursed. It used to be. But this spot is not doomed anymore." —Daniel Steinberger, general manager*
210 East 58th Street	*A steakhouse, an Italian restaurant, Jak's Hungarian, Caesar's East*	**Dawat**	*"We have been rated the finest Indian restaurant in the country with Madhur Jaffrey as our chef. . . . We have broken the curse."—Avtar Walia, owner*
21 East 8th Street	*Lichee Nut, Pasta Vicci, All-American Cafe*	**Polly Esther's**	*"I don't know. I wasn't aware of the past of it. We seem to have hit a home run here, no jinxes or nothing."—Bob Watman, co-owner*
59 Fifth Avenue	*Ashley's, The Continental, Hunter's Cafe 5th Avenue (never opened), La Bonne Cuisine, East Side Havana*	**The Markham**	*"Our personal shaman and Persian dervish have guaranteed the integrity of this space."—Clarke Wolfe, co-owner*
430 Broome Street	*Mac Ashinoff & Año, a coffee shop, Lulu, Onda, La Frontera*	**Northeast Bar and Grill (temporarily closed)**	*"I don't wish to participate."—Mitch Perl, owner*





Photographs: top, Oscar Abolafia; center and bottom, Steve Wisbauer (3).



is now strictly and unspectacularly Wall Street. (The only remotely famous person on the board is Jeffrey Silverman, former-husband-to-be of Joy.) While this makes the decelebritization of Le Club understandable, it does little to explain why a not-for-profit club managed by moneymakers should be so badly run, or how it's become such a financial mess. *New York* has learned that two of Le Club's governors have recently had to reach into their own pockets and pony up $50,000 to keep the club afloat. "The [paying] membership has fallen below 800, and they have not signed up a new member in two years," one former executive says. "They're in trouble."

More than they seem to realize.

Last January, Le Club's board hired the 35-year-old Von Schlossberg as executive director after he dazzled them with grandiose plans for a world-class club: a private screening room, satellite hookups, teleconferencing rooms. Believing Von Schlossberg had the vision to lead the club into the next millennium, the governors agreed to pay him $100,000 a year, plus $1,500 a month in expenses.

To date, Von Schlossberg has done little to impress current colleagues with his business acumen. "He would sit there and literally do nothing but make personal phone calls," says the former executive. According to both current and former employees, Von Schlossberg's efforts on behalf of Le Club have consisted of selling the organization his computer list of "just the right people" to solicit as members, holding pajama parties intended to attract twentysomethings, and organizing trips to Broadway shows.

Much of Von Schlossberg's energy, sources say, has been spent on a pet business project: producing a handheld, battery-operated vibrator that speaks French. (Those who have heard about the vibrator believe it says *Encore une fois, bébé,* or possibly *Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?*) Von Schlossberg's plans to manufacture the vibrator cheaply overseas were frustrated when he received a fax at Le Club from a Hong Kong manufacturer informing him that because of anti-pornography laws there, it would be unable to produce his anatomically explicit vibrator. ("A plain vanilla vibrator" would be no problem, the fax said.)

Despite reports that Le Club's revenues have fallen far below his own projections, Von Schlossberg told *New York* that "the club is financially stable" and that membership is "about the same" as when he was hired.

"The directors love me," he says. "They're very happy with my work."

Le Club's directors did not return calls for comment.

As for the sexual device, "It was a cute idea, a great gag gift," Von Schlossberg says. "I don't want to talk about it, because it still may happen."

JOHN CONNOLLY

POLICE

Cop Lite

Officer Edwin Rodriguez once walked his Brooklyn Heights beat in shame. "People stared at me like 'Look at that fat cop,' " the ten-year veteran recalls. "It really killed me." So Big Ed, as he was known around the 84th Precinct, joined the bike patrol. "Back then, I couldn't even make it up the hills." But now, six months and 3,600 miles later, Rodriguez, 35, has shed 40 pounds, one chin, and his nickname. "Now they call me *Flaco* around here. That's Spanish for 'skinny.' "

MONICA CORCORAN

Science

FLESH-EATING-BEETLEMANIA

THE STENCH IS NOTICEABLE JUST INSIDE the door to the third-floor hallway of the American Museum of Natural History's Building 17; it becomes quite bothersome next to the refrigerated room where stuffed bears, seals, lions, and tigers lie in cold storage awaiting a turn in the display case; it gets extremely unpleasant next to the skeletal remains of Jumbo, the once-famous elephant; until, at the end of the hall, it's more or less unbearable.

Holed up in the hot, cramped osteological drying room, under flickering fluorescent lights, in eight four-foot-by-two-foot tin-lined bins, a half-million black-brown beetles gnaw on the putrid flesh of dead fish, birds, and small mammals. On the back of the door is a poster of a smiling cartoon eel bearing the caption AN EEL MAKES A GREAT MEAL.

"The beetles do a fantastic job that no humans could do," Melanie L. J. Stiassny, an associate curator, says without a trace of nausea. "Without the beetles, we'd have to boil the flesh and skin off—which would also disarticulate the bones. We'd be left with a tremendous jigsaw puzzle."

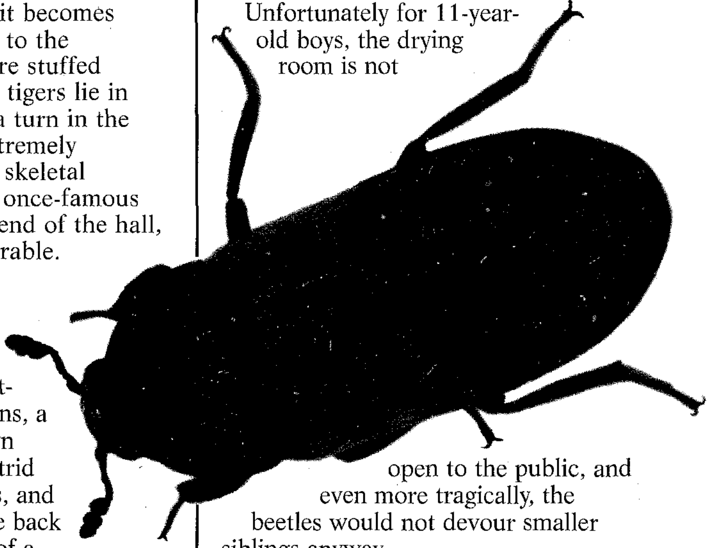
The beetles, however, produce fully intact flesh-free skeletons with a minimum of fuss or muss. This week, a binful of the six-millimeter-long dermestids (from the Greek *derma,* or "skin," and *esthiein,* or "to eat") are picking clean an adult marlin, which has been carefully stripped of as much excess fish flesh as possible. "They eat mammals, squirrels, turtles, and all that," Stiassny says. "Between the other departments and us, they always have something to eat."

The beetles' handy omnivorousness was discovered by the museum back in the thirties, when a pack of dermestids made it into a shipment of African mammal specimens, which subsequently arrived bone naked. Since the beetles will eat just about anything dead, museum workers spray all bones removed from the room with an insecticide to prevent the inadvertent denuding of the stuffed exhibits.

Unfortunately for 11-year-old boys, the drying room is not open to the public, and even more tragically, the beetles would not devour smaller siblings anyway.

"If there is any moisture in the flesh, they will not touch it," Stiassny says. "You can lie down in the beetle tanks, and the beetles will not touch you."

LANCE GOULD



Photographs: center, Kevin Knight; bottom, N. E. Beck Jr./Photo Researchers.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

The Conformist

Gingrich polling whiz and embarrassingly ambitious nebbish Frank Luntz wants to be the James Carville of the new Republican majority.

Frank Luntz: tearing down the Establishment—but don't tell his mom.

"OH, NO. OH, no," Frank Luntz moans. "Don't write about me. I'm not important. Write about someone else. Write about Joe Gaylord—he's the most important person around Newt. You'll find plenty of stuff on him." I've heard of reluctant subjects, but this is ridiculous. Luntz, a Gingrich acolyte who has been a media specter since Labor Day—appearances on *Nightline, Brinkley,* and *MacNeil/Lehrer;* a geyser of quotes in the papers; making *Time*'s "50 most promising national leaders age 40 and under" list—can hardly plead bashfulness. So he doesn't. He begs for mercy. "I have two parents who are still alive," Luntz pleads. "Don't hurt them."

In the end, Luntz proves not to be such a shrinking violet after all. He invites me to join him and a college friend for a dinner at which he holds forth with gregarious abandon. Afterward, we retire to a hotel bar, where he performs a bizarre monologue that careens between political analysis and neurotic introspection. Luntz is the kind of guy who emits a stream of expletives, then begs you not to print them for the sake of his family. *"Don't—please*—I already got in trouble once with my mom for using a four-letter word." (Luntz is 32.) Who says there are no right-wing performance artists? Yet for all his Portnoy-esque eccentricity, Luntz is a key figure in the new world of Republican Washington. When you hear Newt or his lieutenants utter a bit of suspiciously canned agitprop, there's a good chance it was developed with the help of Dr. Luntz.

For the nerdy operative, who grew up in the prosperous Jewish suburb of West Hartford, Connecticut, politics was an early passion. He was state chairman of the Teenage Republicans and a volunteer for various Republican candidates. Working for the 1980 New York Senate campaign of James Buckley, he met pollster Arthur Finkelstein, the shadowy master of political black arts who stands behind Alfonse D'Amato and George Pataki. His career path was set. At Oxford, he wrote a doctoral dissertation on American elections. The thesis, which was published as a book in England, afforded Luntz an opportunity to schmooze heroes from both parties—not otherwise widely adored people like Ed Rollins, Bob Teeter, Lee Atwater, Richard Wirthlin, Paul Manafort, Frank Greer, and Bob Shrum. He copiously quotes them all in his book.

As *Candidates, Consultants & Campaigns* makes clear, Luntz has scant interest in political ideas (he says he's too tired at day's end to read the books Gingrich keeps recommending to him). He's more fixated on the inside game played by the consultants, direct-mail men, and fundraisers of both parties whom he calls "the wizards of American politics." Luntz is at pains to rebut the idea that the power of these unelected insiders is somehow undemocratic. In one passage, he describes being at a party after one of the 1988 presidential debates, where "the crowd of journalists surrounding candidates Jesse Jackson and Bruce Babbitt was dwarfed by the journalists and politicians around media consultant Bob Squier." Squier's opinions on the campaign, Luntz bubbles, "were more important than the candidates' opinions on the issues."

Following his three years at Oxford, Luntz set out to win such a role for himself, signing on with former Reagan pollster/adviser Wirthlin before eventually leaving to set up his own research firm. Luntz got some work, but as he describes it, he was too much an outsider to thrive amid the Republican Establishment in George Bush's Washington. "I don't talk like they do," he says, sipping a diet Coke. "I don't go out drinking. I'm not part of the old boys' network. I can't be. I don't have the social skills. I don't wear the right suits. I hate cigarette smoke. I hate cigar smoke. I don't hear that great. If it's a lot of people in a small place, I can't hear well. My mom doesn't know this, and I don't want to go into this any more than that."

Even now, he's consumed with this odd mix of low self-esteem and hostility. "There's a new Establishment, and I don't want to be regarded as one of them either. Establishment people never want to admit that they've failed. They never want to admit that they've made mistakes, or that things aren't perfect," Luntz says. "Everything is always okay. It's crap. I have no life, no social life. I'm busy. I'm excited about how much I've learned. But the word *happy* would not be used to describe me." Angry voter—meet the angry spin doctor.

One of the few times in his life he was happy, Luntz says, was when he signed on to poll for Pat Buchanan in New Hampshire in January 1992—his break into the political big time. "Mark Shields, Jeff Greenfield, Fred Barnes, Paul Gigot, Ken Bode, Bob Beckel—these are people I was fascinated with. They would listen to me!" He was a Jew serving a candidate with fascist sympathies, but Luntz was not troubled. "I talked to more than a dozen people, all Jewish, to see how they

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would feel," Luntz says. "It began with my parents. To my amazement, all but one said to do it."

After Buchanan conked out, there was no place for an apostate like Luntz in the Bush re-election effort. So he defected once again, this time to Ross Perot. The ideological distance between the two candidates was, as usual, unproblematic. After the campaign, he appeared on countless TV shows and was quoted everywhere about Perot's base: the angry, alienated, white American voter.

Hence Luntz's appeal to Gingrich, whose GOPAC hired him last April to help prepare a Republican strategy for the November election. Luntz conducted a series of focus groups with Perot voters, and issued a long report on how to Republicanize them. Following the study, he again used Perot groups to market-test the language of the Contract With America. What Luntz did is somewhat vague, but it appears that he determined, for example, that the phrase *individual choice* was better than *empowerment,* because voters didn't know what the latter meant, and that the word *Republican* was best avoided altogether.

There is a strong element of ad-agency blather in Luntz's work. Consider, for instance, the study he did last fall for the Hudson Institute on the state of the American Dream: "It is impossible to define the American Dream because it has no definition. Each and every American, whether born here or elsewhere, eventually comes to define this Dream in words and a vision that is uniquely theirs. The 'American Dream' is as distinctly American as the nation which lends its name to it." And so on, for 64 pages. Luntz calls this "one of the most significant studies I've ever done."

Luntz's position as a junior polling sage is advanced by a reputation—mostly self-hyped—for uncannily accurate prognostication. In reality, however, his guesses are about as good as anybody else's. Luntz did predict the Sandinista loss in the 1990 Nicaraguan election. But he never mentions that he also predicted David Duke would be elected governor of Louisiana in 1991 (he lost overwhelmingly), and that Michael Huffington and Oliver North would both win Senate seats last fall. Luntz likes to draw attention to his prediction that the House would go Republican; no one dredges up the fact that he made precisely the *opposite* prediction as well.

What makes him so successful? His secret is consistently encouraging politicians in their own worst instincts. When the choice is between conscience and popularity, he will always counsel the latter. Take, for instance, an issue where one might expect Luntz to part company diplomatically with the religious right: school prayer. "The school-prayer issue drives Jewish voters and CEOs nuts," he says. "But it's supported by 70 percent of America. It's part of putting together a winning coalition." Likewise, Luntz counsels Republicans to give up on blacks because they have "little common ground with what we stand for." Choosing the path of least resistance is, in a less kind formulation, the art of demagoguery. Luntz's contribution to the national discourse is perfecting the method by which Republicans can parrot the majority mood ever more accurately. Never mind that the public often wants contradictory things: a balanced budget, more defense spending, *and* lower taxes. Luntz encourages Gingrich to impossibly promise all three.

For Luntz, the next step is to sign a Republican presidential candidate for '96. He says he's talked to four potential contenders, and that his parents and his office staff differ about whom he should support. One candidate he *won't* be working for is Bob Dole. "Dole stands for nothing," he says. "I didn't work this hard and put up with all this shit for Bob Dole to get elected president." The two most likely choices for him are Lamar Alexander and Phil Gramm.

Luntz has a chance to fulfill his ultimate ambition, to serve as pulse-taker for the next Republican president, a job he calls "the pinnacle of the profession." He adopts a hushed tone when speaking about the current occupant of that perch, Stanley Greenberg. "He is what I have sought to pattern myself after," Luntz says. "The night before Election Day, Greenberg and I appeared together on *Nightline.* That's when I knew that I'd made it." Luntz says if he ever became first pollster, he would devote himself to the task in monastic fashion. "My whole life would be devoted to the president and what he wished to achieve. If those in the company could not accept that, then they would leave. There would be no corporate work. There would be no other work but work for that individual."

Luntz is so preposterous that you almost have to admire him. He'll tell you in one breath that his public and private predictions for the election were different, then in the next that he has learned never to lie to a reporter. He'll say that he was "hurt" by Rudy Giuliani's endorsement of Mario Cuomo, without any recollection of being a GOP apostate himself just two years ago. He'll conclude a long rant about personal responsibility and the underclass by bemoaning his own inability to control his weight (up ten pounds to 172 since the election, if you must know). But the final irony is that Luntz, who has risen to prominence as the prophet of political outsiderdom, palpably longs to make the grade as the ultimate Washington insider. Newt should understand. ■

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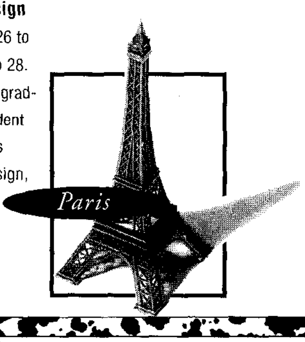

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The Mafia's Mora

THE OLD GUARD
Lucky Luciano in 1954: the superboss who is credited with developing the family system.

Strange but true—the younger generation of New York mobsters is losing power because of a do-your-own-thing mind-set, rampant drug use, and a tendency to ice rivals at the slightest provocation. Talk about bad family values

By Jeffrey Goldberg

lity Crisis

DOMINICK MONTIGLIO LOOKS AROUND SKEPTIcally. "What's this ride called?" he asks. " 'Little Fucks'?"

"It's called 'It's a Small World,' " he is told. We're in Disney World.

"What's this ride *about*?" he asks.

"Togetherness and harmony," I say.

"Fuck," he says.

We push off into Disney's treacly celebration of multicultural awareness. "It's a world of laughter, a world of tears," hundreds of smiling dolls sing at us. "It's a world of hopes and a world of fears."

"This place is like hell," Montiglio says. "Hell would be having to stay in this place forever."

Suddenly, he sees something he likes. "Look down in the water," he barks. "Money! There's tons of money down there."

The good people of the world have cast hundreds of dollars in coins into the water, and Montiglio's got a plan. "We can get some vacuums and just suck all the money up. We could just suck it all up." In another boat, little towheaded children stare at us.

Montiglio's getup is antithetical to the saccharine surroundings: He's dressed in black jeans, shiny black shirt, dark boots, a Yankees cap, and mirrored sunglasses. There's little chance the people who want Montiglio dead would have trouble picking him out of this crowd.

He was once an enforcer for the Gambino crime family; after years of drug dealing and mayhem-making, he flipped, testified, and disappeared. Now in hiding, the 47-year-old Montiglio is one of dozens of ex-mobsters trapped in Middle American purgatory.

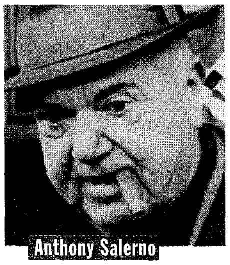
We meet in Orlando to discuss the decline of the Mafia, something he's watched close-up. He grew up a minor prince in a royal mob family; his uncle, Nino Gaggi, was a powerful Bensonhurst capo related by blood to Carlo Gambino and Paul Castellano.

Montiglio watched as the family leadership grew more pigheaded, soiling Gambino's vision of an elegant and discreet crime syndicate. It was the drugs more than anything else, Montiglio says, that led to the collapse of the old ways.

"Carlo, the real men of honor, they would never touch the stuff," Montiglio says. As time went on, though, "you had people putting the product up their nose. That weakens your moral fiber. It makes you not trust your own friends. . . . There's no loyalty

John Gotti Jr., the presumptive heir to the Gambino family, at a Queens street party.

The Mob's Mess



Anthony Salerno

Genovese

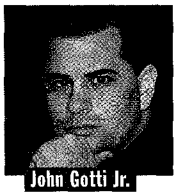
Boss: *Vincent "Chin" Gigante*
Underboss: *Dominick "Quiet Dom" Cirillo*

Gigante, under indictment, has been found mentally unfit to stand trial—he tends to talk to parking meters and fire hydrants. But prosecutors will try to prove this week that he's actually the capo di tutti capi . . . Gigante succeeded Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno as boss in the eighties, but law-enforcement sources believe the Chin was always in charge . . . Genovese is the only family not to be hit by high-level defections . . . survives by extreme, almost fetishistic secrecy: late-night meetings, an apparent ban on Armani suits and patterned silk socks (mobsters call the Genovese the worst-dressed family) . . . remains powerful, with interests in loan-sharking, sports betting, waste hauling, construction, the record industry, fish distribution. At one time, even controlled hot-dog sales around Washington Square Park.

Gambino

Boss: *John Gotti*
Acting Boss: *John Gotti Jr.*
Underboss: *Joseph Arcuri*

Dumb and Dumber is not about the Gottis, but it could have been . . . Gotti Sr. is being transferred to the new maxi-maxi federal prison in Colorado. Law-enforcement sources say Gotti Jr. doesn't have the gray cells to figure out the complex empire that Carlo Gambino built and that Gotti Sr., not seen as a rocket scientist either, still nominally runs . . . Gotti Jr. is now seen as mainly interested in his strip-club holdings . . . many Gambino captains said to hold Gotti Jr. in contempt, but fear Gotti Sr. . . . one potential rival, underboss Arcuri, maintains a social club on East 76th Street in Manhattan but at 81 is seen as too old to inherit the family.



John Gotti Jr.

Carlo Gambino

Lucchese

Boss: *Vittorio "Little Vic" Amuso*
Ruling Panel: *Steven Crea, Domenico "Danny Q-Tips" Cutaia, Joseph "Joe Dee" DeFede*

Few want to be named boss now that Amuso and (relatively) peaceable ex-boss Tony "Ducks" Corallo are in jail for life. Who can blame them? . . . several bosses and captains have gone over to the government—Alphonse D'Arco, a former acting boss, is one of the most important witnesses in FBI history—and many remaining members want to join other families. Who would want them? . . . prosecutors say the Lucchese could be headed toward extinction, but they maintain lucrative stakes in gambling, garbage hauling, the garment center, and Kennedy airport . . . have best nicknames: "Richie Fort Lee," "Mattress Face," "Johnny Echoes," "Tony Chocolate," "Charlie the Wop," "Joey Bang Bang."

Tony Corrallo

Victor Orena

Colombo

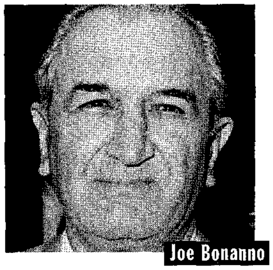
Boss: *Victor "Little Vic" Orena*
Competing Boss: *Carmine "the Snake" Persico*

Quentin Tarantino time as internecine warfare has led to the deaths of at least 15 people . . . some of those still alive are prone to ratting—former consigliere Carmine Sessa may have told the government all about the Colombos' drug trafficking.

Bonanno

Boss: *Joseph Massino*
Underboss: *Salvatore Vitale*

While founder Bonanno retired to Arizona, the rest of the gang is reportedly heavily into heroin importing and dealing . . . held in contempt by other families . . . a prime candidate for extinction.



Joe Bonanno

anymore. They don't fear the boss enough."

Montiglio wasn't always a criminal. He joined the army after high school, and fought in Vietnam—"I whacked a lot of people over there." He came back to America and put a continent between himself and Bensonhurst, settling in San Francisco. But then he went to the movies, he says, and he knew it was time to go home—the movie, of course, was *The Godfather.*

He started out doing jobs for his uncle, who dispatched him to work with a lunatic Gambino crew run by a gangster named Roy DeMeo. It was the DeMeo crew's job to kill people and butcher their bodies.

"I remember one time, Joey Dracula had these two bodies hanging upside down in the shower, and I said, 'Joey, what are you doing?' and he said, 'I'm bleeding them by the neck'—he would do this so when they chopped them up there wouldn't be blood," he says as we float down Disney's river of costumed dolls. "Another time he was chopping up bodies and eating pizza at the same time."

The air is filled with music: "There's so much that we share/ That it's time we're aware/ It's a small world after all."

"I need a beer," Montiglio says.

We leave the ride, and I ask an ice-cream lady where the beer is. "There's no alcohol sold in the Magic Kingdom," she says officiously. "This is a family park."

Montiglio stares her down. "What about heroin?" he asks. "You got any heroin?"

"WHAT HAS HAPPENED IS THAT YOUNGE CONTEMPORARIES. HONOR IS SEEN AS

PASQUALE "PATSY" CONTE, A lumpy and sour Gambino captain, heaved his bulk to the defense table in a Brooklyn courtroom last year. And another Mafia myth was about to die. Life until then had been sweet to Patsy—he sold groceries, and, reputedly, heroin, for a living; at one point, he owned several Key Food supermarkets. Life was not so kind to his younger brother, Anthony. Prosecutors call Patsy a gifted drug pusher; as for Anthony, well, Anthony couldn't fight his way out of a glassine envelope. Patsy ran supermarkets; Anthony boosted from them—he's a convicted shoplifter. Patsy

Photographs: clockwise from top left, AP/Wide World Photos; Mitch Jacobson/Sipa; AP/Wide World Photos; Yvonne Hemsey/Gamma-Liaison; center left, Maria Bastone/Photoreporters; center right, AP/Wide World Photos.

even had to put Anthony through college.

By way of thanks, Anthony Conte strolled into a federal prosecutor's office last year, and—one, two, three—Patsy Conte was pleading guilty to murder-conspiracy charges. He was charged with plotting to kill a man who failed to show proper respect to his boss, John Gotti.

Anthony's sellout of his brother may be the worst act of fraternal betrayal this side of Michael and Fredo Corleone. Sources say Anthony Conte told prosecutors about his brother's search for the man Gotti wanted dead, Louis DiBono. Four years ago, DiBono's corpse was found stuffed in a car trunk in the World Trade Center garage.

Anthony Conte turned in his brother for seemingly self-evident reasons: Anthony had recently been convicted in a mob-involved money-laundering case and wanted the judge to go light on the sentence. But there was more to the betrayal than that.

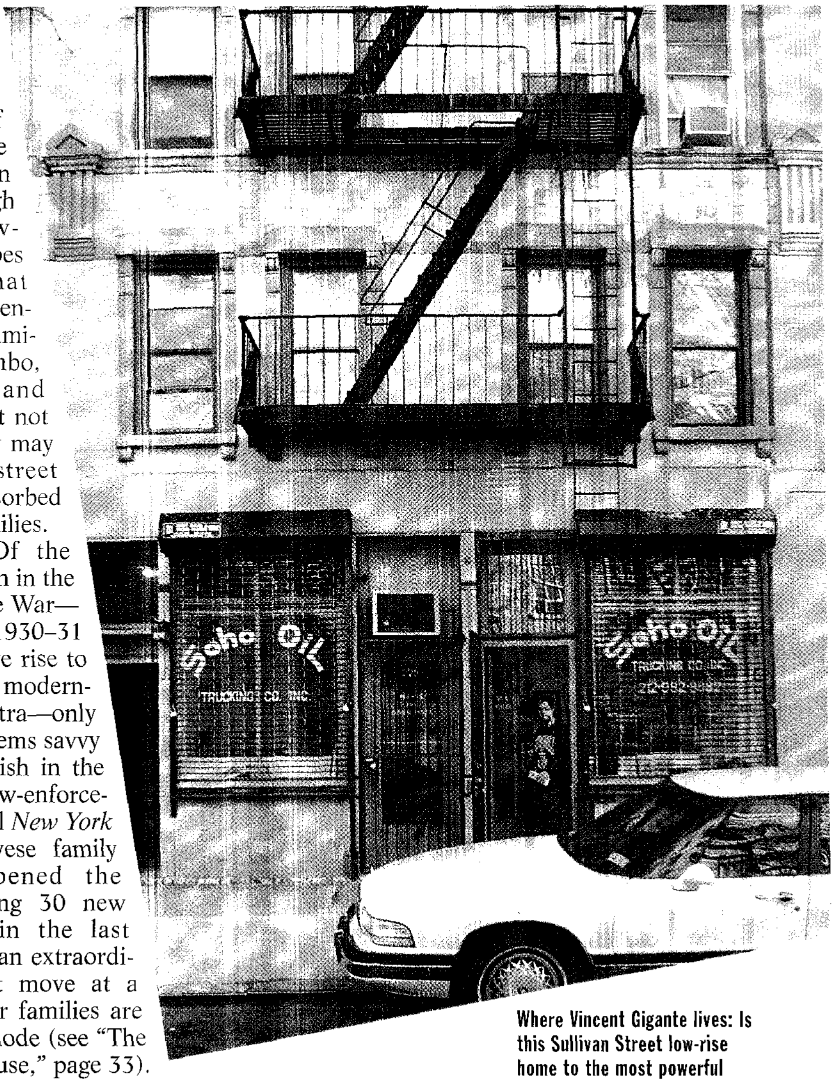
Omertà, the Mafia "code of silence," is said to be the social glue that keeps Italian-American mobsters—and their associates and families—together. Literally, *omertà* means the "ability to act like a man."

But even that code has fallen in the face of contemporary doubt. According to a psychiatrist's report prepared for his sentencing, Anthony Conte's problem was an "unacceptable sense of self as a masculine figure."

It is a strange turn of events when a twelve-stepping shoplifter rats out his capo brother, but these are strange and confusing days for the American mob.

THE MOB ISN'T DEAD YET—NOT QUITE. Ignore the periodic obituaries issued by wishful or self-promoting prosecutors; the Mafia may never die. But Italian-American organized crime is in a state of flux unique in its history. In most parts of the country, the Mafia is in free fall; the mob's misfit collection of espresso-sipping geriatrics and 20-year-old thugs with disabled mental equipment is no match for RICO-wielding U.S. Attorneys. The mob in New York is bigger and more resilient than its counterparts elsewhere, but here too it is taking its hits. The bosses of three of New York's five families are in jail for life, though law enforcement is finding that the removal of the godfather doesn't mean the end of a family. Still, the business of three of the five families has been disrupted enough for some law-enforcement types to predict that within ten or twenty years, these families—the Colombo, Lucchese, and Bonanno—might not even exist. They may devolve into street gangs or be absorbed into cannier families.

**OBSTERS ARE GROWING UP WITH THE VALUES OF THEIR
UAINT THROWBACK, BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE MOB."**



Where Vincent Gigante lives: Is this Sullivan Street low-rise home to the most powerful mobster in America?

Or family. Of the five families born in the Castellammarese War—the legendary 1930–31 conflict that gave rise to Lucky Luciano's modernized Cosa Nostra—only the Genovese seems savvy enough to flourish in the coming age. Law-enforcement sources tell *New York* that the Genovese family has even "opened the books," initiating 30 new members within the last two years. It is an extraordinarily confident move at a time when other families are in full-bunker mode (see "The Mob's Glass House," page 33).

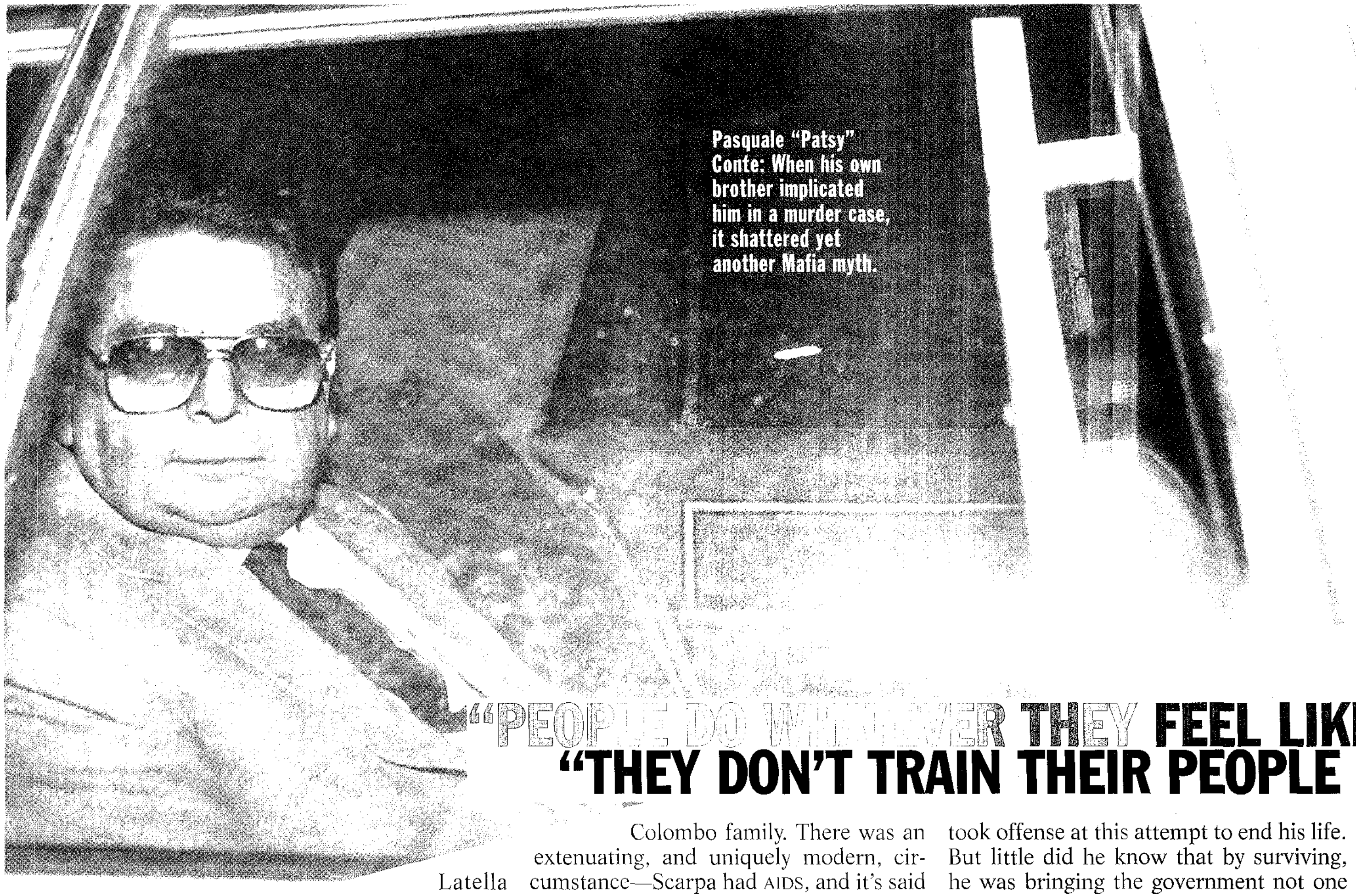
But the survival of the Genovese has come at a cost. Law-enforcement experts tell *New York* that the Genovese family has survived only by enforcing an ethic of severe self-abnegation—no Armani suits, no Robin Hood–ish festivals, no social-club sitdowns, no preening bravos circling a cheese-ball, made-for-TV boss. The family now resembles the operations branch of an intelligence agency—which means that if the mob survives, it will do so in a form unrecognizable to fans of Mafia mythology.

Vincent "Chin" Gigante

The changes in the Genovese family are a response to the numbing success of prosecutors, the NYPD, the FBI, and the state's Organized Crime Task Force. Aided by RICO statutes and digital-age eavesdropping equipment, these agencies can take credit for nailing the recent decline of the New York mob. But law enforcement has been helped by more than just new laws and new technology. The biggest ally the government has is the mob itself: Over the past twenty years, the Mafia has abandoned the strict "values" system that kept it immune from attack for so long. Dan Quayle was right: There *has* been a decline in family values.

"I think what has happened is that the younger mobsters are growing up with the values of their contemporaries," says Ronald Goldstock, the former director of the Organized Crime Task Force. "Honor is seen as a quaint throwback, both inside and outside the mob."

Law-enforcement officials—and mafiosi themselves—say the rise of the yuppie mobsters has led to the death of all the things the old-timers stood for: circumspection, respect, moderation. Not only do the "yuppies" sell drugs—a racket ostensibly banned by the mob's ruling commission—but they use drugs themselves. Look at the sad-sack case of Daniel "Danny Squires" Latella, a Lucchese soldier in the Bronx. In October,



Pasquale “Patsy” Conte: When his own brother implicated him in a murder case, it shattered yet another Mafia myth.

“PEOPLE DO WHATEVER THEY FEEL LIKE, “THEY DON’T TRAIN THEIR PEOPLE N

Latella was arrested during a Bronx “john sweep” after cops discovered a trifecta of vice in his car: crack, a gun, and a prostitute.

“Things change,” onetime Gambino underboss Aniello Dellacroce unknowingly told an FBI bug several years back. “Things change now because there’s too much conflict. People do whatever they feel like. . . . They don’t train their people no more. There’s no more—there’s no more respect.”

Behavior that 30 years ago would get a man killed is written off today as the excess of a slack, hopelessly Americanized generation. Take the antics of Carmine Agnello, a Gambino associate and John Gotti’s son-in-law. Agnello runs an auto-parts shop in Jamaica, Queens, on a street clogged with double-parked cars. In the mob, the rule was, don’t mess with the police—it only attracts attention. So what did Carmine Agnello do last February when a cop began writing traffic tickets? He rammed the cop’s scooter with a tow truck. Said one high-ranking law-enforcement official: “Even his father-in-law wouldn’t do something this stupid.”

Or take the improbable love story of Lawrence “Legitimate Larry” Mazza, a good-looking grocery boy who practiced *extremely* unsafe sex—he seduced the wife of a Colombo soldier, Gregory Scarpa. When Scarpa discovered the relationship, he didn’t kill Mazza. Rather, he blessed the relationship and groomed Mazza for eventual membership in the Colombo family. There was an extenuating, and uniquely modern, circumstance—Scarpa had AIDS, and it’s said he wanted to leave his wife in capable hands. Scarpa, who died last year, contracted the disease from a blood transfusion during a hernia operation. Ironically, Scarpa had refused the blood from the hospital’s supply; he would only take blood donated by other mobsters.

And then, of course, there’s “ratting,” which used to get you killed but now seems to be as common as becoming a lobbyist after a stint in the government (until the eighties, only a handful of made men ever divulged mob secrets). Most Mafia chieftains have been hurt by it—John Gotti certainly was—but none were wounded like the leaders of the Lucchese family. It was the testimony of Lucchese turncoats that put boss Vittorio “Little Vic” Amuso away for life; the only reason more Lucchese bigwigs haven’t gone away is that many have become witnesses themselves, latecomers to the free-for-all snitchathon. The Lucchese family is a particularly apt case study in what happens when a long-held “values system” begins to fall apart.

IF PETER CHIODO WEREN’T SO FAT, THE twelve bullets fired into his body by a Lucchese hit squad at a Staten Island gas station in 1991 would have met with a sufficient number of vital organs to induce death. But Chiodo’s weight hovered around 500 pounds, and his avoirdupois kept death at bay.

Naturally, Chiodo, a Lucchese captain, took offense at this attempt to end his life. But little did he know that by surviving, he was bringing the government not one but two high-level informants—the second was the man who actually engineered the botched hit.

That man, Alphonse D’Arco, is proving to be the most important Mafia turncoat in history, more important than Valachi in the sixties, more important even than Gotti’s man Gravano. “In thousands of hours of conversation, we have never caught him in a contradiction,” says Donald North, the FBI’s chief organized-crime investigator in New York.

D’Arco, who at the time of the 1991 hit was the acting Lucchese boss, trusted the competence of the squad he assembled to kill Chiodo. After all, the team included his own son, Joseph. So he was surprised, and displeased, when Chiodo didn’t die. But D’Arco’s displeasure was more than matched by that of the two men who had ordered him to kill Chiodo—Vittorio Amuso and Anthony “Gaspipe” Casso, the most powerful members of the family.

Amuso and Casso apparently wanted Chiodo dead because they believed he was informing on them. Here, they may have been right. *New York* has learned that on the day Chiodo was shot, his address book contained several FBI phone numbers. Sources say Chiodo had been warned by the government that his life was in danger, and he may have been preparing to flip.

But Amuso and Casso did not know this—they tended to believe, facts notwithstanding, that *everybody* was ratting them out. And if they didn’t suspect

Photograph by Neil Schneider/New York *Post.*

their compatriots of snitching, they suspected them of stealing—at one point, the two ordered the murders of most members of the New Jersey Lucchese faction.

If the Gambinos of the early nineties were heavily into trucking and loansharking, the Luccheses of the early nineties were deep into paranoia and violence—eventually, they would target even Chiodo's innocent relatives for death, a gross violation of unwritten mob rules. But this is how mob families operate as they move into their third and fourth generation in America. "This third generation has no work ethic, no loyalty," the FBI's North says disapprovingly.

The first Lucchese chieftain was Tom Gagliano, a confederate of Lucky Luciano who served as boss until his peaceful death. Thomas "Three Fingers Brown" Lucchese, a contemporary of Gagliano's who is said to have been Luciano's favorite shooter, took over, giving his name to the family. Though an expert killer, he ruled without unnecessary bloodshed, expanding his family's interests in the garment industry, construction, and gambling. He was skilled at corrupting public men; he was occasionally seen in public with Mayor Vincent Impellitteri. When Lucchese died in 1967, the role of boss was eventually assumed by Tony "Ducks" Corallo, another old-school moderate.

AMBINO UNDERBOSS ANIELLO DELLCROCE COMPLAINED.
ORE. THERE'S NO MORE—THERE'S NO MORE RESPECT."

But when Corallo was convicted of racketeering in 1987 and sentenced to life in prison, the family was left in the hands of Amuso and his aide-de-camp Casso. They were not Corallo's first choices; one of his preferences, Anthony "Buddy" Luongo, disappeared around the time succession became an issue. Both Casso and Amuso were drug dealers and inexperienced managers, law-enforcement sources say, and they were temperamentally unsuited to be dons. They are paranoid, rash, unskilled in diplomacy, and needlessly violent—especially Casso, who makes Salvatore Gravano look like Kenny G.

Casso, law-enforcement officials say, has had a hand in at least 36 murders, including that of Anthony Fava, the unluckiest architect in New York history. Fava, building a million-dollar home for the Casso family in Mill Basin, Brooklyn, once complained to Casso about late payment. He didn't have time to complain twice. He was tortured—burned, gouged, shot in the knees—and murdered.

The old-line Lucchese leaders knew Amuso and Casso were trouble. Corallo's underboss Salvatore Santoro once told a person who visited him in jail that "these guys are nuts."

Throughout the late eighties and early nineties, the Luccheses continued to make money in the traditional manner—extortion, loan-sharking, sports betting, garbage carting, garment trucking. The money flowed in, but Amuso and Casso killed anyway—not only the family's "cripples," soldiers who didn't make money, but its earners too. It was plain paranoia.

Many died; Chiodo didn't. Upset that D'Arco couldn't pull off the hit, Casso and Amuso apparently plotted to kill *him*. How loyalty fades—when Gaspipe Casso was first heading underground to flee a federal indictment in 1990, he called D'Arco to a late-night meeting under the Brooklyn off-ramp to the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. "[Casso] got all choked up, emotional," D'Arco testified at Amuso's trial, "and he started crying that he's going to leave, grabbing me, all that stuff."

Casso, once safely underground, left it to other top-ranking Lucchese members to murder D'Arco. In the spring of 1991, D'Arco was called to the Kimberly Hotel on East 50th Street for a meeting of Lucchese bigs. The sit-down dragged on for hours and got interesting only when a couple of Lucchese hit men showed up. "Something was wrong," D'Arco later testified. "Mike DeSantis [one of the reputed hit men] had a funny-looking shirt on—like a bulletproof sweatshirt made of stiff material—and he was holding a big plastic bag."

D'Arco took DeSantis's hand and asked, "Hey, Mike, how you been?" DeSantis's hand was "ice-cold and clammy." DeSantis and the other gunman showed their nervousness in other ways, running to the bathroom repeatedly during the awkward encounter with D'Arco. D'Arco knew it was time to go. "I'm leaving," he announced. "I've been here too long."

He left the hotel, collected his family, and fled to the welcoming arms of the government. He's been testifying ever since. Casso may soon be doing the same. Captured by the FBI in 1993 while taking a shower in a New Jersey safe house, Casso offered his services to the government. Sources say he is now in the Justice Department equivalent of charm school, learning how to talk to juries without scaring them.

Now that D'Arco, Casso, Chiodo, and former New Jersey Lucchese boss Anthony Acceturo are all employed by the government, whole Lucchese crews have applied for membership in other families, the FBI's North says. The other families have so far said no, fearing the Lucchese men as potential turncoats.

"The Lucchese family has lost its leadership," says Gregory O'Connell, a former assistant U.S. Attorney who prosecuted Amuso and other big-time bosses. "They've lost a treasure trove of knowledge about arrangements with other families and industries, and as a result, they've lost much of their ability to run sophisticated racketeering operations."

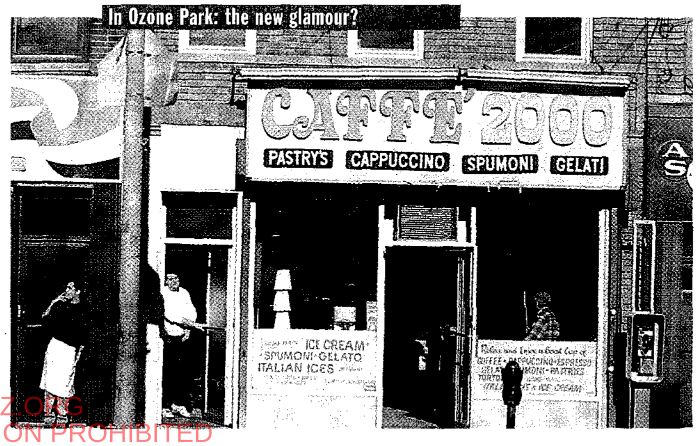
Other families are also burdened by succession disputes. The Colombos have been murdering one another over the right to run their family. In the Gambino family, John Gotti has not relinquished power—he runs the family through his roughneck son, John Jr. But it's unclear whether "Junior" has either the brainpower or the backing of enough Gambino captains to assert definitive control. Like his father, Junior is said to be too thick to understand the Gambinos' complex holdings in legitimate business. And for the Gambinos, like the rest of the families, this is where the real money is.

IT WAS A COOL SPRING MORNING IN 1993, and Able Miguel and his nephew, Luis Mendez, were out on Long Island Sound off Matinecock Point, baiting lobster traps. Miguel was said to be one of the best lobstermen on the Sound, not a bad thing to be—millions of pounds of lobster are harvested there each year.

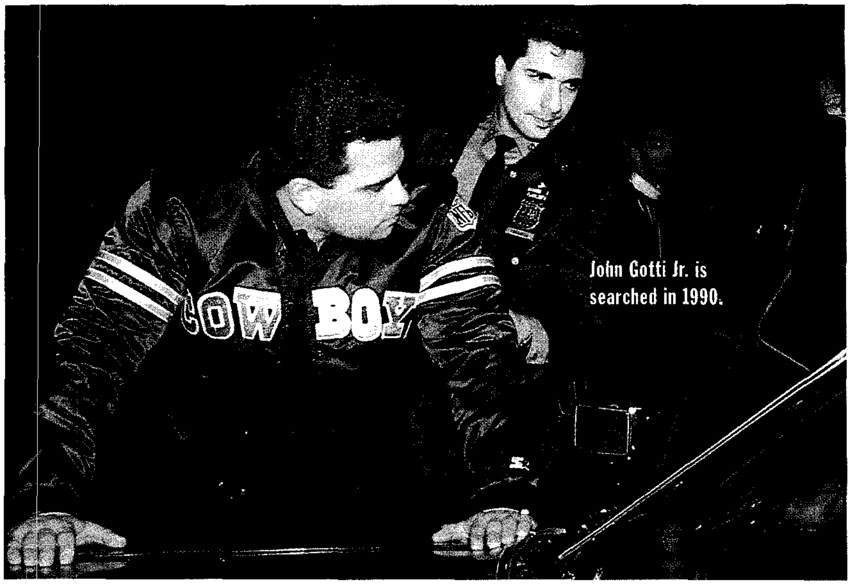
The quiet was interrupted by the approach of another boat. Miguel and Mendez watched as three men tried to overtake them. Miguel ran to radio for help, but before he could, he was shot in the chest and back. Mendez dove overboard and clung to a buoy. The three men sped away, and Miguel was able to radio for help before collapsing.

Rescuers soon arrived, and Miguel lived to identify the men, who were quickly arrested. The press called the attempted murder the opening salvo in a lobster "turf" war between desperate fishermen

In Ozone Park: the new glamour?



Photograph by Ted Hardin.



John Gotti Jr. is searched in 1990.

Peter Chiodo: Too fat to be killed, he turned government informant on the Luccheses.

NO ONE IN THE FAMILY IS ALLOWED TO MENTIO RULE, SOURCES SAY, CAN BE DEATH—IT'S TH

in the crowded Sound. But *New York* has learned that Nassau County police are investigating a man named Anthony Scaffidi in connection with the shooting. Anthony "the Jap" Scaffidi is a convicted racketeer and a soldier in the Genovese crime family.

The secret of the mob's continued survival is that it involves itself in anything that makes money. Even today, the mob is the secret force behind dozens of industries and unions in the New York region. Food, clothing, and shelter: The mob supplies all three.

It is the essential contradiction in the government's war on the mob: Why, despite so many gang-busting successes, is the Mafia still a power in legitimate industry? And why is it still more successful than fresher, less strife-ridden, non-Italian ethnic syndicates? So far, the Russian Organizatsiya has made only modest inroads into aboveboard commerce, and no one expects the Chinese to take over the roofers union anytime soon.

The mob benefited by its special dispensation from J. Edgar Hoover, who gave the Mafia a 40-year head start, something none of the other groups will get. That's a key reason that pushing the Mafia out of legitimate industry is a bit like squeezing yeast from bread.

Take the fish business. Fish has been very good to the Genovese family, and not just lobster. The family is heavily involved in the Fulton Fish Market, despite repeated government efforts to push it out, and Genovese associates are said to be behind regular attempts to hijack truckloads of shrimp around the region. Besides running fish, the Genovese are in unions, in construction, in the recording industry, in carting, and in fireworks, as well as in loan-sharking, drug pushing, and numbers running. Even dysfunctional families like the Luccheses still earn. The FBI's North says the Luccheses, shell-shocked as they are, are hoping to strengthen their position in the garment industry now that Thomas Gambino, the longtime garment-trucking boss, is in legal trouble. In truth, North says, it doesn't matter whether Gambino goes to jail or not. "The system is what's important," he says. "Any mob guy can be put in to take another's place."

The garment center resists change, but no industry has been as impervious to government assault as garbage carting. Nowhere has this been more true than on Long Island, the laboratory in a government experiment to cleanse the industry of mob ties. The first step has already been taken—the Lucchese captain who ran Long Island, Sal Avellino Jr., is in prison, serving a ten-year sentence for organizing the murders of two rebel carters. But investigators—and those garbagemen yearning to breathe free—find mob influence so ingrained that the removal of the gangster-in-chief has not meant the death of a system.

TIM VOLK IS FEELING EDGY. "Who are those guys?" he asks, pointing to a group of men clearly wearing Airborne Express uniforms. "They're from Airborne Express," answers his friend, Emile Norsic.

We're sitting in a musty Southampton diner, talking trash. Volk and Norsic are two of a handful of East End carters who are fighting off an invading force of western Suffolk garbagemen, and they're nervous. They don't know much about the Lucchese family, but they don't like what they've read. The outside firm leading the charge through the Hamptons is SSC Carting Corporation, which is owned by the Lucchese capo Avellino's relatives.

At stake is a lot more than the honor of hauling away Jann Wenner's empty Snapple bottles; the East Enders say they're the only Long Island carters independent of the long-standing Avellino-run trash cartel, and they fear for their livelihoods, even their lives.

"This is the unknown. I've never dealt with these people before," says Norsic, who runs a Southampton carting company founded by his grandfather. "But after what happened to Kubecka, I'm nervous."

Norsic is referring to Robert Kubecka, who in 1989 was gunned down in the office of Kubecka's East Northport carting company along with his brother-in-law. Avellino, a former driver for Tony "Ducks" Corallo, pleaded guilty to murder-conspiracy charges in the case; the actual shooters have never been caught.

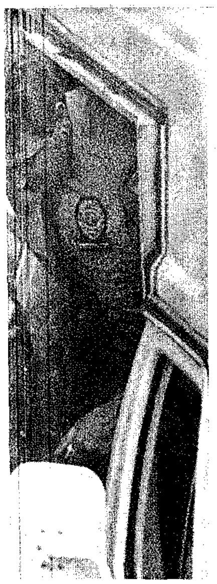
Kubecka became a mob target after he started describing to law-enforcement officials how the Lucchese family had locked up the carting industry in Nassau and western Suffolk counties. The key to mob control of the industry, Kubecka explained, was a series of illegal agreements between mob-connected firms. Each carter, in return for payoffs, received a route, a series of businesses from which he picked up garbage. The businessmen had no say in choosing a carter. Pricing, needless to say, was arbitrary and inflated.

It's a system that's still in place in much of the city, the northern suburbs, and New Jersey. On Long Island, thanks to prosecutorial pressure and a consent decree signed somewhat unwillingly by ten of the largest companies, the system is changing a bit.

"We think we have a shot at accomplishing our objectives," says Long Island's new federal garbage czar, Michael Cherkasky, a former Manhattan prosecutor. "They know they're being watched closely."

Some of them know it, at least. The East End carters, along with a businessman who spoke on condition of anonymity, say SSC—the successor company to

Photographs: left, Maria Bastone/Photoreporters; right, Kalfus/New York *Post*.



Sal Avellino's Salem Sanitary Carting Company—still has behavior problems.

"When you say no to their salesmen, they say, 'What's wrong with you? We're offering you a deal here,' " Volk says. "When they come back, they say, 'What's wrong with you?' and they bring two physically larger people with them. Then the next time it's three. It's intimidation."

SSC intimidation takes other forms. Over the summer, when a customer was late paying a bill, SSC garbagemen dumped five tons of garbage onto the customer's lawn. The customer was told that this was standard industry practice. Even the name of the new entity, SSC, suggests something less than a complete break with the past (the company is, after all, owned by Avellino's family). "SSC doesn't stand for Salem Sanitary Carting," insists Anthony Noto, an outsider appointed by the Avellinos to run SSC. "SSC is just some letters that were picked."

IGANTE BY NAME. THE PUNISHMENT FOR BREAKING THE
ESE VERSION OF TOTAL QUALITY MANAGEMENT.

IT'S ONE OF THE GREATEST SHOWS RUNNING in New York City, and it's free. The star is a burly, disheveled man in a bathrobe and slippers, and the stage is Sullivan Street in the West Village. The show runs throughout the year, but since it's outdoor theater, it often shuts down on cold nights. The star isn't crazy, after all.

Or is he?

"Vincent Gigante has been found incompetent by four psychiatrists, including two psychiatrists recommended by the prosecution," says Barry Slotnick, who represents the West Village wanderer, the reputed boss of the Genovese crime family. "I've known Gigante for a long time. There is no question in my mind that he is incompetent."

Certainly, if Vincent "Chin" Gigante is competent, he's doing a good job hiding it. He may soon be involuntarily committed for yet another check to see whether he's fit to stand trial on murder and racketeering charges. So far, his life proves the old Mafia adage that it's better to have a good doctor than a good lawyer.

On a balmy evening this fall, Gigante was out wandering the neighborhood, a cap pulled down over his head. No one on the street seemed to notice the man the government calls the most powerful mobster in America. He was mumbling to himself, hands in the pockets of his bathrobe; there's a laminated card in one pocket, law-enforcement sources say, that contains his mother's telephone number, as well as the number to the Ghent, New York, estate of the late, felonious record mogul Morris Levy, a Genovese crony. Sources say Gigante's brother, Louis Gigante—the Catholic priest and controversial Bronx low-income-housing activist—lives at the estate.

On some nights, Vincent Gigante stops to chat with parking meters and fire hydrants, but on this particular night he soon disappears into the West Village shadows.

Slotnick says he's sure his client is mentally ill; law-enforcement officials are equally adamant that he's not, and sources say the government is about to produce several Mafia turncoats who will testify that they've seen Gigante talk business cogently. A federal judge is to hear the government's case this Wednesday.

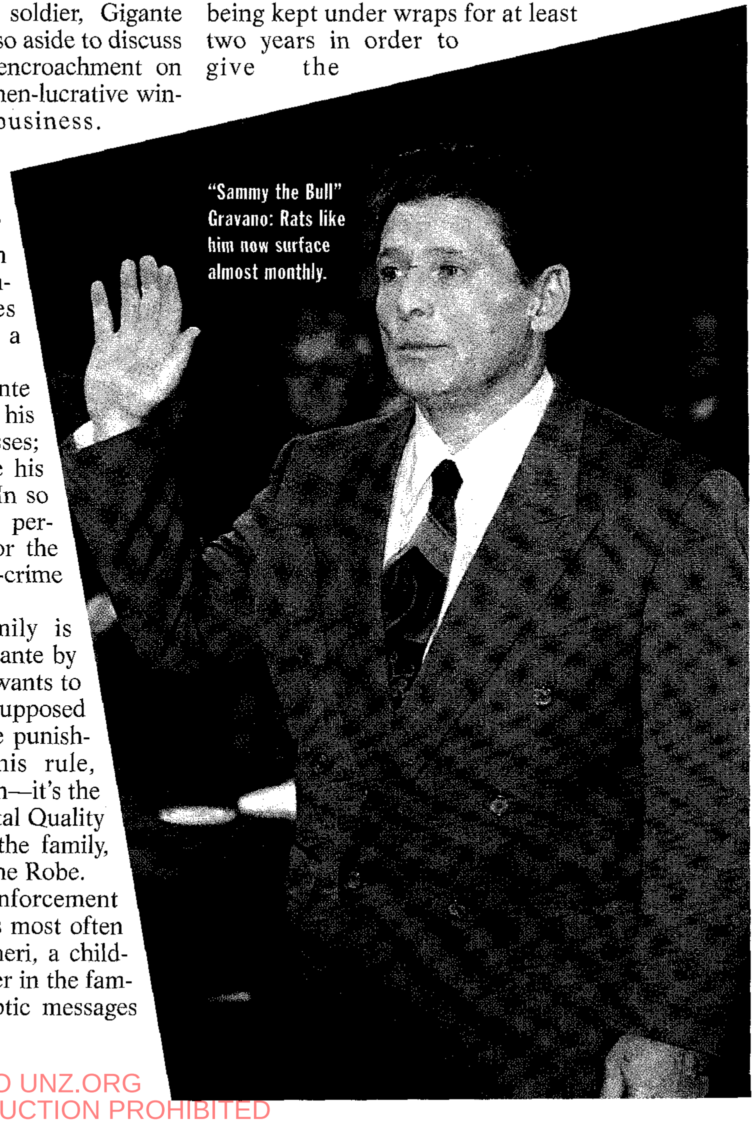
Gigante is said to be not only cogent but intimidating. He is by far the most feared mafioso on the streets today, law-enforcement sources say. At the 1986 wake for a Genovese soldier, Gigante pulled "Little Vic" Amuso aside to discuss the Lucchese family's encroachment on the Genovese family's then-lucrative window-replacement business. According to sources, Gigante told Amuso he would be "lucky to leave this wake alive." Amuso, a stone killer in his own right, left trembling. "The Luccheses backed off after that," a source says.

By all accounts, Gigante has radically cut back his exposure to other bosses; he certainly doesn't see his underlings very much. In so doing, he seems to be perfecting a new model for the running of an organized-crime family.

No one in the family is allowed to mention Gigante by name—when someone wants to refer to the boss, he is supposed to pull on his chin. The punishment for breaking this rule, sources say, can be death—it's the Genovese version of Total Quality Management. Outside the family, mobsters call Gigante the Robe.

According to law-enforcement sources, Gigante speaks most often with Vito "Bruce" Palmeri, a childhood friend and a soldier in the family. Palmeri passes cryptic messages on to Dominick "Quiet Dom" Cirillo, a Gigante deputy, who then relays encoded messages to other important leaders. Word then gets passed down the chain of command. Of course, Gigante could communicate quite easily with Cirillo if he chose to, since Cirillo is seen regularly at Il Mulino, the Italian restaurant on 3rd Street ("Superb people-watching," a recent Zagat's says). Gigante often passes by Il Mulino on his strolls through the neighborhood.

Genovese-family members mask their activities in other ways—they know that most law-enforcement agencies don't have surveillance running overnight, so they hold many of their meetings at 3 and 4 A.M.; they have traveled to meetings curled up underneath blankets on the backseats of cars. They dress like bums—reputed street boss Liborio "Big Barney" Bellomo showed up to a family wedding in a T-shirt. The family is also broken down into cells—no inter-crew dinners for the Genoveses. Soldiers are isolated from one another as a protective measure against informers. The 30 newly made members of the family are being kept under wraps for at least two years in order to give the



"Sammy the Bull" Gravano: Rats like him now surface almost monthly.

Photograph by Jeffrey Markowitz/Sygma.

bosses time to assess their loyalty.

All of these countermeasures make law enforcement surpassingly difficult. There have been few significant prosecutions and virtually no defections. The Genovese family is the "Ivy League of the underworld," says Joseph Coffey, the chief of intelligence for the state's Organized Crime Task Force.

By changing the way mobsters conduct themselves, the Genovese family will also change the way outsiders see the Mafia. The cost of succeeding in a world crowded with snooping detectives and disloyal confederates is to give up everything that made Mafia life fun in the first place. Gigante is feared by young mob wannabes, but his world is empty of the brand of high-stepping outlaw romance John Gotti personified. There are still young Italian-Americans who are attracted to the life, mob experts say, but assimilation and suburbanization are helping to thin their ranks to the point that the Italian street gangs are no longer an effective Mafia minor league.

But there are still farm teams out there. They're in the necklace of neighborhoods that stretches from Bay Ridge and Bensonhurst to Ozone Park and Howard Beach. There's a young Bonanno-family crew in Maspeth; in Canarsie, there's a Lucchese crew led by soldier Angelo DeFendis that consists almost entirely of twentysomethings. In September, a group of young would-be mobsters in Dyker Beach Park beat to death an Ecuadorean immigrant in a turf dispute. The daily press reported the killing as an example of teenagers gone haywire. JUST 4 "ORDINARY" KIDS, *Newsday* headlined one of its stories. But law-enforcement sources say that two of the teenagers charged in the killing are nephews of Robert Scarpaci, a Gambino soldier. One of the nephews, Steven Ruiz, even worked part-time in the Scarpaci family's funeral home, the Scarpacis being the undertakers to the underworld.

"These kids were trying to make their bones by protecting turf," says one law-enforcement source. "They wanted to be seen as connected. There are still people like that out there."

"AT THIS POINT, IT'S THE LOSERS WHO GO WITH THE MOB. ANYBODY WHO CAN GET A REAL JOB GETS A REAL JOB."

THERE IS NOTHING PARTICULARLY clubby, and there's certainly nothing sociable, about Caffè 2000, an espresso bar–cum–social club on 101st Avenue in Ozone Park, the Via Dolorosa of the Gambino family. The wiring is exposed; the chairs are orange plastic. In the pastry case sits a handful of damp cannoli. Across the street, at the St. Mary Gate of Heaven church, the people of Ozone Park are celebrating Saturday-night mass. In Caffè 2000, there's a card game on.

The proprietor is irascible. I order an espresso. "That's to go," he announces.

But he lets me sit by the pay phone, and I watch the regulars, who are reputed members of an autonomous Sicilian crew that nevertheless pays allegiance to the Gottis. There are a few English-speaking men in the club, one of whom looks like a stereotypical Gambino—see-through socks, thin gold watch, swept-up, bouffy hair. The rest look like peasants. It's a decrepit-looking scene, and it's improbable that the people of Ozone Park come here looking for "justice," the way the undertaker Bonasera sought justice from Vito Corleone. In fact, the people of Ozone Park probably don't even come here looking for cannoli.

Down 101st Avenue, at Aldo's Pizzeria, a framed photograph hangs behind the counter. It's a picture of Robert De Niro and Joe Pesci eating Aldo's pizza. Life imitating art imitating life. Some of the Gotti brothers, the obscure Gotti brothers, are said to eat at Aldo's on occasion.

There are people in Ozone Park who say the neighborhood's gone to seed since John Gotti went away. "The colored are moving in," one man outside Aldo's says, nodding toward East New York. "It wouldn't have happened before."

But there are people who will talk to a reporter, anonymously, about the real John Gotti. "It's all bullshit. He didn't do shit for us," a man in his twenties says. "At this point, it's the losers who go with these guys. Anybody who can get a real job gets a real job." Still, there are some in Ozone Park who respect Gotti and would like to imitate his style. "The guy was treated like a king," the man says. "Everybody wants that respect."

But John Gotti is now paying for his way of life; he believed the myth, as William Bastone of the *The Village Voice* has written, and the myth is what beat him. The smart mafiosi know it.

The mob may be far from dead, but the romance is almost certainly gone. *The Godfather* created the myth; *GoodFellas* deconstructed it; a movie featuring the shlimazls of the Lucchese family would destroy it. John Gotti is the end of the line that reaches back to Lucky Luciano and Al Capone, and even further, to Billy the Kid and Jesse James.

DOMINICK MONTIGLIO AND I ARE DRINKING Cokes in Frontierland, Disney's G-rated paean to the Wild West. Shots ring out; time for the show. On the rooftops, pink-faced outlaws fire caps at each other. The tourists love it. "Shoot 'em, shoot 'em!" a 12-year-old near us screams.

"It's a Small World" is the exception at Disney World. Many of the attractions feature violence, even glorify it. One of Montiglio's favorites turns out to be "Pirates of the Caribbean," which celebrates sacking, pillaging, and prostitution.

"I would have liked to live back then," he says, as Animatronic whores kick their plastic legs in our direction. "Looting and shit."

At the Frontierland show, an actor dressed all in black—the only person in Disney World who looks like Montiglio—pushes his way through the crowd. "Uh-oh—Black Bart," Montiglio whispers.

"Get outta here before I blow your brains out," the actor yells, pushing Montiglio aside. Not a good move, I want to tell Black Bart.

Montiglio grunts. "He's probably gay anyway."

The show ends, the people applaud, and the dead actors scrape themselves off the plaza and go for ice cream. As we walk through Frontierland, Montiglio is telling me about an idea he has for a board game. It's called Boss of Bosses.

"The goal is to reach the top of the family," he says. Players compete for "whack" cards, which allow you to kill off the competition.

"Maybe Disney will buy it," he says hopefully.

Why not? The Mafia, in some respects, seems just as self-consciously stylized as Black Bart, as immutably part of a bygone era as Porfirio Rubirosa or the Rat Pack. The mob's new generation has abandoned family values because they seem more like a campy relic to put under glass than a code to live by.

Montiglio and I head out of the Magic Kingdom—he really needs that drink. "They got whores and guns and shit, but you can't get a beer," he says. "Fuckin' hypocrisy."

Disney World has left him philosophical. "Americans love their violence. They don't want to admit it, but they love it."

I ask him whether that's why they love mobsters. Montiglio's answer is telling. "What people like is the whole thing of *respect*," he says. But what he's talking about has nothing to do with loyalty and virtue. "You know, when I was in the life, it was great. I mean, we got respect. I got in once at Studio 54 ahead of Burt Reynolds. That's what we were attracted to, the glitz. It doesn't exist anymore. . . . The new generation ruined it." ▬

The Mob's Glass House

After years of investigations and court-appointed trustees, the Genovese mob still has a tight grip on the Javits center. On the waterfront, some things never change **By John Connolly**

RECENTLY, THE JACOB K. JAVits Convention Center changed its policy for issuing paychecks. No longer would they be passed out personally by union shop stewards to several hundred carpenters, teamsters, cargo handlers, and others who work there. Instead, a representative of the center's inspector general's office would distribute them, and then only to workers who could prove they were who they said they were with a photo I.D.

A carefully worded memo from the inspector general, Sebastian Pipitone, to representatives of the carpenters, teamsters, and exhibition unions said that the new procedure was "an effort to improve the reputation and allay some of the negative criticism . . . that the Jacob K. Javits Center has received in the last year alleging payroll padding, no-show employees and phantom workers."

According to several sources at the Javits center, the change sent employees into a near panic. Union workers who had not been seen in years were spotted at the center, I.D. cards in hand. One worker who refused to be identified said, "There's guys showing up who were supposed to be dead." One phantom worker is rumored to have flown in from his retirement home in Florida on Thanksgiving weekend to pick up a check ultimately intended for a certain union official with

Javits center inspector general Sebastian Pipitone.

Photograph by David Barry.

close mob connections. As of this writing, about ten checks have not yet been picked up at all.

CONVENTIONAL WISDOM SUGgests that, if not buried, the Italian mob as we knew it is at least lying in intensive care, near death. But no one told the boys at the convention center. If the mob is dead, then who are these phantoms? The Gambino family's vise grip on Kennedy airport may have loosened in the past few years, but there is quite a bit of evidence to suggest that the Genovese family is living partly on money it squeezes out of Javits. Some at the center believe that since 1990, one union worker has been collecting—in addition to his regular pay—more than $250,000 from his phantom union job. And amazingly, he has even collected *unemployment* when work has been scarce.

Mob influence at Javits has persisted in the face of many efforts to eradicate it. In 1990, in the course of a RICO suit alleging corruption during the building of the center (which resulted in the racketeering conviction of Genovese boss Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno), one Manhattan federal prosecutor called it "a hiring hall for mobsters and former convicts." In 1992, 23 center employees were indicted for "labor union corruption and theft" by Manhattan district attorney Robert Morgenthau. And Morgenthau already has a new investigation under way. A recent federal report found that fully 35 percent of carpenters who work at the Javits center are convicted felons. And the influence continues even though two of the unions at the Javits center, Teamsters Local 807 and the District Council of Carpenters and Joiners, have in the past few years been forced to sign consent decrees for RICO violations that have resulted in both the unions' being put under the supervision of a court-appointed independent review officer.

RABBITT WARNED MULLER THAT IF HE DIDN'T COOPERATE
THOUGH, THINGS WOULD GO SMOOTHLY. "DON'T WORR

Photograph by David Hamilton/Image Bank.

"I can't argue with it," Pipitone, the inspector general, told me when I mentioned the 35 percent figure to him, sitting in his office downstairs in the Javits center. A firepluggish former New York police detective, Pipitone, after more than a year in office, is finally trying to clean things up on several fronts, and he's actually having some success—but he doesn't like to talk about it much. "If there are any people who are found to be phantoms or no-show employees, then they have a serious problem," he said, choosing his words. "It is just not right that people who want and need the work are deprived while others take advantage of the system."

DESIGNED BY I. M. PEI PARTNER JAMES Ingo Freed, the glass-and-steel Javits center sends a message of cleanliness and transparency. So much for appearances. Proposed to replace the cramped and aging Coliseum on Columbus Circle as the city's major convention center, Javits was trumpeted as a powerful new economic engine for the city. The mob, of course, saw it as a powerful new economic engine for itself. The Coliseum had for years been dominated by the famously murderous Hell's Kitchen gang the Westies. But other criminal organizations tried to get in on the ground floor of Javits. In fact, Mickey Featherstone, a Westie turned government informant, testified in 1990 that James Coonan, also a gang member, told him a capo was to be killed because he was giving John Bowers, then president of the International Longshoremen's Association, "problems" over who would control jobs at Javits. Featherstone said that the hit was called off at the very last minute because "it was already straightened out."

While the Westies were busy with federal prosecutors and other New York families were squabbling among themselves, the Genovese clan positioned itself to skim the cream from the Javits center.

IF YOU WANT TO HOLD A MAJOR CONVENTION in New York City, the unions that control Javits have you over a barrel. The Javits center operates under a complex and restrictive set of union work rules negotiated before it opened, in which the carpenters union, Teamsters Local 807, and Exhibitions Local 829 have a say in virtually all hiring decisions—it's a closed shop. And it's all perfectly legal, though in practice the unions' overbearing presence tends to discourage companies from doing business there.

Bob Finnegan, director of operations of Freeman Decorating, one of only two decorating firms that put up with the rules, told me how it works. "We have to deal with four unions. The teamsters will only take the crates off the trucks and leave them on the platform. Then another worker takes the merchandise to the exhibitors' designated area, where it's unloaded by yet *another* worker. A union draper puts up the drapes; a union guy puts down the carpet. When the show's over, it's all done in reverse. You even have to use a union electrician to plug in a light." One study estimated that labor costs at the center are 66 percent higher than in other cities.

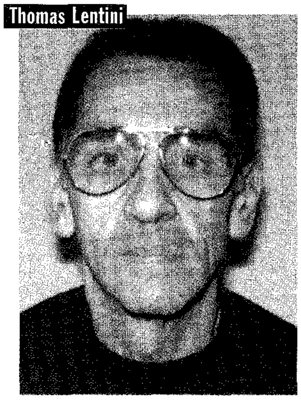
Of course, there are hidden costs as well. The two-year investigation by Robert Morgenthau's office shone a light through the center's dark glass. Among those arrested were Robert Rabbitt, the former teamsters' general foreman at the Javits center, and his son, Michael, a union worker. The father and son were charged with, among other things, extortion for allegedly shaking down an exhibitor who was having problems getting his crates delivered to the center. Unbeknownst to the Rabbitts, the exhibitor, Ronald Muller, president of Convention Air, Inc., in California, a hauling company, had agreed to wear a wire. A transcript of the meetings obtained by *New York* Magazine reads like a Quentin Tarantino script. When Muller complained to the Rabbitts that Michael was causing Local 807 members to lose his freight at a local hotel, the senior Rabbitt replied, "We made it very easy for you. We could have very easily . . . we could have broke your balls."

Michael Rabbitt then told Muller, who had been using nonunion trucks, to go see someone at a particular trucking company in Queens. "Make it significant for the guy," Michael added. "Don't fuck the guy around."

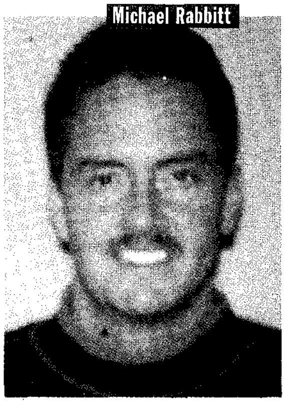
Muller later learned that "significant" meant $1,500, to be paid to the Rabbitt family to ensure that his nonunion trucks would be unloaded at the center.

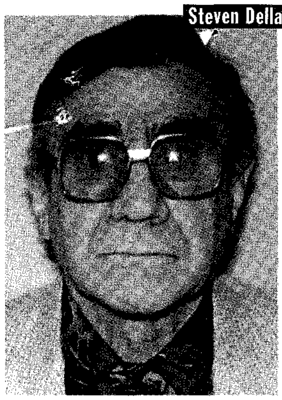
Robert Rabbitt went on to warn Muller that if he didn't do the "significant" thing, "you could be here for the next ten fucking years." Muller asked if he could be sure his trucks would be unloaded. "Don't worry about it," the senior Rabbitt said. "I'm here, and I run the fucking joint." The next day, Muller paid the money.

Eventually, the charges against Michael were dropped. Charles Weintraub, a spokesman for the Rabbitts, told me, "I want it clear that Michael was not present when the alleged payment was made to Robert." Robert, whose record included a previous conviction for manslaughter, took a plea to a lesser charge than extortion and received a short sentence. He also agreed to resign from the teamsters.


Thomas Lentini

Robert Rabbitt


Michael Rabbitt


Steven Dellacava

YOU COULD BE HERE FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS." IF HE DID, BOUT IT," HE SAID. "I'M HERE, AND I RUN THE JOINT."

NONE OF THESE LAWSUITS OR investigations has yet succeeded in prying the Genovese fingers off Javits. A report issued in October by Kenneth Conboy, a former federal judge who was appointed by a federal court to supervise the carpenters union after the 1990 RICO suit, maintains that "there is a strong basis to suspect that a very large number of the individuals on the list [workers who are eligible to work at the Javits center] are indeed relatives or associates of members of La Cosa Nostra." (The teamsters local has a court-appointed trustee of its own, Charles Carbury. Both trustees have the power to ban mobsters from their unions for life. But proving who is a mobster has been difficult.)

The man who pulls the strings at Javits is said to be Vincent "Chin" Gigante, who prowls La Guardia Place in a bathrobe and pajamas and has several times been declared incompetent to stand trial on murder and racketeering charges—though he's been the head of the Genovese crime family for the past fifteen years. "If he were really crazy," said a mob insider, "do you think we would leave him out on the street where he could say things to hurt the wrong people?"

Judge Conboy has charged Anthony D. Fiorino, the carpenters' chief steward at the Javits center (and also, incidentally, the world paddleball champion), with being "the acting agent of the Genovese organized crime family of La Cosa Nostra at the Javits center." Fiorino, who will earn more than $100,000 from the center this year, is accused by Conboy of associating with members of organized crime, including his brother-in-law, Liborio Bellomo, the reputed street boss of the Genovese crime family. Fiorino is also accused of referring a small pool of favored individuals for the lucrative carpenter jobs at the center. His hearing is set for this February and could result in his expulsion from the union.

Fiorino was appointed to his post by Frederick Devine, the president of the 30,000-member District Council of Carpenters and Joiners. However, Devine told me that he had been elected president of the local on a reform ticket, and that he fully supports Pipitone's efforts to rid the center of phantom employees. However, Devine figured in a 1990 RICO suit against the carpenters union. One of the prosecutors' charges was that he acted in concert with Vincent Gigante in unlawfully soliciting and receiving money from a third party. The case was settled in exchange for Devine and the union's signing a consent decree putting the union under court supervision.

Another colorful Javits character is Steven "Beansie" Dellacava, the chief steward of the exhibition local. Dellacava, originally from the Pleasant Avenue section of the Bronx, is described by law-enforcement officials as an associate of the Genovese family. Beansie was placed at the Javits center in 1990 after serving a long sentence for the sale of heroin. Joining him there is his former heroin confederate Thomas Lentini.

SWAG OF ALL SORTS HAS HAD A HABIT OF disappearing from the Javits center. A few years ago, during the International Vision Exhibition, someone even made off with a carton containing 525 artificial eyes. (Last year, the exhibition moved to Philadelphia.) But government officials say that Pipitone has not only stood up to the mobsters but also to a certain degree gained their respect. During last year's boat show, Pipitone and his safety officers conducted a surprise search of the entire building. His efforts were rewarded when the officers recovered more than $100,000-worth of stolen nautical-radar equipment in an air-conditioning duct on the unused fourth floor. Under Pipitone, thefts have dropped from $1.3 million in 1993 to about $300,000 in 1994.

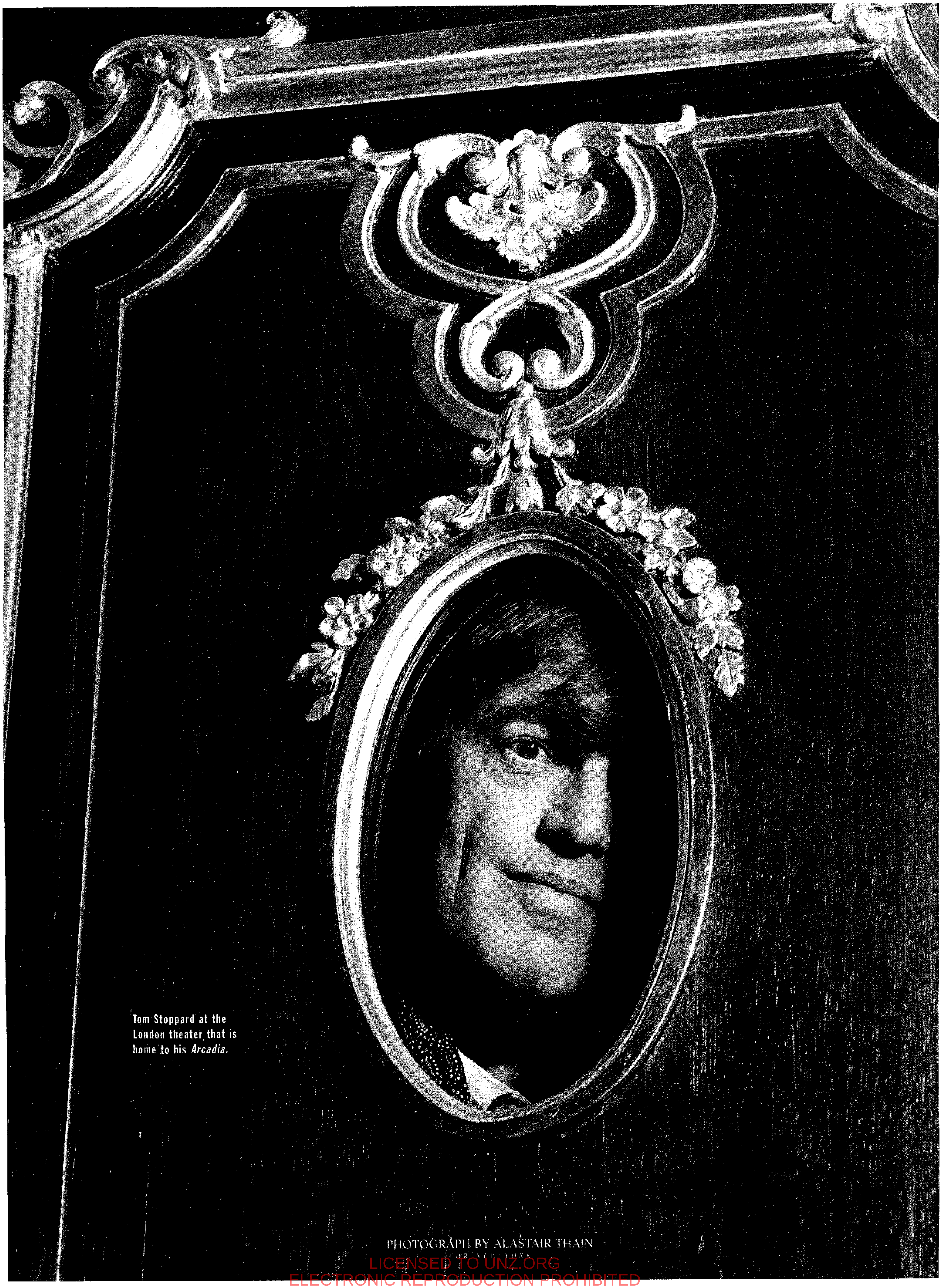
Other losses, however, are harder to measure, and harder to replace. The Javits center has lost 39 major trade shows, according to Bob Finnegan, who is responsible for staging most of the shows at the center. "The only shows Javits gets are New York shows," he told me. "All the national shows go to other cities, including Boston and, just down the road, Philadelphia." When asked about organized crime at the center, Finnegan, who also talks something like a Tarantino character, said, "Until that element is cleaned up, and someone has the pair of balls to do something, until that time happens, it's going to be the same thing as usual."

Some say that progress is being made. Robert Seminara, general chairman of the Greater New York Dental Association, which holds its annual convention at the Javits center in late November, suffered through labor slowdowns this year, apparently in protest over the new work rules. Pipitone said that after a meeting with Fabian Palomino, the Cuomo appointee who heads the center, he offered to reimburse the New York Dental Association up to $37,000 for the added overtime costs. But Seminara declined, Pipitone said. "I offered it to Mr. Seminara, but he refused, saying that the association plans to be at the center for years and that if the new procedures are successful, future savings will more than make up the $37,000."

Of the reported work stoppages, Pipitone would say only, "There have been some misunderstandings and some problems, but it will all iron itself out."

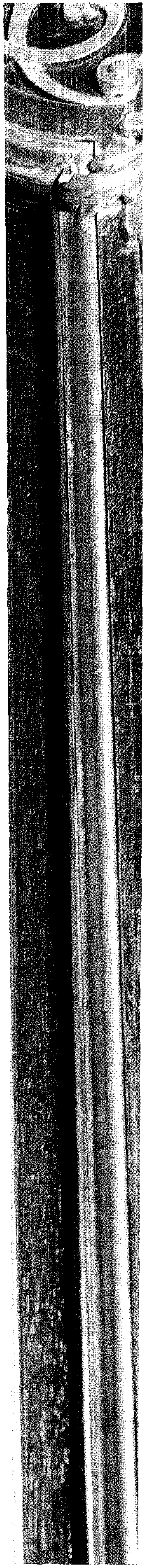
Finnegan doubts that the new payroll procedures will have a lasting impact. "These guys can get a body with a social-security number anytime they want one," he told me, "and then they're right back in business."

But Beansie of the exhibition union said there's no business to get back to. "Payroll padding?" he said. "It's a damn lie. There's too many forms to fill out. It's impossible." ■



Tom Stoppard at the London theater that is home to his *Arcadia*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALASTAIR THAIN
FOR NEW YORK



Onyx

Surely You're Joking, Mr. Stoppard!

By Bob Ickes

It's been 30 years since *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.* Now, with two shows at Lincoln Center, the smartest playwright on the planet is blinding us with science

AS A PUBLIC SERVICE TO THE 35,000 MEMBERS OF Lincoln Center Theater—many of whom, year after year, allot themselves only 90 minutes to (a) chug in from Paramus, (b) vie for parking, (c) inhale a pasta salad, and (d) troll through the Metropolitan Opera gift shop—we are delighted to convey an uplifting personal message from Tom Stoppard.

It will be along shortly.

First, the occasion. Through the intervention of this magazine, it has come to Mr. Stoppard's attention that *Hapgood*, his thrilling fusion of espionage and physics at the Mitzi E. Newhouse, has left a few subscribers needlessly confused. Confounded. Demoralized.

It has further come to his attention that his opening scene—where *God knows how many* sets of identical twins (double agents? triple agents?) step into, out of, and around numbered cubicles in the men's changing room of a London swimming pool—demands your utmost concentration. (No time for unwrapping throat lozenges; riffling through *Playbills*; coughing, wheezing, rasping, snorting, grinding teeth, chewing gum, shedding or adding a second layer of clothing.)

That poor David Richards, the chief theater critic of the New York *Times,* offered a weirdly myopic review, riddled with fear and self-doubt. ("You can't say with any certainty how the darned thing works," Richards argued. "Frustrating, that.") Ten days later, in an apparently unrelated development, he fled the paper—and the city.

That at intermission, the *Hapgood* audience races into the lobby of the Mitzi Newhouse, breaking into support groups, begging synopses from perfect strangers, quizzing their ushers and spouses. A sampler:

WOMAN NO. 1, WITH A SCARF OF MAUVE DACHSHUNDS AROUND HER NECK: "Are these characters twins or are they not twins? Does it matter? Is Carol—I mean, *Stockard*—Channing tricking the rest of them? Am I thinking too much?"

MAN NO. 1: "That's never a problem with you."

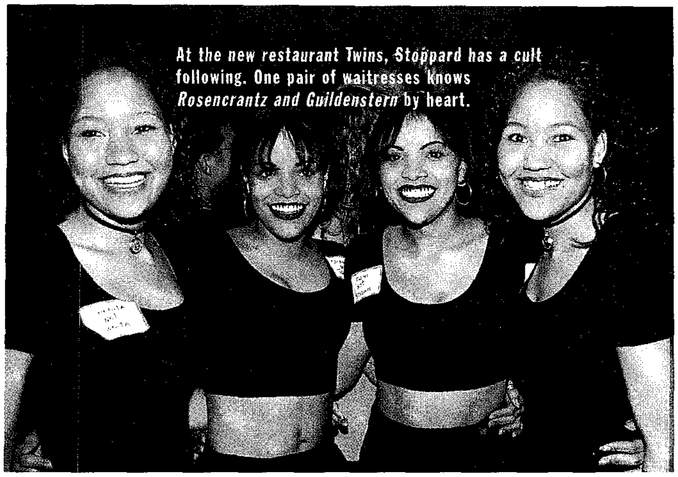
And:

WOMAN NO. 2, WITH A FELT MARKING PEN AROUND HER NECK: "Did you see that sign by the stairs? It says GUNSHOTS WILL BE HEARD AT THIS PERFORMANCE. Why just at *this* performance?"

MAN NO. 2: "Excellent question!"

And:

WOMAN NO. 3, WITH EYEGLASSES ON A CORD AROUND HER NECK: "I don't get why they keep


At the new restaurant Twins, Stoppard has a cult following. One pair of waitresses knows *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* by heart.

saying spies are like electrons. But then again, I'm not exactly a physician."

MAN NO. 3: "*Physicist*, Myra. You're not exactly a *physicist*."

WOMAN: "That too."

That when Beverly Sills, the chairman of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, realized she might have been spotted, with her husband, ditching a performance at intermission (hardly anyone walks out), she immediately fired off a letter to Bernard Gersten, executive producer of Lincoln Center Theater. In it, she insisted that she loved the play, but that the air inside the theater was a tad stuffy, and that her husband, the illustrious Peter Greenough, was becoming dangerously nauseated.

"I would have to disagree," says Carol Flemming, house manager for Lincoln Center Theater. "Because there are so many *words* in this play, we try to keep the air relatively cool. We want to keep people up. So the air is *definitely not* the reason she left."

"I REMEMBER HAVING A PLAY IN NEW YORK AS SOM

Heavens.

TO THESE DISPARATE FACTIONS, these well-meaning folk in search of a plot, Stoppard, 57, says: You are loved. There is nothing to "get" in *Hapgood*, no right or wrong answer. Any interpretation will do. Even yours.

"The opening scene is fine," he adds. "You're not supposed to follow it like a dog following a scent. It's merely an impressionistic event done to music."

Feeling uplifted?

Even though you did not necessarily expect a play about quantum mechanics when you renewed your subscription, Stoppard says you are welcome at *Hapgood*. You are, he says, "on a blind date with the play."

Its big-deal idea is that there are two ways of looking at light—as particle and as wave. Both, theoretically, are plausible. As one character, a physicist who may be a *quintuple* agent, puts it, "The act of looking determines what's what." This what-you-look-for-is-what-you-get metaphor is extended into the world of espionage, where the British secret service, in the person of Elizabeth Hapgood (Stockard Channing), is tracking double agents, some of whom may be identical twins. The twins, in turn, are telling us something about our own dual natures, which we repress or otherwise fail to acknowledge. In the second act, Channing pretends to be twins (or does she?) to fool actual twins (or are they?).

Stoppard (accent the first syllable) says, "It's not as though I have a secret program in my brain and, you know, you're supposed to *guess* what it is and then I'll tell you if you're right or wrong. It's not like that, is it? I remember a play called *The Fire Raisers*, by Max Frisch, and it was about a couple of arsonists. Quite clearly, it was a wonderful metaphor for the way the Nazis came to power in prewar Germany. There was no question about it; that is what the play said to this observer. I found out years later that the author thought it the perfect metaphor for the way the Communists came to power in postwar Eastern Europe. And my thesis is that I wasn't wrong. If I say, 'That's what it said to me,' you can't say, 'No, it didn't.' "

Even those who find him too clever by half (such as John Simon and Robert Brustein) place Tom Stoppard among the most dazzlingly inventive playwrights working in English. He has written *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* (1966), in which *Hamlet* is reimagined from the perspective of two hopelessly flummoxed walk-ons; *The Real Inspector Hound* (1968), in which two critics become absurdly—and lethally—entangled in the stuffy Agatha Christie–ish whodunnit they are reviewing; *Jumpers* (1972), in which, as the British critic Michael Billington describes it, "songs, striptease, whodunnit, gymnastics, good and bad puns are all put to the service of a play about belief and about the terrors of living in a pragmatic, expedient universe . . ."; and *Travesties* (1974), which introduces Lenin, Joyce, and the Dadaist Tristan Tzara to one another. (All three actually did live in Zurich around 1918.)

Then there's *The Real Thing* (1982), which hit New York in 1984, starring Glenn Close and Jeremy Irons and directed by Mike Nichols. Stoppard, for the first and only time, traded abstractions for full-blown romantic passion—in a play within a play within a . . .

In the spring of 1993, in his hometown of London, he became the first *living* dramatist with simultaneous plays on the principal stages of both the National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company. *This* spring, Stoppard may become the first dramatist with simultaneous Lincoln Center productions. There is every reason to believe that the smash revival of *Hapgood* (written in 1986) will be extended a second time, perhaps into March. (The original Mitzi Newhouse run, set from November 11 to February 5, sold out before the first preview. The first extension, from February 5 to February 19, sold out in 90 minutes.) That would brush up against Stoppard's *Arcadia*, directed by Trevor Nunn (*Nicholas Nickleby, Cats, Sunset Boulevard*), who was also the artistic director of the Royal Shakespeare Company. It stars Blair Brown and Victor Garber, and replaces *Carousel* at the Vivian Beaumont March 2.

"I remember having a play in New York as something which is very, very, very stressful," Stoppard says. "Something that all converges on a point of acute pain, which may resolve itself into extreme ecstasy or deep depression. I mean, that's not a healthy way to live."

Still, he smiles.

"I hate this Broadway thing of everything being so *expensive*, so incredibly expensive, that unless you're a smash hit, you've somehow failed. *Angels in America*, for example, ended up *technically* a failure as far as economics. Which is insane. I mean, what do you have to do?"

As far as economics, Lincoln Center Theater is, as you may have suspected, sane. It is a not-for-profit enterprise, and after 30 years, some 25 plays and adaptations, two divorces, and four sons, Stoppard believes it's the ideal haven for his work. "I just wanted *Hapgood* to be done well for a few weeks and finished. I didn't want to get into this kind of Broadway scene where it's either jackpot city or you go home with your tail between your legs. At Lincoln Center, you can have a five-month success; on Broadway, you can have a ten-month failure."

On Broadway, in December 1989, Stoppard had a one-month failure. The play was *Artist Descending a Staircase*, which he had written for BBC Radio Drama in 1972. Its one act was splintered into eleven scenes, a structure derived from a staircase in a famous painting by Marcel Duchamp, which itself figures in the story.

Scene 1 was set in 1972, Scene 2 a few hours earlier, Scene 3 a week earlier, Scene 4 in 1922, Scene 5 in 1920, and Scene 6 (ground zero) in 1914. Then, beginning with Scene 7, which continues from the end of Scene 5, the play moves chronologically forward—*as if it were climbing a staircase.* This conceit proved so daunting that the *Playbill* offered a full-page chart. Still, the play closed after 37 performances, and Stoppard vanished from New York theater.

Photographs: left, Patrick McMullan; right, Ken Howard.

Stoppard says *Arcadia,* which was received in London with nearly unanimous acclaim and by packed houses, marks a major departure for him. "When I started off—I'm thinking of *Jumpers* and particularly of *Travesties*—I wasn't interested in a narrative line. I had things the other way round. *Travesties* is a play about display, really. It's pastiche, and it's jokes, and arguments. I was interested in showing off. I was having a good time, and I had certain arguments that I enjoyed conducting with the other half of myself about the role of the artist. *Arcadia* is almost the antithesis of that play. It has worked in London and in different countries. And I'm sure it's because the narrative carries everything else."

The story, set alternately in 1809 and the present day, explores the "nature of truth and time." Where *Hapgood* fuses physics and espionage, *Arcadia* melds landscape gardening and chaos theory.

Trevor Nunn says of Stoppard, "It must be a dying breed, the sort of person who utters epithets and epigrams as part of the conversational mode. Oscar Wilde would rehearse and polish his phrases ahead of time. Not Tom. He understands that when you fly a sentence at a certain height, *it has absolutely got to land.*"

Glenn Close says, "Yes, there was a time when he made some ingenious quote about authors quoting themselves."

Nunn provides it. "He was talking about a personal situation and began to refer to a scene in *The Real Thing* as an illustration. Then he interrupted himself and said, 'There is only one thing more charmless than a dramatist quoting himself, and that is a dramatist *mis*quoting himself.' "

Stockard Channing met Stoppard when, after seeing her do *Six Degrees of Separation* in London, he sent her a note and asked if she'd be interested in reviving *Hapgood.* It had been called sterile and cerebral in its initial London run.

"We exchanged letters," Channing says, "and I thought that was a delightful conceit. When he approached me with the part, he seemed quite abashed, which with Tom isn't actually abashed at all. I later brought him to Lincoln Center and introduced him to Jack O'Brien, who became the play's director."

O'Brien, who directed the Marriott Marquis revival of *Damn Yankees* and will return to it—this time with Jerry Lewis as the Devil—in May, says, "I was incredibly intimidated to meet Tom, because he has this most facile and available intellect. But you begin to realize what an amazingly generous person he is. And before long, I had one hand on my hip, saying, 'Come on, Tom, what the hell does *that* mean?' "

You may find yourself saying precisely that at 9:08 during an evening performance of *Hapgood.* That's when David Strathairn, as the Russian mole, Kerner, whose character grew out of Stoppard's obsession with the physicist Richard Feynman, explains Heisenberg's principle of uncertainty. Specifically, how it could allow for an electron's possibly being in two places at one time.

If you find this incomprehensible, look no further than Twins, the restaurant across from Elaine's whose owners and staff comprise 28 pairs of identical twins. Stoppard has dropped in for pizza; Trevor Nunn believes/fears the place may turn up in a future play.

Unfortunately, the waitresses Kelly and Karen, 22—their name tags say I'M KELLY NOT KAREN and I'M KAREN NOT KELLY—don't know that he's here. They've just earned their SAG cards, and have committed to memory entire passages from *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

On December 22, 1994, at about the time Strathairn was delivering his Heisenberg soliloquy, a man walked up to the Twins bar and ordered a plate of quesadillas from Alan, a bartender. Alan's twin, Albert, works with him; they both go by "Al." Somehow, the quesadillas were temporarily delayed. While the customer had turned his head, *Alan* stepped away, to be replaced by Albert, who knew nothing of the order. The customer says to Albert, "What about the quesadillas?" Albert produces a plateful. Moments later, Alan walks out of the kitchen with another.

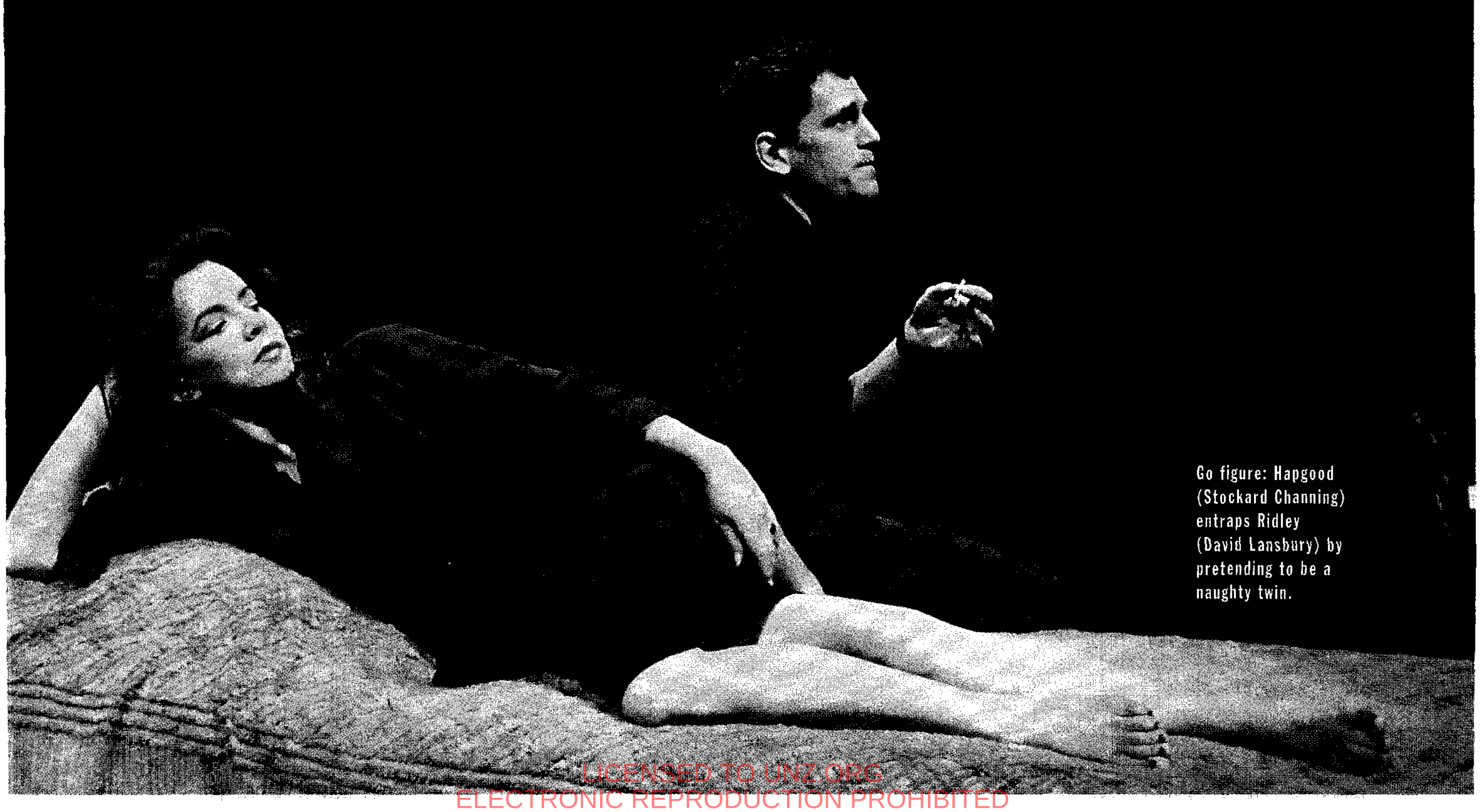
At the end of his speech, Kerner says, "An electron is like twins, each one unique, a unique twin."

To which Hapgood replies:

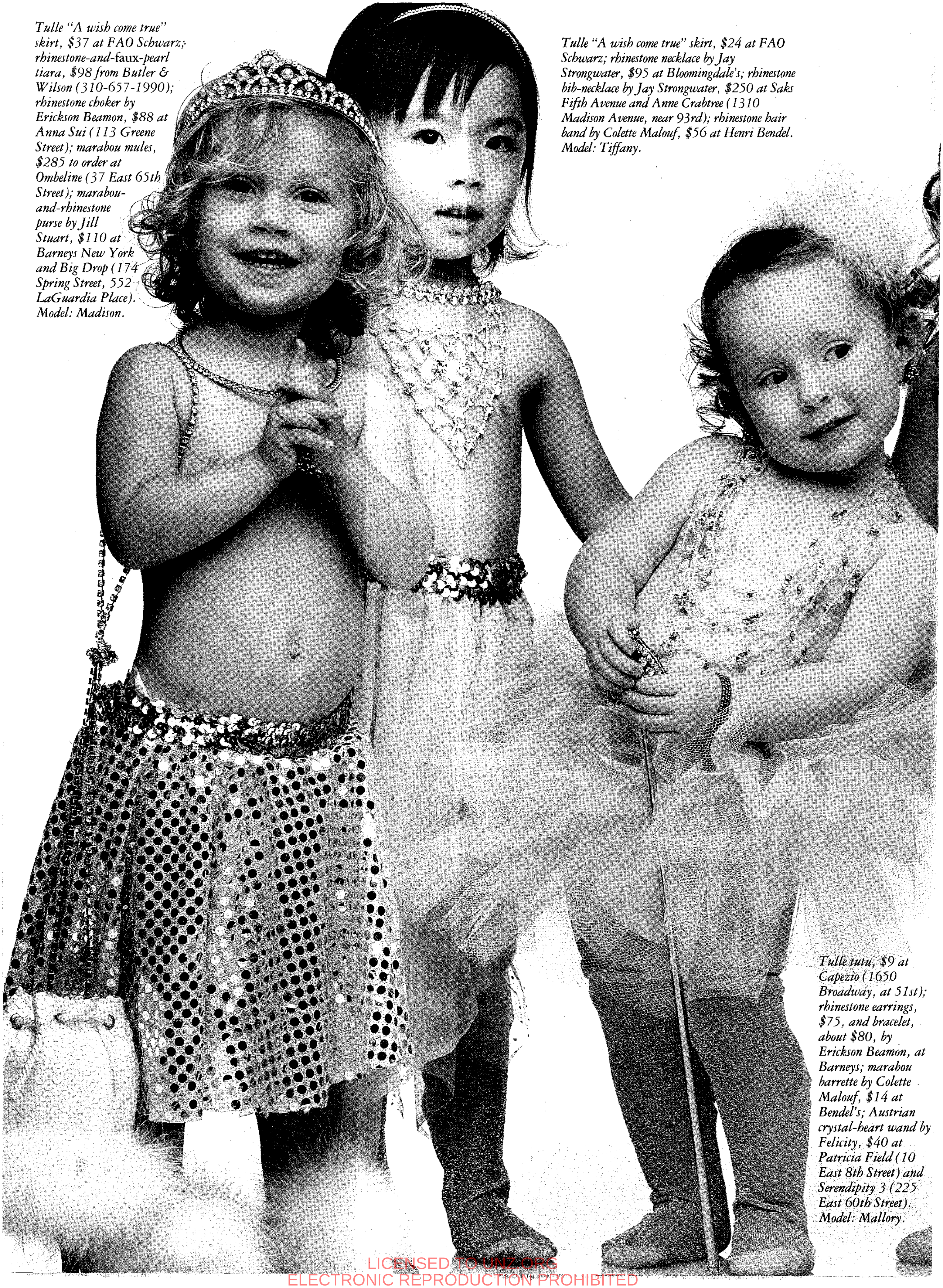
"Its own alibi."

Whatever. The second plate of tortillas and cheese was free. ■

'HING VERY, VERY, VERY STRESSFUL," STOPPARD SAYS. SOMETHING THAT CONVERGES ON A POINT OF ACUTE PAIN."



Go figure: Hapgood (Stockard Channing) entraps Ridley (David Lansbury) by pretending to be a naughty twin.



Tulle "A wish come true" skirt, $37 at FAO Schwarz; rhinestone-and-faux-pearl tiara, $98 from Butler & Wilson (310-657-1990); rhinestone choker by Erickson Beamon, $88 at Anna Sui (113 Greene Street); marabou mules, $285 to order at Ombeline (37 East 65th Street); marabou-and-rhinestone purse by Jill Stuart, $110 at Barneys New York and Big Drop (174 Spring Street, 552 LaGuardia Place). Model: Madison.

Tulle "A wish come true" skirt, $24 at FAO Schwarz; rhinestone necklace by Jay Strongwater, $95 at Bloomingdale's; rhinestone bib-necklace by Jay Strongwater, $250 at Saks Fifth Avenue and Anne Crabtree (1310 Madison Avenue, near 93rd); rhinestone hair band by Colette Malouf, $56 at Henri Bendel. Model: Tiffany.

Tulle tutu, $9 at Capezio (1650 Broadway, at 51st); rhinestone earrings, $75, and bracelet, about $80, by Erickson Beamon, at Barneys; marabou barrette by Colette Malouf, $14 at Bendel's; Austrian crystal-heart wand by Felicity, $40 at Patricia Field (10 East 8th Street) and Serendipity 3 (225 East 60th Street). Model: Mallory.

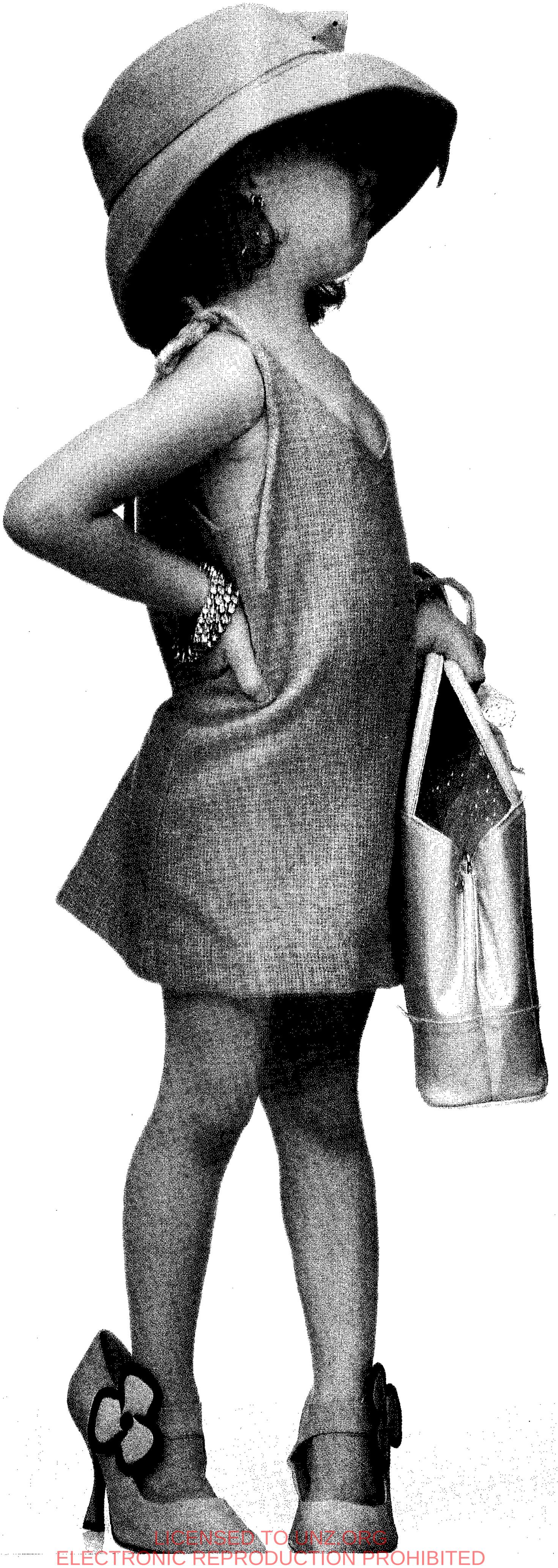
Even if you are at a multi-decade remove from actual childhood, dressing up regularly feels like . . . like playing dress-up. So indulge your inner child with a ridiculous, splendid new tiara and a Holly Golightly hat. In marabou mules, you can be a make-believe Marilyn. The right bag and shoes recall a girlhood of Jackie worship. And this trove of brilliant rhinestone baubles doesn't have to go back into a safe at the evening's end. The gauzy tutus, sparkly skirts, and miniature Mommy dresses on these pages are must-haves for the most preternaturally fashionable child. But the rest is not-so-strictly for us grown-ups.

Heavenly Creatures

By JADE HOBSON CHARNIN

Photographed by
MICHAEL O'NEILL

Tulle tutu, $9 at Capezio; crystal pendant necklace, $171, and rhinestone collar, $315 (to order), by Marie Ferrá in Fragments at Bendel's; rhinestone barrettes by Erickson Beamon, $45 each at Barneys. Model: Lily. Lurex-and-nylon socks by K-Bell on Tiffany, Mallory, and Lily, $6 at the Sock Man (27 St. Marks Place).



Wool dress by Tocca, $95 from Barbara Kramer Collections; wool-felt hat by Stephen Jones, $180 to order at Showroom Seven (840-7277); gold-plate-crystal-and-rhinestone earrings by Jay Strongwater, about $120 at Bloomingdale's and Saks; rhinestone bracelets by Erickson Beamon, $84 each at Barneys; resin bangles by Cara Croninger, about $75 each at Fragments (107 Greene Street); silk-crêpe "Pensée" shoes, $350 at Christian Louboutin; patent-leather bag by Isaac Mizrahi. Model: Violet.

Far left: wool dress by Tocca, $95 from Barbara Kramer Collections (242-1565); vinyl Kelly bag by Jill Stuart, around $97 at Bendel's and Macy's; resin necklace by Erickson Beamon, $225 at Bergdorf Goodman; resin bangles, $30 each, and plastic-bead bracelets, $195 each, by Erickson Beamon at Barneys; marabou headband by Deborah Rhodes; patent-leather "Pensée" Mary Janes by Christian Louboutin New York, around $365 at Barneys and Christian Louboutin (30 East 67th Street); resin-and-rhinestone ring by Maria Snyder. Model: Maya.

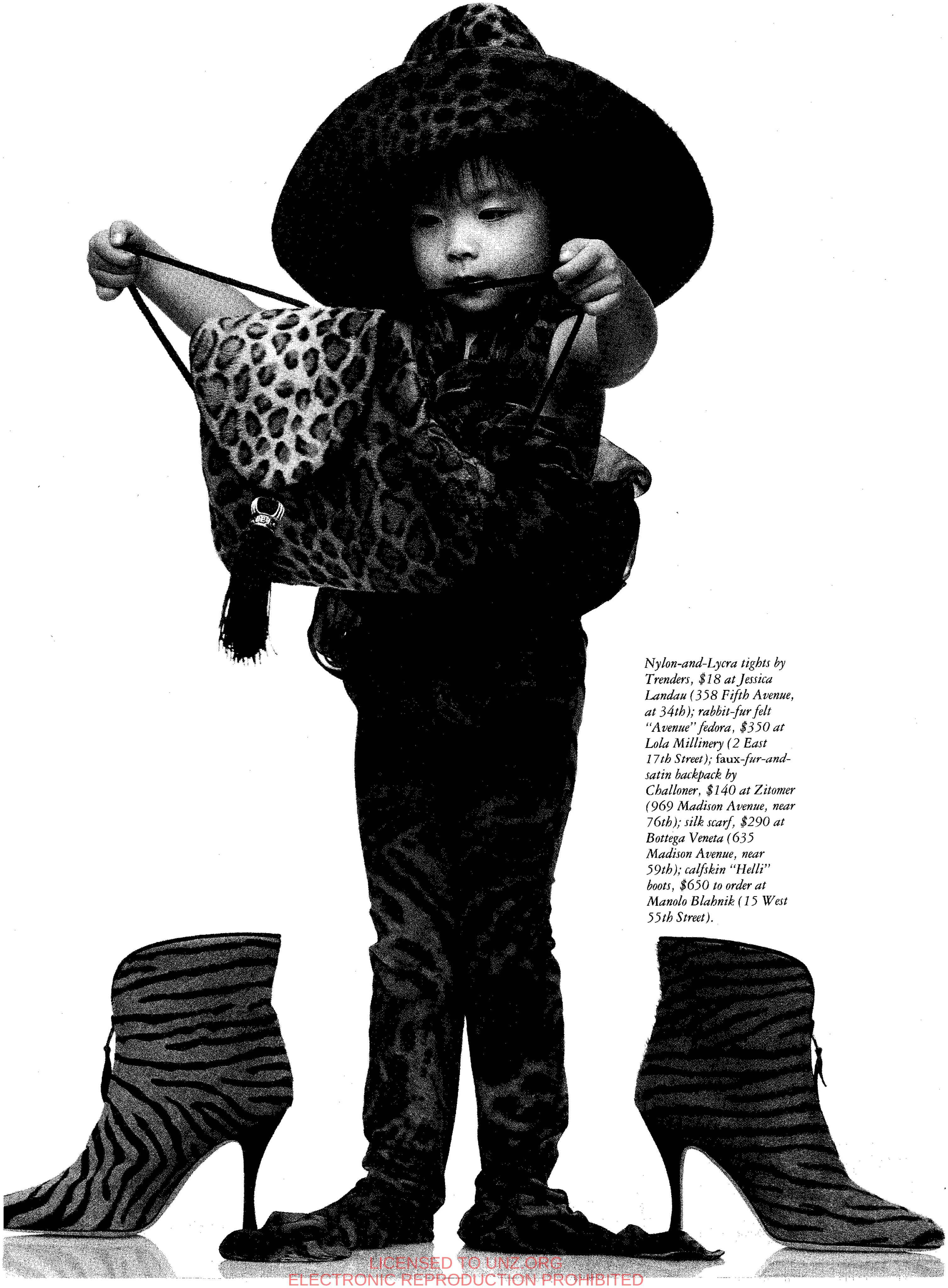
Left: mohair dress by Tocca, $99 from Barbara Kramer Collections; marabou hat by Deborah Rhodes, $180 at Bloomingdale's; satin-and-marabou handbag by Jill Stuart, $99 at Barneys; plastic necklace, $170, and lucite bangles, $30 each, by Erickson Beamon at Barneys; silk-crêpe "Pensée" Mary Janes, $350 at Christian Louboutin. Model: Sydney.

Styled by Debbi Mason.

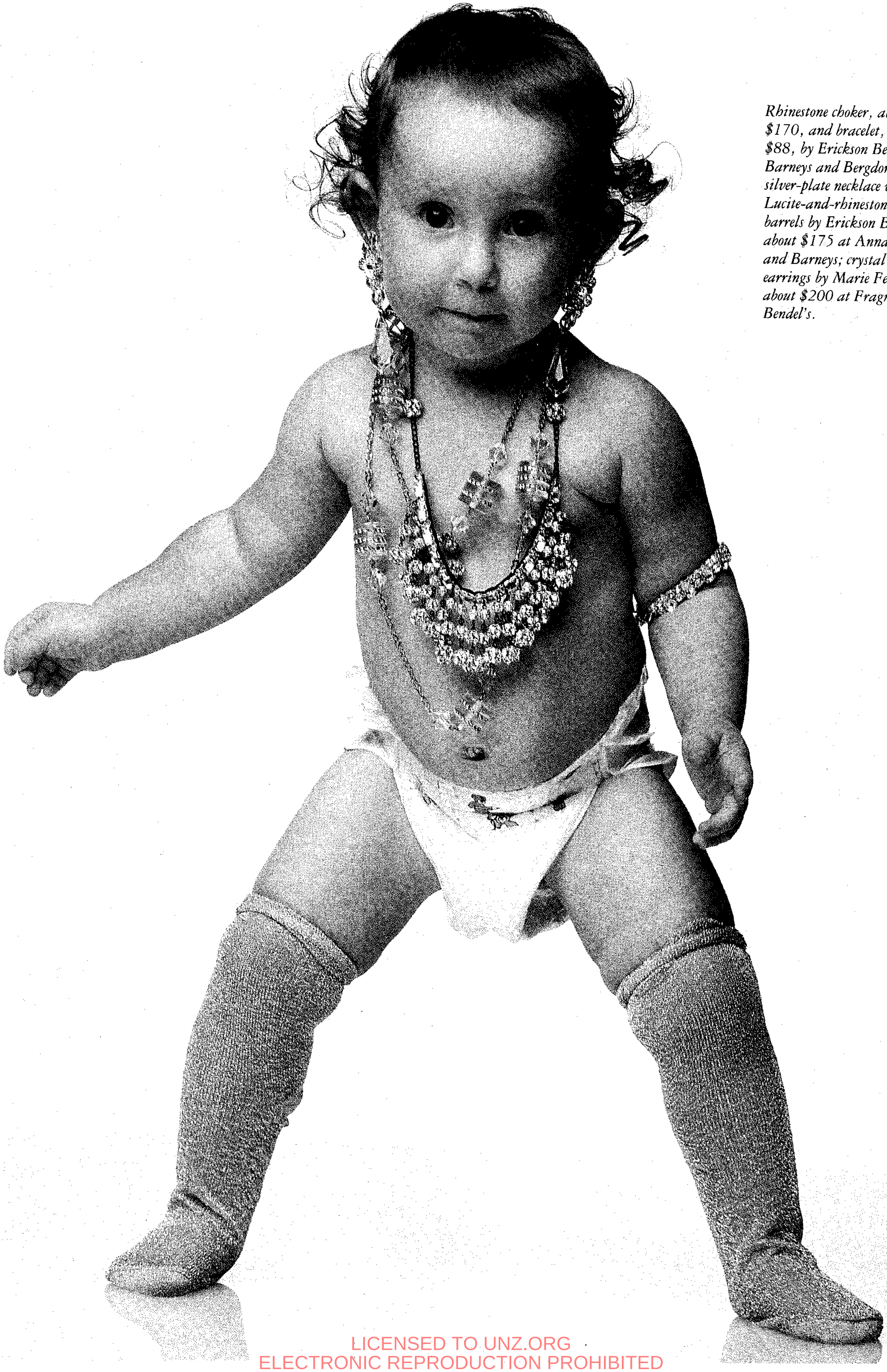
Hair: L. B. Fishman for Salon Dada.

Associate fashion editor: Elizabeth Allen.

Fashion assistants: Stacy London and Jonny Lichtenstein.



Nylon-and-Lycra tights by Trenders, $18 at Jessica Landau (358 Fifth Avenue, at 34th); rabbit-fur felt "Avenue" fedora, $350 at Lola Millinery (2 East 17th Street); faux-*fur-and-satin backpack by Challoner, $140 at Zitomer (969 Madison Avenue, near 76th); silk scarf, $290 at Bottega Veneta (635 Madison Avenue, near 59th); calfskin "Helli" boots, $650 to order at Manolo Blahnik (15 West 55th Street).*

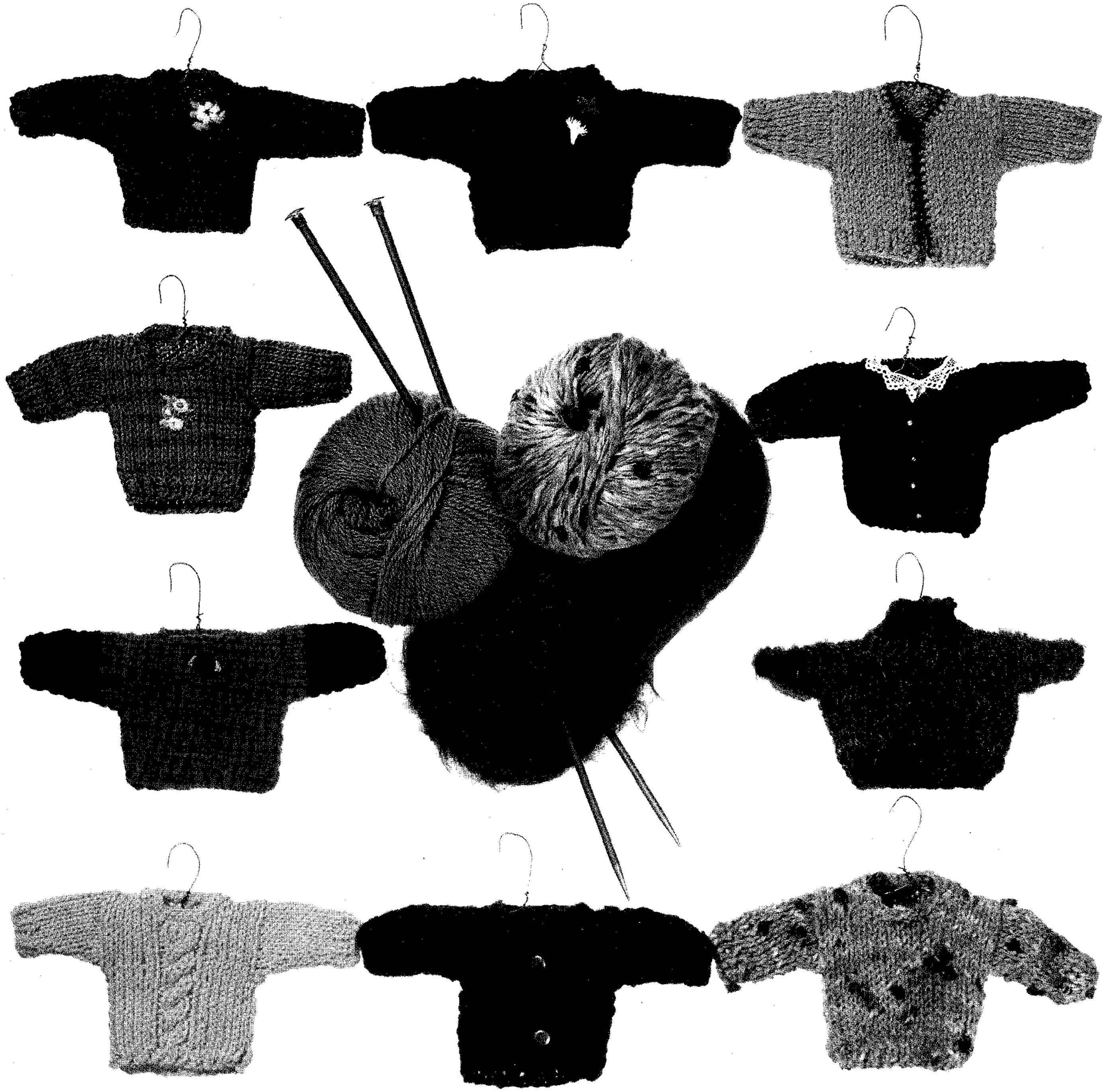


Rhinestone choker, about $170, and bracelet, about $88, by Erickson Beamon at Barneys and Bergdorf's; silver-plate necklace with Lucite-and-rhinestone barrels by Erickson Beamon, about $175 at Anna Sui and Barneys; crystal earrings by Marie Ferrá, about $200 at Fragments in Bendel's.

BEST BETS

BY CORKY POLLAN

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

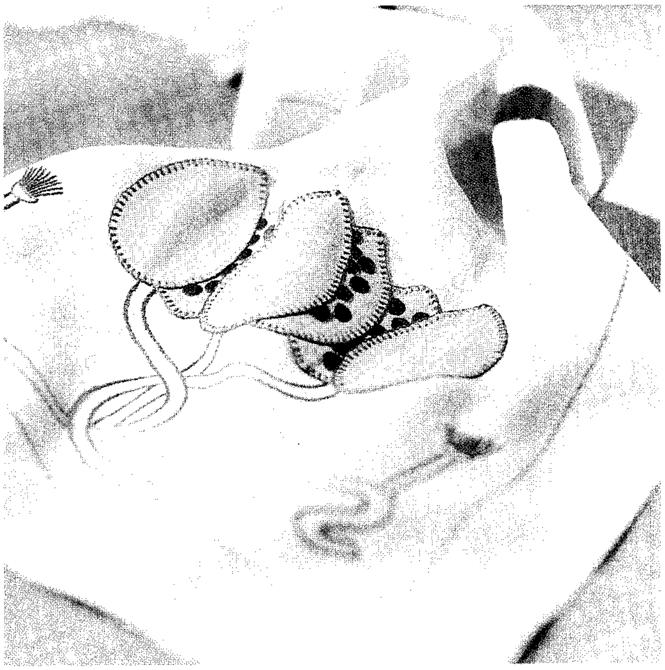


Purl Jam

Although Dickens's Madame Defarge imbued knitting with a certain pathology and literary immortality, it was Perry Ellis who gave it cachet. In the late seventies, his hand-knits were so cutting-edge that everyone invested in needles and yarn and frantically tried to copy his designs. (Drawers are still filled with the disastrous results.) The craze has long since died, and with it many of the old knitting stores. But now there's a tiny shop tucked away on the Upper East Side that might be instrumental in reviving the peaceful pleasures of the craft. Owners Roberta Rosenfeld and Linda Stanyon offer instruction, workshops, a superior selection of yarns, exclusive patterns, and a custom-fitting service to ensure perfectly sized sweaters (from $6 for a skein of super-wash wool to $25 for a skein of hand-dyed silk-and-wool blend).

THE WOOLGATHERING/*318 East 84th Street/734-4747*

Photographs: left, Steve Wisbauer; top, Monica Buck; bottom right, Steven Freeman; bottom left, Jeremy Shatan.



Mission Accomplished

Finding vintage Arts and Crafts linens in decent condition is a hassle: When they do turn up in flea markets or antiques shops, they're often tattered and torn. But collector Sarah Wildasin has turned her frustration into a business. Wildasin makes hand-embroidered and hand-appliquéd linen table scarves, pillows, and place mats that are stitch-for-stitch re-creations of many of the originals in her collection (from $32 for a napkin to $185 for a 66-inch-long table scarf to $210 for a pillowcase).

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The Old Country

Not too long ago, SoHo was the city's contemporary-art center. Now it's becoming a center for furniture. In keeping with this transformation, Penine Hart has turned her art gallery into a shop cluttered with farmhouse antiques. It's a tempting collection of mostly American, mostly eighteenth- and nineteenth-century rustic pieces large and small—from a nine-foot cupboard to a tiny lady's desk—along with Windsor chairs, English china, gilt mirrors, architectural finials, even the odd but wonderful toy (from $22 for a garden stake to $750 for a country table to $1,800 for a cupboard).

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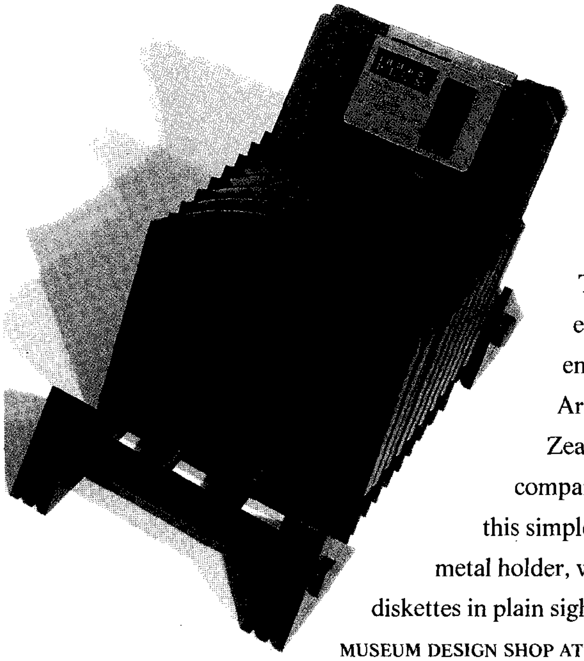

Total Recall

Under the cereal bowl? Entangled in the morning papers? Tossed into the wastepaper basket? The search for those ever-elusive diskettes is ended now that Artifakts—a New Zealand industrial-design company—has come up with this simple plastic-rubber-and-metal holder, which keeps ten diskettes in plain sight ($40).

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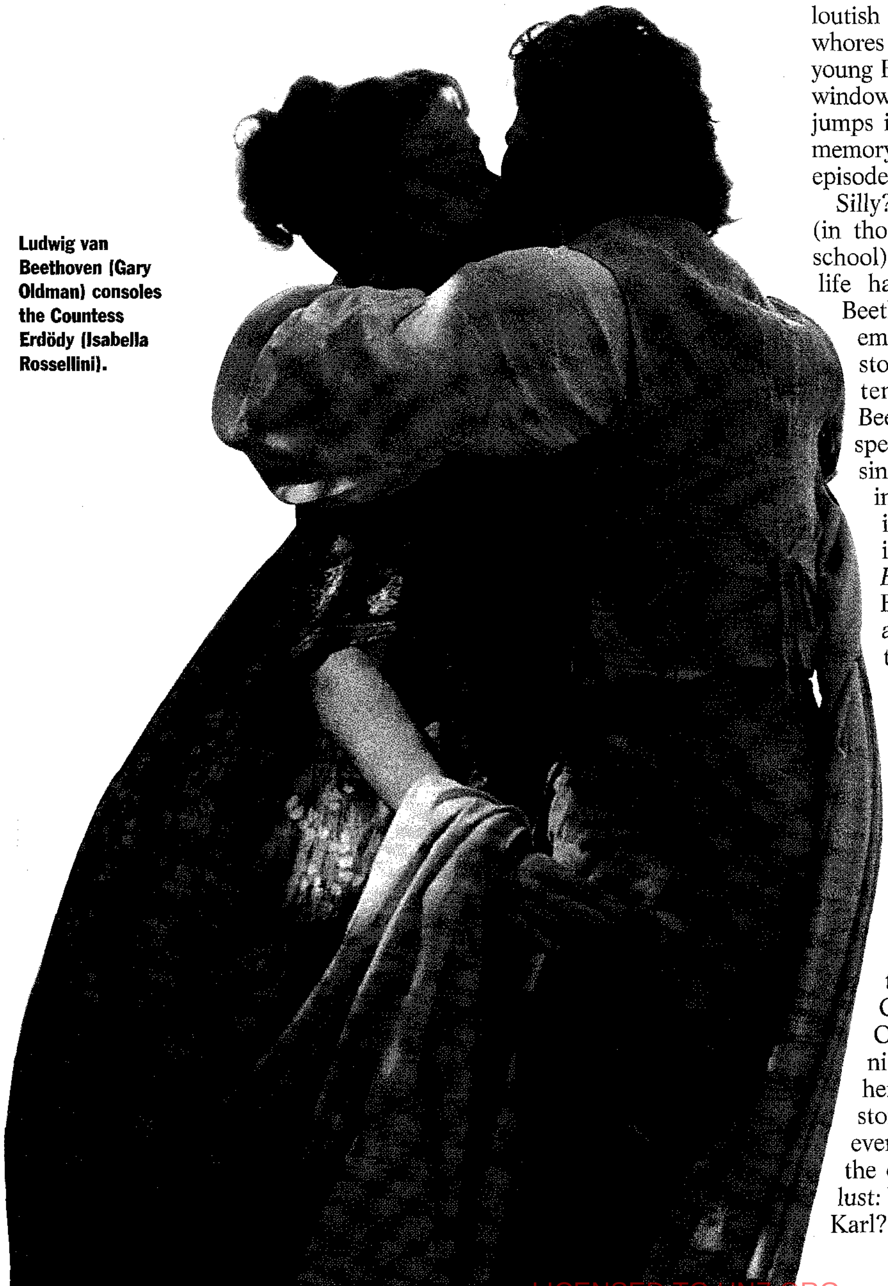
MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Deaf and the Maidens

Gary Oldman's fiery, sullen Beethoven saves what might have been just another absurdly reductive great-man biopic.

IN THE MOST FAMILIAR PIECE OF MUSIC IN THE world—the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—something happens that no one really understands. As the hymnlike "Ode to Joy" theme reaches its first thundering apotheosis, the chorus and orchestra break off, and Beethoven suddenly throws in a variation in the form of a banal military march. Tenor and chorus join the triangle, bass drum, and twittering piccolo, and the march builds to an almost hysterical climax. What's going on here? The rude, bang-the-can march is followed by a superbly exhilarating orchestral passage—pure scampering energy—that eventually leads back to another statement of the elevated "Ode to Joy" theme and the symphony's jubilant conclusion. But why the military episode? Just a bit of darkness and mockery before the inevitable triumph?



Ludwig van Beethoven (Gary Oldman) consoles the Countess Erdödy (Isabella Rossellini).

In **Immortal Beloved,** the stone-deaf Beethoven (Gary Oldman) stands up beside the conductor at the 1824 premiere of the symphony in Vienna, and as the march passage begins, a faraway look comes into his eyes. The music continues, and in a flashback we see Beethoven's loutish father in a military bicorne, pawing the local whores in an alley and staggering into his house; the young Beethoven, afraid of a beating, escapes through a window (beginning of scampering orchestral passage), jumps into a pond, and looks up at the stars. It's that memory of boyhood escape that inspired the two musical episodes. Or so we're meant to believe.

Silly? Of course it's silly. As all of us learned in school (in those long-gone days when they taught music in school), music is never simply "about" a series of real-life happenings or ideas. As an interpretation of Beethoven's music, *Immortal Beloved* is repeatedly embarrassing; to take another example, the great storm in the *Pastoral* Symphony gets reduced to a temper tantrum. But then, no movie about Beethoven—or Homer or Michelangelo or Shakespeare—is likely to be anything less than kitsch, since the genius's work is sure to outclass whatever interpretive context the filmmaker can provide for it. Some subjects really should be left alone. Having said that, I should also say that *Immortal Beloved,* which was written and directed by Bernard Rose, is nothing like such florid miseries as *Song Without End* (the life of Liszt). Parts of the movie are stirring, even moving, and Gary Oldman is a fiery, sullen Beethoven. This is kitsch of a high order.

Like *Citizen Kane, Immortal Beloved* takes the form of a posthumous investigation: The great man dies, and Anton Schindler (Jeroen Krabbé), the composer's devoted friend, amanuensis, patsy, and eventual biographer, travels around Austria and Hungary, visiting B's former mistresses. Which one of them is the "Immortal Beloved" to whom Beethoven once addressed a passionate love letter? Is it the rapturous, worshiping Giulietta Guicciardi (Valeria Golino), to whom Beethoven gave piano lessons? Or the sublime Countess Erdödy (Isabella Rossellini), whom Beethoven consoled after the death of her son by playing the piano for hours (a true story)? Along the way, Schindler touches on nearly every aspect of Beethoven's emotional life, including the other great mystery that stirs every biographer's lust: Why was Beethoven so obsessed with his nephew Karl? Beethoven spent the greater part of five years

Photographs by Keith Hamshere/Columbia Pictures (2).

fighting his sister-in-law for control of the boy. Was Beethoven a repressed homosexual? Some have thought so. The shining-eyed Marco Hofschneider certainly makes a luscious Karl. But Rose chooses to ignore all the pressures of queer theory and instead ties these mysteries together into a single, improbable, and decidedly hetero package.

Rose, who has made music videos and a few minor movies, says he has been obsessed with the subject for years, and I believe him, since no one could make a folly like this cynically. I mean, what does Rose think he is telling us? In *Citizen Kane,* the mystery of Rosebud, when it is finally explained, explains nothing; the same is true here. Rose doesn't come close to the real conundrums, such as how this boorish, deaf, slovenly man could compose one masterpiece after another, or how the staggering ethical and aesthetic idealism evident in, say, the Ninth Symphony could have consorted with a shocking personal ruthlessness.

The movie's externals are impressive. Prague, standing in for imperial Vienna, looks beautiful, and the music on the soundtrack is powerfully (if heavily) performed by Sir Georg Solti and the London Symphony Orchestra. To its credit, *Immortal Beloved* is neither fey nor pompous. Beethoven rages and suffers and curses, and people treat him as if he were a man and an artist, not some demigod; the women are both fleshy and intelligent. Like almost everyone who makes movies now, Rose fears dullness, and he whips up a tempest when plain statement would have sufficed. Sometimes the roaring composer acts like a rock star tearing up a hotel room in Cleveland; at other times the Beethoven myth of tempestuous brilliance gets merged into the Mozart myth of neglected genius, which in Beethoven's case is nonsense. Beethoven was immensely famous in his own lifetime, and there's no need for Rose to create special sympathy for him; the director is already dramatizing one of the most painful stories in the history of the arts—Beethoven's increasing deafness—in all its horror, dementia, and excruciating comedy. Beethoven fakes his way through conversations and rehearsals, storming out when he can't figure out what's going on. Conducting the *Emperor* Concerto, he cues in the sections at the wrong time; the result is chaos. It is a tragic moment, the disharmonizing of the universe. For all its hubris and awkwardness, *Immortal Beloved* shakes its fist at the heavens often enough to capture the spirit of its outsize hero.

THE LATEST VERSION OF LOUISA MAY Alcott's *Little Women,* by Gillian Armstrong, is so beautiful that one wishes it were more interesting. The winter light is dry and grayish; the New England interiors are brownish dark, lit by a fireplace and candles—there's not a trace of brightness or glare, no obvious "cinematic" effects. Period movies have become much more authentic than they used to be, and the décor and colors of this one are just about perfect. I was held by *Little Women*—by the March girls arguing and fighting against illness and taking care of one another, by Armstrong's courage in sticking with American Victorian manners in all their genteel sweetness. She cast the right actresses, too, especially Winona Ryder as Alcott's ardent and ambitious heroine, Jo. *Little Women* is filled with generosity and high ethical and feminist sentiment. It's about a mother and four daughters surviving in hard times; it's about the endurance of goodness.

Afterward, though, the glow fades. If only the family longings were shadowed by darker impulses; if only the feminist consciousness of the mother (Susan Sarandon) were sullied by doubt or error; if only the men (including Christian Bale and Gabriel Byrne) weren't always so gentlemanly. When the girls' much-longed-for father comes home from the Civil War, they hardly seem to notice him. The men are little more than vessels into which the women project their pride, their energy, their idealized feelings. This is a lovely movie, but it's also a complacent one, a world ruled by women in which traditionally masculine energies have been tamed or eliminated.

In brief: In **Death and the Maiden,** Roman Polanski's adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's international theatrical success, Ben Kingsley gives a brilliant performance as a Latin American doctor who may be hiding his past as a torturer for a brutal military regime. Kingsley cloaks himself in conventional locutions and good-guy body language; all his character wants is not to be drawn out of his sheath of mediocrity. The person drawing him out is Sigourney Weaver, who plays a former victim of torture into whose hands he has fallen. Now that she has the upper hand, will she become a torturer herself? The material, with its drama of sadish and ethical instincts at war, its undertone of erotic loathing, is right up Polanski's alley, and he makes their intimacy fearfully exciting and unclean. Weaver's performance, though, is misconceived: She is physically powerful but flat and unconvincing. She doesn't live inside this Latin woman so much as project an American's rage at the possibility of complete powerlessness. ■

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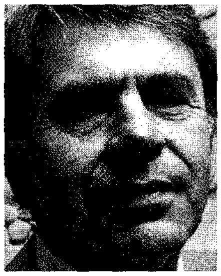
BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Beat the Elite

In Christopher Lasch’s final book, the elites are revolting—they really are revolting. But wasn’t it ever thus?



Christopher Lasch’s posthumous book finds little in this world to celebrate.

The Revolt of the Elites and the Betrayal of Democracy

BY CHRISTOPHER LASCH

Norton; 246 pages; $22

THEY’RE THE NEW *Them*, SNEAKY, immoral, powerful, and pervasive. They scorn and patronize the middle class, promote offensive art, degrade religion. What’s wrong with America is all their fault; what’s right is what they’re bent on ruining. But before we start building camps and stringing barbed wire, let’s nail down one detail: Exactly who *are* “the elite”?

Liberals with assets of more than $1 million? The graduates of the top ten universities? Anyone who speaks casually of “the Net” and has sent a fax from a moving vehicle? Or are they, as some have come to suspect, a suave conspiracy of network anchormen, radical academics, and high-paid lobbyists, backed by teams of crack professional killers?

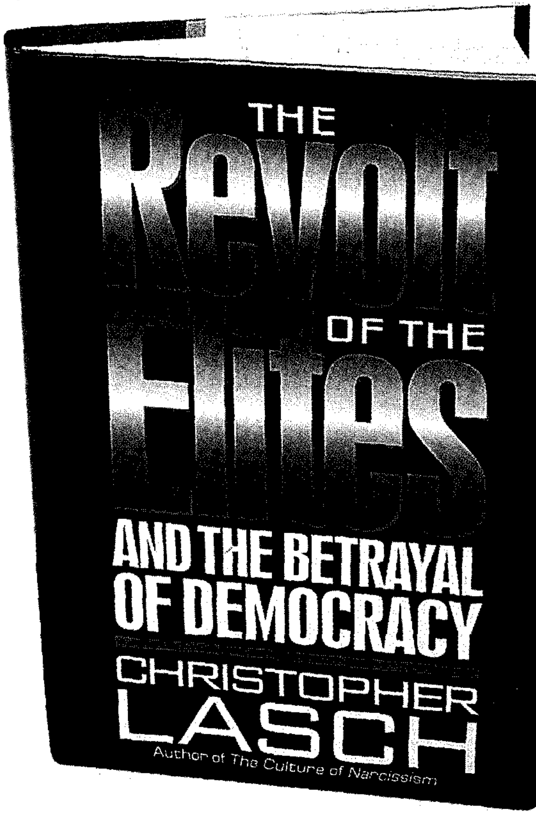
In Christopher Lasch’s *The Revolt of the Elites and the Betrayal of Democracy,* completed before the author’s death last year, the “elites” would seem to be all of the above (minus the hit squads, perhaps) and most other arrogant smarty-pants besides. The book is a fogyish jeremiad, a thundering call to repentance aimed at those who “have no experience of making anything substantial or enduring” and “live in a world of abstractions and images.” Lasch’s last book starts out as sociology, but it ends as theology. God, not politics, is the real concern; damnation, not disorder, the great threat; and overreaching, not overachieving, the original sin. The elites, initially defined as “those who control the international flow of money and information” (*international* is an ominous term for Lasch, as is *information*), are in time exposed as Milton’s rebel angels.

From its opening essay, “The Democratic Malaise,” Lasch’s grim, old-hickory sermon is rich in innuendo—a populist rhetoric of derision that’s stayed remarkably constant over the years, whether the bad guys are city slickers, hippies, jet-setters, yuppies, eggheads, or Reds. Members of an “aristocracy of brains,” Lasch’s elites “congregate on the coasts, turning their back on the heartland [horrors!] and cultivating ties with the international market in fast-moving money, glamour, fashion, and popular culture. It is a question of whether they think of themselves as Americans at all.”

For Lasch, the author of *The Culture of Narcissism,* even staying in shape is diabolical, something to be condemned. The elite’s exercise regimens are “designed to keep death at bay—to maintain themselves in a state of permanent youthfulness, eternally attractive and remarriageable. . . .” The fact that the original fitness freaks were clean-living Christians, not slick divorced yuppies (see the YMCA), isn’t mentioned.

The elite’s greatest crime, however, is social secession. They’re high-class dropouts, rootless, restless, “at home only in transit.” By withdrawing their money, their energy, their time, and even their physical presence from the commonwealth, they’ve done the sociocultural equivalent of taking their children out of public school. They hide behind gated driveways and alarm systems, but unlike the ruling class of the past, they feel no obligation to the peasantry. They’re high-tech cocooners, utterly lacking in any sense of noblesse oblige. Even their machines are selfish. Though Lasch admits in the acknowledgments to learning late in life to use a word processor, he abuses computers throughout the book, and absurdly overestimates their influence. The elites live in a “simulate world that consists of computerized models of reality—‘hyperreality’ as it has been called. . . .” Sure, until it’s time to get a sandwich.

Things didn’t use to be so bad, Lasch tells us. Rich people used to care for those beneath them, to stroll among the meek. “There has always been a privileged class, even in America, but it has never been so dangerously isolated from its surroundings.” How this isolation came about is a story that Lasch tells in snatches and fragments, but the outline is clear: Around the turn of the century, everything went phlooey. In the chapter “The Lost Art of Argument,” Lasch pins one big turn for the worse on the decline of “fiercely partisan”


THE
Revolt
OF THE
Elites
AND THE BETRAYAL OF DEMOCRACY
CHRISTOPHER LASCH
Author of The Culture of Narcissism

Photographs: top, Ken Hawkins; bottom, Wayne Simpson.

newspapers with a "definite point of view." In those golden days, voter turnout was high, and colorful; news in "the oral tradition" was allegedly the reason. Then came journalistic professionalism, bad, and "objectivity," worse. The archvillain here was writer Walter Lippmann, who argued that the masses needed a guiding expert class and a press that supplied "information," not controversy.

Horace Mann's public schools screwed things up, too. Lasch is a classic Luddite, opposed to tools because they weaken muscles. Public education, he argues, took the burden of moral training off the community. "When the corner grocer or the locksmith scolds a child for running into the street, the child learns something that can't be learned simply by formal instruction." Thus, instead of chiding locksmiths, we now have the NEA—and a generation of gun-toting teens. Furthermore, the Mann-inspired schools are candy-assed—they don't teach war. The supposed disappearance from the classroom of "stirring accounts of exploits carried out in the line of military or political duty" left kids directionless, Lasch implies.

Alarm is a hard emotion to contain. It tends to seep all over everything. So for Lasch, the elites aren't betraying just democracy but something like creation itself—they're metaphysical ingrates. "In some circles the very idea of reality has come into question. . . ." (Visions of satanic Manhattan table talk!) The thinking classes, as Lasch insists on calling them, suggesting that he possessed dual citizenship in some other, more basic class as well, "inhabit an artificial world in which simulations of reality replace the thing itself." Which sounds all very damning and definitive until you think, What that human beings have made, from cave paintings to language itself, *isn't* a simulation of reality? This artifice business started in prehistory, not with the Apple Macintosh.

The elites' chief sin is pride. Instead of humbly taking their lumps at the rough hands of nature and God and history, they hole up in artificial Edens, imagining that they're safe and not just temporarily sheltered. "In an age that fancies itself as disillusioned, this is the one illusion—the illusion of mastery—that remains as tenacious as ever." Which may be true, but if so, it's always been true, and of pretty much everyone, not just the elites. Indeed, on the evidence of his final book, Lasch was the one who was isolated and out of touch. He calls "the recovery movement" a haven for losers in the education race, when the truth is that all the best people these days are recovering addicts. He mourns the loss of informal public forums such as barbershops and corner bars but ignores the rise of online bulletin boards and talk radio. And he underestimates lowly heartlanders' ability to stand up for themselves politically—the recent election proved it. ■

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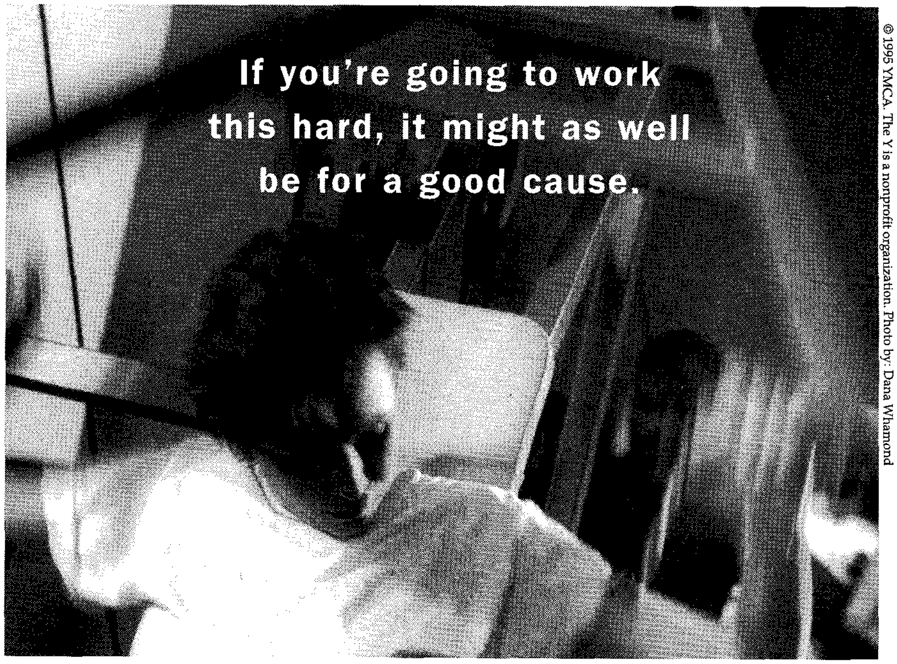
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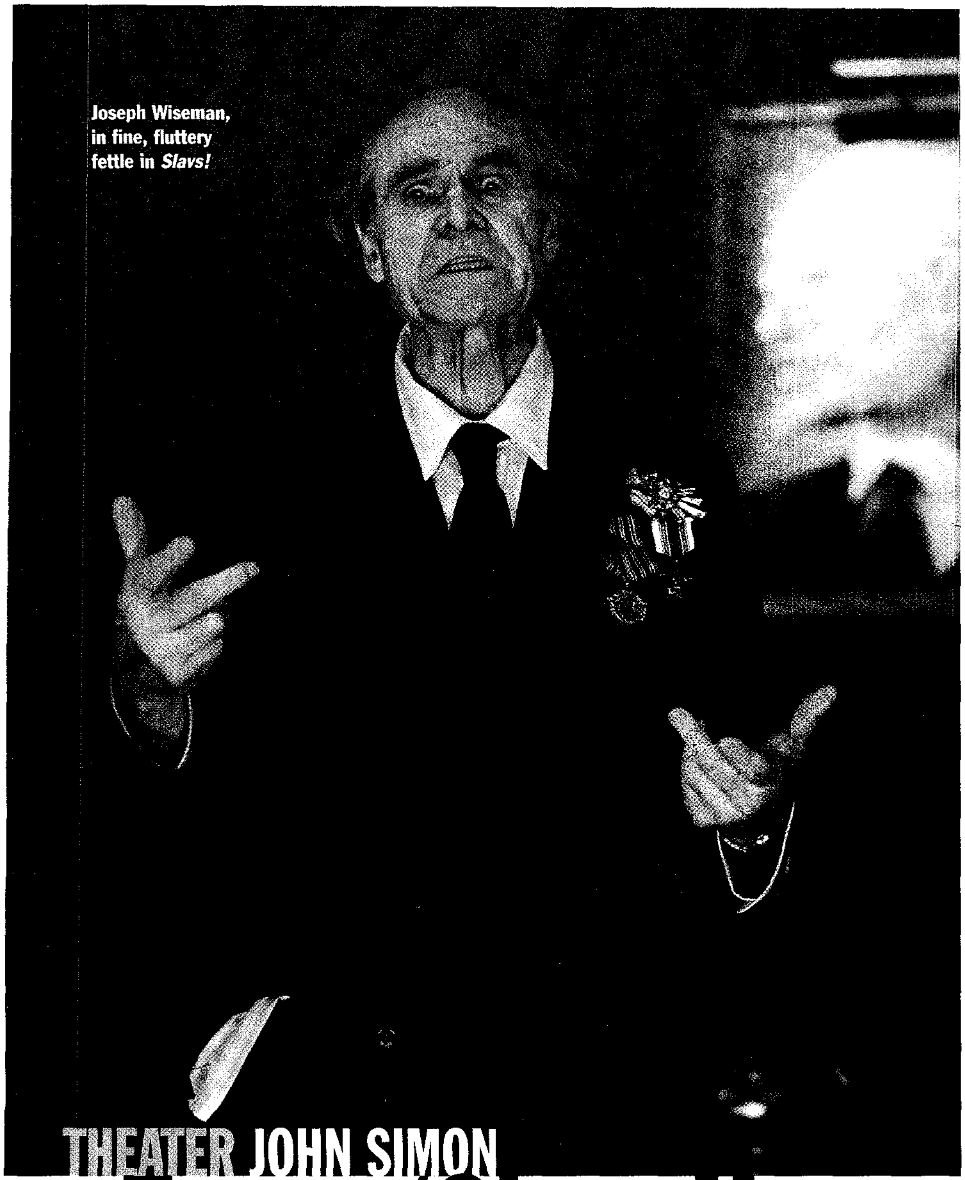


Joseph Wiseman, in fine, fluttery fettle in *Slavs!*

THEATER JOHN SIMON

From 'Slavs!' To Slavonia

Tony Kushner's 'Slavs!' is a snow job; in Hal Prince's 'The Petrified Prince,' trivialization sets in early.

TONY KUSHNER'S **SLAVS! (Thinking About the Long-standing Problems of Virtue and Happiness)** is, we hear, the revised and expanded version of outtakes from *Angels in America,* and might with equal justification be called *Angels in Russia.* So we reencounter Aleksii Antedilluvianovich Prelapsarianov and meet new characters such as Ippolite Ippopolitovitch Popolitipov, Yegor Tremens Rodent, and Serge Esmereldovich Upgobkin. If ever the dramatis personae defined a genre—frat-house theatricals—this is it. Since Harold Bloom's *The Western Canon,* which has laid down the canon law for us, culminates in *Angels in America,* why stop at outtakes? Let's have the fingernail parings next. Or perhaps we already do.

SLAVS! ends with a resounding reference to Nikolai Chernyshevsky's 1862 *What Is to Be Done?,* a political tract written in prison and thinly disguised as a novel. Similarly, *SLAVS!* is a bunch of loosely connected vignettes posturing as a play. There are scenes in Moscow (1985), Siberia (1992), and Heaven (Eternity); high-ranking ex-Soviet officers and mid-level apparatchiks wondering what next; a repository of the brains of all leading Communists in glass jars; a little girl struck dumb by plutonium radiation; two lesbians loving and quarreling and getting drunk on vodka; and two women in babushkas philosophizing as they shovel snow from the steps of the Kremlin—lots and lots of snow, as befits a thorough snow job.

Once again Kushner throws bits of everything into this kitchen sink of a play, which hops from social farce to political satire, from lesbian love story to humanitarian speechifying, from hell on earth to squalor in Heaven, from bad to worse. There is no denying that Kushner commands a store of splashy sophomoric persiflage, evidenced in such parodic lines as "Illness is a metaphor, Yegor" and a woman's outcry in Siberia, "To Moscow, I want to go back to Moscow!" Also in gags like when the little mute, hearing someone in Heaven quote Poe's "night's Plutonian shore," exclaims, "Is there plutonium even here?" and the repository containing "all the Bolshevik brains except for those which got flushed in the notorious Dead-Brain Purges of 1937." But a lot of gags tossed about like Frisbees do not constitute a well-wrought play.

Everyone speaks with his or her idiosyncratic version of a Russian accent, which results sometimes in "Slavs" sounding like *slobs* and sometimes in all-around near-gibberish. But there are some incidental pleasures. That grand old Stanislavskian, Joseph Wiseman, who has made an art form of tremors and tremolos, is at it in fine, fluttery fettle; a darling little girl, Mischa Barton, exhibits consummate charm even in delivering the kind of overwrought rhetoric Kushner has everybody mouthing; Neil Patel has designed scenery that displays considerable grace under pressure; and Marisa Tomei, bless her, is back from movieland on the boards where she belongs. But as for the script, for which Lisa Peterson's direction has no balm, it could best be utilized, should the production ever run out of the steadily falling soap flakes, for a more literal way of papering the house.

CHARLES FULLER, THE AUTHOR OF **Zooman and the Sign,** once told an interviewer, "It's very important for me as a black writer to change how Western civilization—which includes black people—perceives black people. That's at the heart of what I do." It is certainly at the heart of what this 1980 play, revived by Second Stage Theatre, is doing. It tells two interlocking stories: that of Zooman—a young punk who accidentally shot and killed 12-year-old Jinny Tate as she was sitting on her stoop minding her business—and that of the strife-torn Tate family. The frighteningly dehumanized Zooman, an everyday urban menace, is caught with deadly precision, yet not without a pinch of pity mixed in with the terror. The war between the Tates (to borrow a phrase

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

from Alison Lurie) is not nearly so convincing.

The plot is clearly related to Ibsen’s *An Enemy of the People* and does indeed situate Fuller’s work laudably in the mainstream of Western civilization. Reuben, Jinny’s father, a former boxer and current bus driver, is as shocked by the callousness of Philadelphia’s black community as by Jinny’s death itself. It is summer, and many people must have been in the street and have seen the girl die, yet no one will come forward to help the Tates and the police. But then, the Tates themselves are disunited. Rachel, Reuben’s wife, suspects her husband of adultery, and now more than ever wants the family to leave this accursed neighborhood. Emmett, an irascible uncle, is spoiling to take up arms and wreak vengeance. Victor, Jinny’s somewhat older brother, acquires a gun and plans his own, secret revenge. Various kinfolk and neighbors have other nonsolutions to proffer.

Reuben, however, mounts an enormous sign on his house: THE KILLERS OF OUR DAUGHTER JINNY ARE FREE ON THE STREETS BECAUSE OUR NEIGHBORS WILL NOT IDENTIFY THEM. Like Ibsen’s Dr. Stockmann, he hopes that people can be prevailed upon to do the right thing, and, like Stockmann, all he gets is pusillanimous advice and deaf ears. In the end, the sign elicits action only from Zooman, which leads to further—not quite so random, but equally senseless—bloodshed. Fuller suggests here, as also in his more impressive *A Soldier’s Play* (retitled, in the inferior movie version, *A Soldier’s Story)*, that murder begets a chain reaction no one can halt. Like Ibsen, he offers no solution but brings urgent questions into sharper, more provocative focus.

It is too bad that the Reuben-Rachel marital problems are merely tacked on, and that the play’s ending is so sudden and perfunctory as to lessen its impact. As staged by Seret Scott, herself an actress of talent, everything unfolds lucidly, but the conclusion remains anticlimactic. There are, however, a number of fine performances cogently orchestrated. Tony Todd’s Reuben is the essence of the good man with the tiniest of flaws, and the actor knows exactly how to keep his character from becoming either too noble or too mundane. Oni Faida Lampley, as Rachel—the part that, in 1980, gave Mary Alice a well-deserved boost—proves no less forceful and persuasive, and there is strong support from Alex Bess and Saundra McClain.

But Zooman is the role that launches careers; it did so for Giancarlo Esposito, and should do it this time for Larry Gilliard Jr. Even those who won’t remember much else about *Zooman and the Sign* will be haunted by Gilliard’s spookily alienated laugh, a mixture of disaffected cynicism and defensive bravado, at once mesmerizing, horrific, and pitiful.

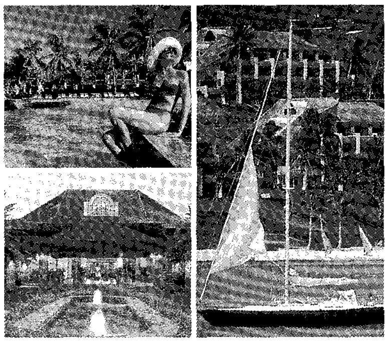
INGMAR BERGMAN’S UNPRODUCED SCREENplay **The Petrified Prince** is much tougher and sexier than what survives in the adaptation with music and lyrics by Michael John LaChiusa, book by Edward Gallardo, and direction by Harold Prince. Some edulcoration may be in order for the musical-comedy stage, depending, however, on who is dispensing the sugar.

The year is 1807: King Maximillian of Slavonia has died during strenuous sex with Queen Katarina, the wife he fished out of a Viennese brothel. Katarina wants her son, Samson, to rule, but the prince is a mute, wheelchair-bound paralytic—though the cause is, apparently, psychological. Converging on Slavonia are Napoleon, looking for an easier conquest than Russia; Pope Pius VII, with apostolic designs of his own; and the exiled Roberta, with some claims to the Slavonian throne. Fernando, king of the Gypsies, does not want to give up his beloved Roberta; Cardinal Pointy, in love with the Pope, does not want to be stuck in Slavonia; and Napoleon, buffeted about by counselors, worries chiefly about the size of his penis.

Katarina maneuvers to make a man out of Samson, who clearly dreads her. Figuring that what’s sauce for the goose is sauce for the gosling, she and her faithful servant, Franz, take Samson to the Viennese establishment that catapulted her to glory. Paulina, the madam, displays her choicest wares, but Samson’s only, rather faltering, interest is in a waif, Elise, who recently bore Beethoven’s bastard. (Unlike in Bergman’s script, Beethoven himself does not appear.) And that is only the beginning.

Trivialization sets in early. Sebastian, the deceased young abbé who was Samson’s first love, appears as a ghost rather unsuitably disincarnated by the middle-aged comedian Mal Z. Lawrence, who plays three roles. Marilyn Cooper is all farce as the Pope’s dying but still domineering mother, and Timothy Jerome is a bit too campy as the carnal cardinal. As Samson, the otherwise able Alexander Gaberman looks like a cross between Nero and Christopher Durang. Daisy Prince, as Elise, is no Immortal Beloved but sings sweetly. Gabriel Barre is a properly mercurial Franz, and the others hold their own. The book, though, is too much of a travesty, and LaChiusa lacks melodic invention; his strength is pastiche, as in the whorehouse waltz. For lyrics we get “Lesson for the day:/ (I know you’re listening)/ Morals are a joke/ Morals never pay./ (I know you’re listening)/ Moral men are broke./ No one leads a moral life/ Without a glitch.” And there’s much more of this stuff.

Harold Prince’s staging abounds in resourcefulness, but I miss that bit of grittiness that would act as leavening. James Youmans’s sets, Judith Dolan’s costumes, Howell Binkley’s lighting, and the Jim Henson puppets are precious in mostly the good sense; Rob Marshall’s dances and Jonathan Tunick’s orchestrations are *all* to the good. And how could a show involving three Princes be less than at least partly princely? ■



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They Know How to Sitcom

Now, on Wednesdays: from Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, political incorrectness; from Diane English, nice wisecracking.

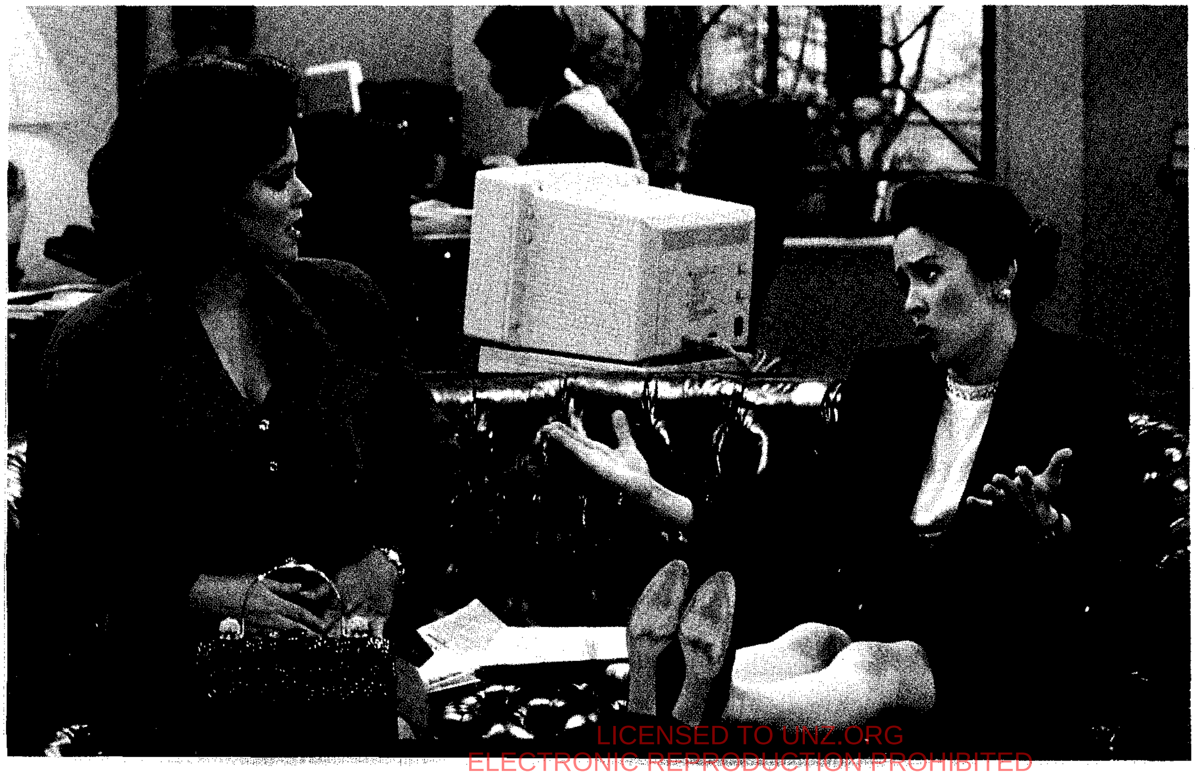
ABOUT BRAND-NEW CONGRESSPERSON SUZANNE Sugarbaker (Delta Burke) someone says, "This town hasn't seen a pair of boobs like that since Haldeman and Ehrlichman." There are also jokes on the hour-long debut of **Women of the House** (Wednesday, January 4; 8 to 9 P.M.; CBS) about Bob Packwood, Bill Safire, Ross Perot, Jesse Helms, and, especially, Sally Quinn. Michael Kinsley and John Sununu appear in terrifying cinéma-vérité to grill Suzanne on a special edition of *Crossfire*. And she will actually accompany Our Bill on a jog, in a golf cart.

Probably because it was concocted before the November elections by Clinton's buddy Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, *Women of the House* assumes more affection for the president than the polls suggest. So far, in this odd time warp, there aren't any Newt jokes. But zaftig Suzanne, with a black maid named Sapphire, an adopted daughter (Brittany Parkyn), a mildly retarded brother (Jonathan Banks), and all that money she inherited along with his Georgia congressional district on the death of her fifth hubby, is politically incorrect enough to amuse almost everyone except Pat Robertson, and to dismay her own whimsically hired staff of losers—yupscale-ambitious legislative aide Patricia Heaton, disgraced-souse press secretary Teri Garr, and lovelorn receptionist Valerie Mahaffey. When Suzanne rises on the House floor to explain herself, as in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington,* a geriatric Jimmy Stewart cheers himself from the gallery.

Think of Suzanne as a salmagundi of Lindy Boggs, Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington, and Elizabeth Taylor, back when she was married to John Warner, plus Byzantine empress Theodora, before she was sanitized for the Ravenna mosaics. But she is also Delta Burke, for whom Bloodworth-Thomason wrote some of her best lines before they had a falling-out on the set of *Designing Women.* These people know how to sitcom—and we are in dreadful need of them now that the Republicans have put out a contract on America.

SO, OF COURSE, DOES DIANE ENGLISH KNOW HOW TO SITCOM. With her help and Bloodworth-Thomason's, CBS hopes to save, if not America, at least Wednesdays. From *Murphy Brown,* English has borrowed Robert Pastorelli and converted Eldin, the housepainter and part-time nanny, into Johnny Verona, a sixties rocker reduced in the nineties to running a bicycle messenger service. **Double Rush** (Wednesdays starting January 4; 9 to 9:30 P.M.; CBS) spends more time outside, on mean Manhattan streets, than any other sitcom in recent memory—and has more Gen-X young people spinning their wheels than any other sitcom in CBS history. They include David Arquette, Adam Goldberg, D. L. Hughley, and Corinne Bohrer as a Shelley Long sort of blonde Harvard-biz-school grad who dreams of grander jobs. As if to counterbalance this pandering to the demographics of cyberpunk, there is also Phil Leeds as The Kid, who has messengered for 58 years.

Johnny won't sell out his young punks to the mob-connected competition, just as he wouldn't, during his Eric Clapton days, sell out his band for a solo record contract. *Double Rush* is all about Keeping the Digger/Woodstock/Sixties Faith, in a Poisoned-Twinkies Nineties. I promise that after the pilot episode, the laugh track will calm down enough for you to hear some very nice wisecracks indeed (such as The Kid complaining, "Doesn't anybody have sex anymore? Am I in Ireland here?"); and you'll note sight gags too (like the handlebars in a mobster's bed), as well as a shrewd distinction, in the sociology of stealing, between Bloomie's



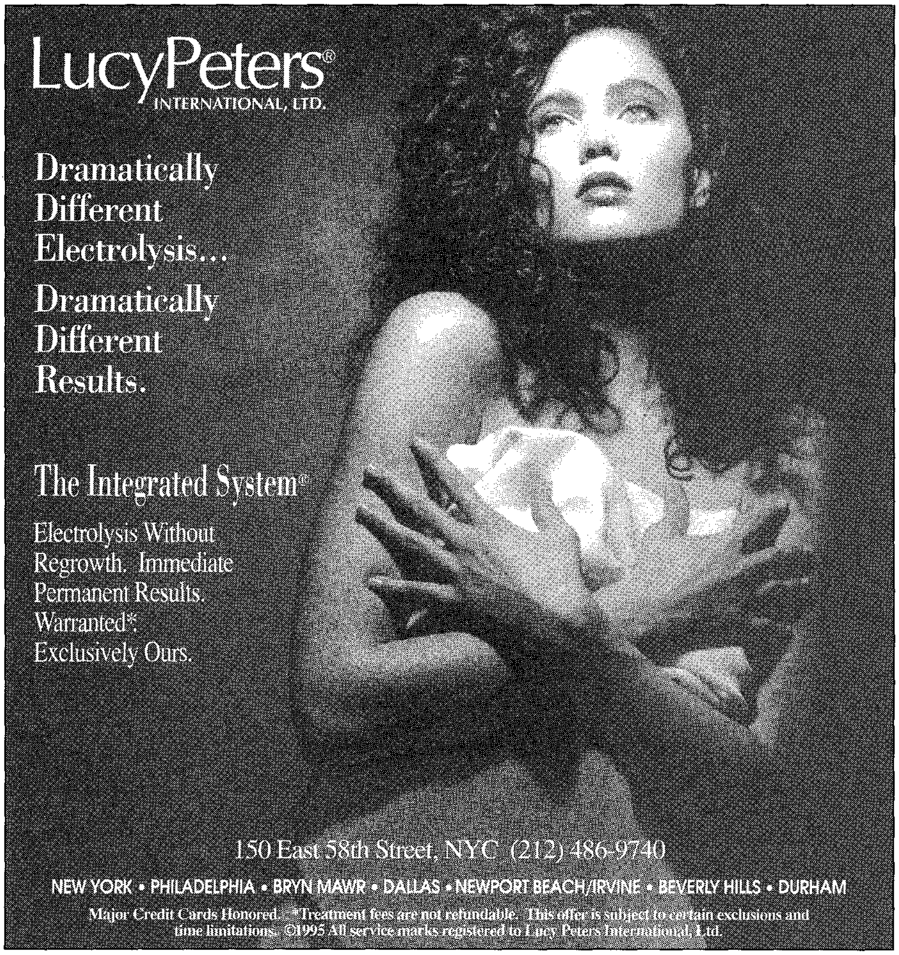
Delta Burke and Patricia Heaton in *Women of the House.*

and the Gap. There will be a guest appearance by pro-basketball Bad Boy Dennis Rodman, and his socks. *Double Rush* is also the only sitcom to ask itself whether Jeffrey Dahmer's mom ever made him little gingerbread men.

Like Delta Burke, Robert Pastorelli deserves a sitcom. I hope the two of them suffice to save *Northern Exposure,* which also moves this week to Wednesday night, like some homeless Salman Rushdie.

THE BEST OF THIS WEEK'S NETWORK MOVIES is **See Jane Run** (Sunday, January 8; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC). Joanna Kerns is a victim of amnesia, that old soap standby, and subject in her fugue state to horrific hallucinations. With John Shea as her curly-headed doctor husband, who medicates so lovingly, we can guess pretty much where we're going. But John Patterson, directing from a script by Ellen Weston, gets us there with maximum cunning. Inside Joanna's troubled head, the camera finds not so much a stream of consciousness as dribbles, fizzes, and spurts—seizures that seek and deny a meaning to a bloody white dress, a pocketful of cash, and a missing little girl. . . . Ralph Waite shows up in **A Season of Hope** (Sunday, January 8; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) in time to save a marriage and teach a boy to fish. But in my opinion, JoBeth Williams shouldn't be down on any farm in the first place, even in a lemon grove, especially not with a bearded and furious Stephen Lang, for whom life itself is a citrus canker. . . . Only Robert Loggia bothers to act in **Jake Lassiter: Justice on the Bayou** (Monday, January 9; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC). As if the camera were a fire hydrant, the rest of them—Gerald McRaney as a pro linebacker turned defense attorney, James Sikking as a surgeon accused of murder, Tracy Scoggins as the Black Widow in a red sports car—just mosey by and relieve themselves of their lines.

FAR MORE SATISFYING, EVEN IF YOU'RE AS tired as I am of Helena Bonham Carter doing whatever it is she does to render herself so exceedingly English, is **A Dark Adapted Eye** (Wednesday and Thursday, January 4 and 5; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13), a two-part *Mystery!* adaptation of a Barbara Vine novel. What Helena does here is blame her unhappiness on her aunt Vera (Celia Imrie) for murdering her aunt Eden (Sophie Ward). War! Oxford! Venice! Croquet! Plus gay sex and vanished babies. . . . Even better is another installment of Imogen Stubbs, Girl Detective, in **Anna Lee: Diversion** (Tuesday, January 3; 9 to 11 P.M.; A&E). Would you believe Turkish Cypriot terrorists targeting a Notting Hill Caribbean carnival? Neither does our Anna, who has more brains in her blonde ponytail than a dozen TV seasons of Poirots and Maigrets. ■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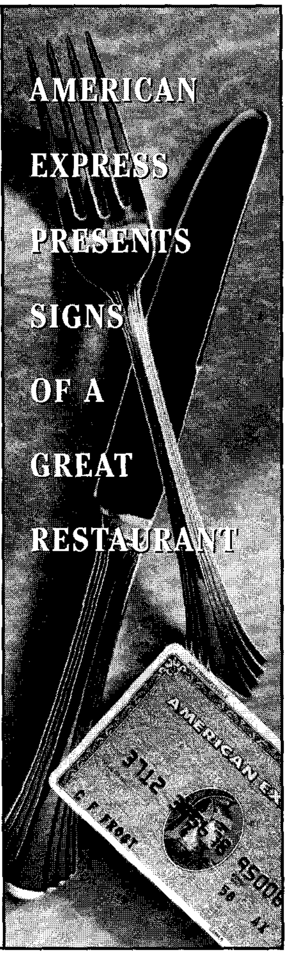


LEONORE FLEISCHER JANUARY 9, 1995

SALES & BARGAINS

From vintage pipes to MOMA's contemporary designs, snowsuits to tuxedos, and Italian suits to Chinese-style porcelain lamps.

Light Fantastic

THIS LIGHTING SHOWROOM, USUALLY open to the design trade only, is now open to the public for three days to sell one-of-a-kind floor samples—about 50 to 70 table lamps of terra-cotta and ceramic, retail up to $300, here $50–$70 (some slightly damaged lamps are $20–$25), such as: blue-and-white porcelain Chinese-style lamp, retail $300, here $70; oxblood ceramic lamp, retail $175, here $50; incised black ceramic lamp, retail $250, here $70. Also, a few simple white plaster sconces, retail $300 each, here $70; a group of lampshades—pleated, flat linen, or paper—are $5–$15 here. No credit cards; checks as deposits only; merchandise held until they clear. All sales final. *Calger Lighting, Inc., 200 Lexington Ave., near 33rd St., Room 801 (689-9511); Wed.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m.; 1/4–6.*

Men of the Cloth

THIS DISCOUNT MEN'S CLOTHIER CARRIES Ungaro, Ralph Lauren, Andrew Fezza, Baumler, Lubiam, Louis Ferraud, Abriani, Profilo, Perry Ellis, and others, plus its own clothing made in England and Italy. The size range is large; here, all-wool designer suits were $399–$599, now $269–$399; English wool suits, were $319–$369, now $239–$269; Italian suits, were $369–$499, now $269–$399; sport jackets, were $239–$399, now $169–$269; a large selection of tuxedos, were $369–$599, now $279–$449; plus haberdashery and accessories at discount. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible on unaltered merchandise. Free alterations. *Gilcrest Clothes Company, Inc., 900 Broadway, near 20th St., 3rd floor (254-8933); Mon.–Fri. 7:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Sat. 8:30 a.m.–5 p.m., Sun. 9 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Museum Pieces

A SALE AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART'S Design Store has, for example: Wally Razor, designed for shower use, was $18, now $12.95; Frank Lloyd Wright silk neckties, were $40, now $29.95; ash-wood hairbrushes and combs from Italy, men's brush was $48, now $35.95, women's brush was $58, now $42.95; Han Feng's hand-pleated iridescent silk-taffeta backpacks, were $175, now $99.95; Keith Haring hanging blackboard, was $42, now $25.95; Teorema stainless-steel serving tray by Pino Tovaglia for Alessi, was $85, now $49.95; ultra-slim flat Swiss watch, was $295, now $195; ice-pocket pitcher designed by Minoru Sugahara, was $45, now $29.95; all Christmas gift wrap, cards, and tree ornaments and 1995 calendars are 20–50 percent off. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *The MoMA Design Store, 44 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Wed. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. and Fri. till 8 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

Art of the Deal

THIS UPPER WEST SIDE GALLERY HAS MANY signed and framed one-of-a-kind and limited-edition graphics, picture frames of all sizes and materials, whimsical items, giftware, educational toys and puzzles, and more, and everything is 25 percent off. Animal bookends for children, were $25 per pair, now $18.75; 4-by-6-in. suede picture frame, was $55, now $41.25; Sandicast animal sculptures, were $15–$110, now $11.25–$82.50; animal puzzle, was $30, now $22.50; small classic-bicycle models with moving parts, were $15–$60, now $11.25–$45; signed, framed graphics, were $100–$1,500, now $75–$1,175; much more. A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *The Museum Gallery, 410 Columbus Ave., near 80th St. (873-9446); Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. till 6 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Pipes Down

PIPES AND PIPE ACCESSORIES ON SALE AT this smoke shop include large OomPaul shapes in lightweight carved and smooth finishes, were $75, now $45; one-of-a-kind and custom-made shapes, were $225–$3,500, now 30 percent off; Connoisseur classic shapes such as the Bent Apple and Sherlock Holmes, in lightweight carved and smooth finishes, and featherweight pipes in eight shapes, were $60, now $45; vintage straight-grain specimen pieces, were $60–$225, now $45–$168.75; lightly flawed standard shapes, were $27.50, now $22; prima-quality genuine block meerschaums in assorted shapes and sizes, were $50–$250, now $40–$200; tobacco humidors and fine-quality leather tobacco pouches, now 10 percent off. Mail and phone orders filled, and free catalog/price list available on request. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Connoisseur Pipe Shop Ltd., Paine Webber Building, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 52nd St., concourse level, New York, N.Y. 10019 (212-247-6054); Mon.–Fri. 10:15 a.m.–5.45 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Monkeys & Bears & More, Oh My!

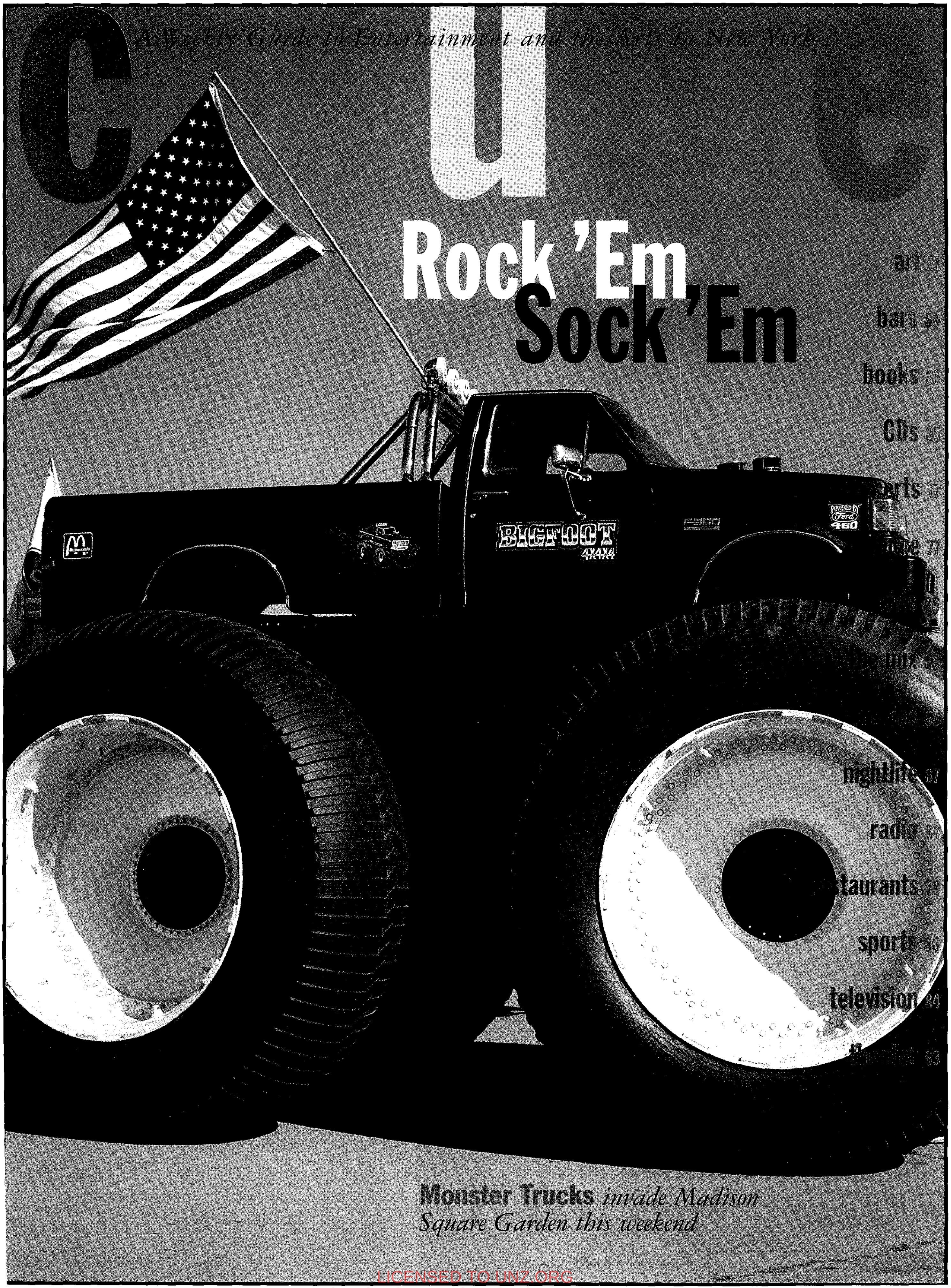
FAMOUS-MAKER CLOTHING FOR CHILDREN is 50 percent off at these adjacent twin shops, including Lorilyn Collection items in sizes 6–18 mos., such as receiving blankets and onesies, were $36–$40, now $18–$20; Deckleberry Frye's snowsuits in sizes 6–24 months, were $116, now $58. From Super Mini: *faux*-fur-trimmed parkas, sizes 4–12, were $196–$224, now $98–$112; gray wool jackets with double hoods, were $192–$218, now $96–$109; dresses, pants, shirts, and sweaters, sizes 6 months–14 years, by Malina, Mulberri Bush, Izaroo, Fraise, others, all at half price. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Monkeys & Bears (873-2673) and More Monkeys & Bears (875-8427), 506 Amsterdam Ave., near 84th St.; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6; while stock lasts.*

Scissors Palace

THIS SALON IN THE HILTON HOTEL IS offering its services at up to 50 percent off. For men: haircut, wash, and blow-dry, was $50, now $25; haircut and blow-dry, was $30, now $15. For women: haircut and finish, was $80, now $40; permanent wave, was $150, now $75; one-process color with blow-dry, was $80, now $40; European facial, was $60, now $30; full-leg waxing, was $60, now $38; bikini waxing, was $20, now $12. M.C., V. accepted; an appointment is necessary. *Scopello Hair Salon at the New York Hilton, 1335 Sixth Ave., at 54th St., lower level (246-3751); Mon.–Sat., 8 a.m.–7 p.m.; through 1/31.* ■

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York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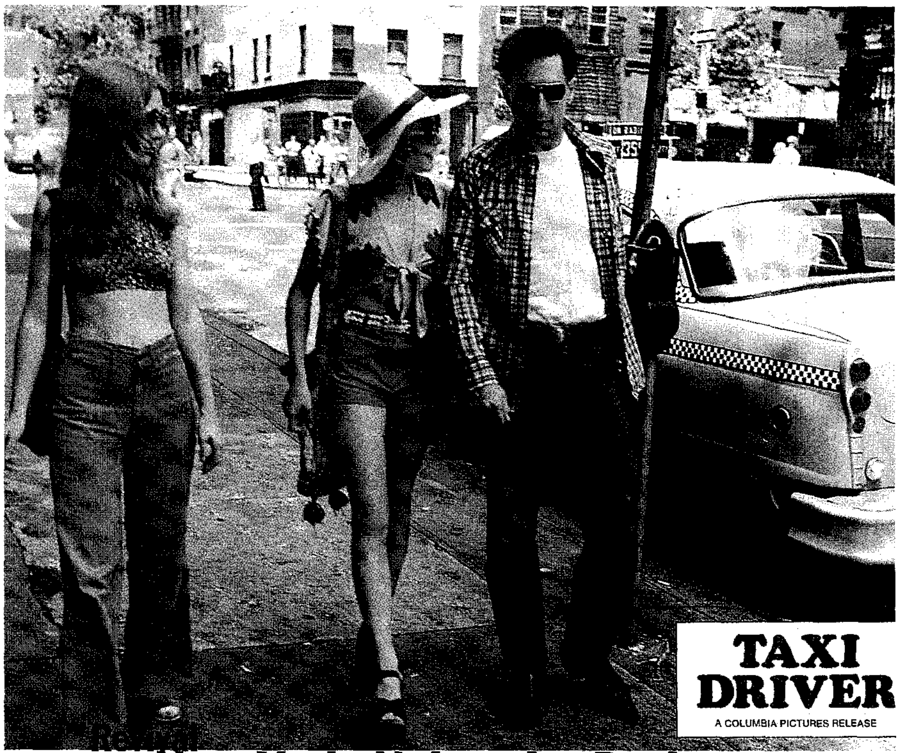
Monster Trucks *invade Madison Square Garden this weekend*

movies

Actresses Don't Talk…Taxi Drivers Do



Revival

New York *Noir* at Its Darkest

What with subway bombers and self-proclaimed vigilantes in the news, Taxi Driver's tale of urban alienation remains as timely as ever. At Film Forum.

New Films

Boys Life—A compilation of three short films about young men coming to terms with their sexual orientation, *Boys Life* is well made, well acted, funny, and happily free of the angst that usually typifies the portrayal of gays in movies. All are notable first and foremost as promising and entertaining debuts, rather than for any strides they may make in advancing onscreen portrayals of gays. That's just a bonus. And here's looking forward to a *Girls Life* in '95. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair. But it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sell-out. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. If we believe what Allen's saying, any kind of stupid behavior can be justified as necessary in the service of art. What can't be justified, however—not even by Woody's sleight of hand—is bad art With Chazz Palmenteri and Tracey Ullman. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby…A ★ denotes a current release that New York recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Clerks—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of comedy sketches, shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 68th Street Playhouse.*

Cobb—Baseball great Ty Cobb was an ornery bastard, sharpening his spikes before a game so he could do some serious damage when sliding into an opponent, getting into fights with other players at the drop of a hat, cursing, spitting, drinking, hurling racial epithets with venom, and much more. But he *was* great, and that's why his talent is so intriguing to those who expect exceptional skill to be married to exceptional character—or at least human decency. Not the case here, and writer/director Ron Shelton explores the reasons why in this movie about the later years in Cobb's life, when he was a bitter, old man (Tommy Lee Jones) trying to convince a sports writer (Robert Wuhl) to write his biography. (2 hrs. 10 min.; R) *Village East; Gemini Twin.*

Colonel Chabert—Gerard Dépardieu stars in this epic drama based on the Balzac classic. In a twist on *The Return of Martin Guerre,* Depardieu plays a returning war hero thought dead who finds his wife has remarried and claimed his inheritance. Directed by Yves Angelo. In French. (1 hr. 50 min.; NR.) *Lincoln Square.*

The Congress of Penguins—A slightly surreal look at Antarctica that uses that stark setting to study our relationship to the environment (hint: we're not the heroes of this piece). The penguins serve as a sort of Greek chorus, waddling on-and-offstage with aplomb. Directed by Hans-Ulrich Schlumpf. In German. (1 hr. 31 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Death and the Maiden—Roman Polanski attempts to repeat his stage success with this film adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's drama about a woman (Sigourney Weaver) who believes she's found the man (Ben Kingsley) responsible for torturing her during a political imprisonment many years ago. All three leads are thoroughly unconvincing as Latinos (they don't even try, really), and Weaver hasn't found the right tone for her character—a few of her line readings are unintentionally funny. The entire affair looks and feels contrived, with only Kingsley managing to come alive during a closing monologue. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Paris Theatre.*

Disclosure—This intelligent and entertaining thriller is not really about sexual harassment: Director Barry Levinson and screenwriter Paul Attanasio have reshaped Michael Crichton's material into a fascinating movie about the paradoxes of modern paranoia. Tom Sanders (Michael Douglas)—an ace electronics engineer—loses the promotion he had hoped for to an old girlfriend, Meredith (Demi Moore). The day she's promoted, Meredith improbably jumps Tom in her office, and when he pulls away, she accuses him of harassing her. What's going on—lust or calculation? Moore, aflame or passive, is a proudly humorless actress, a Joan Crawford for the postfeminist age; she has the sense to make use of what's most dislikable in her style—a huffy self-righteousness. Douglas gives his best performance in years; for once, his anger seems firmly planted in a situation, not an aggressive statement ladled on top of it. What the movie promises, it delivers: narrative speed and tension, teasing ambiguity, a complex enfolding structure of hints and appearances with as many corners and levels as an M.C. Escher drawing. With Donald Sutherland and Dennis Miller. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Drop Zone—Wesley Snipes goes after some parachuting bad guys. (1 hr. 41 min.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Dumb and Dumber—Well, duh. Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels star as two fellows who are one nit short of a wit. There's a plot, but it hardly matters. Expect silliness and stupidity and bathroom humor, and hope for some laughs. Somebody wrote it and somebody directed it, but that's hardly the point here. Carrey is. (1 hr. 47 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas.*

[illegible] cover photograph by David Nahle/FPG

Photograph courtesy of the Michael Barson Collection.

★**Eat Drink Man Woman**—The greatest chef in Taipei, Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung), still grieving over his long-dead wife, busies himself by cooking for his three grown daughters, who live at home. Working with the two screenwriters Hui Ling Wang and James Schamus, director Ang Lee (*The Wedding Banquet*) offers the routine yet mesmerizing anguish of love and romance and filial piety. An abundant yet disciplined work that marks a huge step forward for Lee. (Denby, 8/29/94) (2 hrs. 3 min.; NR) *Worldwide Cinema.*

Fast Trip, Long Drop—New York video maker and activist Gregg Bordowitz has chronicled his life and the changes it's undergone since he tested HIV-positive in 1988. Skewers the usual targets (the media, the government, the medical establishment), but proves more embracing when it explores Bordowitz's Jewish heritage, his response to his father's death and a friend's diagnosis of breast cancer, and the evolving shape of the gay community. Paired with *The Darker Side of Black,* an Isaac Julien documentary about hip-hop and dance-hall culture that focuses on the misogyny. homophobia, and glorification of violence so prevalent in those genres. (*Fast Trip,* 54 min.; *Darker Side,* 50 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th Street.*

Federal Hill—Writer-director-producer Michael Corrente makes his feature-film debut with this Scorsesean tale of five young men growing up in an Italian, working-class neighborhood in Providence, Rhode Island. Filled with small-time gangsters and confused kids who don't know what they want, it focuses on Nicky (Anthony De Sando), who falls hard for a college girl, antagonizing his dangerously violent friend, Ralph (Nicholas Turturro). (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Columbus Circle.*

★**Forrest Gump**—Another idiot-savant picture, in the commercially lucrative line of *King of Hearts, Being There,* and *Rain Man;* and like those movies, it's marred by sentiment and cant and much flattery of the audience. If it's better than any of those movies—and at times it's a jaunty, high-flying cinematic experience—that's because the director, Robert Zemeckis, has the shrewdness and skill to turn what's most dubious about his ideas into poetic comedy. (Denby, 7/18/94) (2 hrs. 22 min.; PG-13) *Cinema 3.*

Heavenly Creatures—Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. One of the best-reviewed movies of the year, with stand-out performances fromWith Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet as the girls. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinema.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends, who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, *Hoop Dreams* is nevertheless tragic in its implications. America is interested in making these boys into stars but not into men. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Film Forum; Quad Cinemas; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Houseguest—Opening 1/6. Sinbad undoubtedly hopes Tim Allen and Jim Carrey have set the tone for TV stars jumping to the big screen. This vehicle pairs him with Phil Hartman in a nutty, zany tale of a guywho, evading some loan sharks, impersonates an old friend that Hartman hasn't seen in 25 years. Directed by Randall Miller. (1 hr. 48 min.; PG) *Theaters undetermined at press time.*

Immortal Beloved—Beethoven wrote some nice tunes, sure. But the really exciting news is that he was sexy as hell, romanced a string of women, and left his estate to an unnamed "immortal beloved." This movie, starring Gary Oldman as the lover/composer, probes the mystery of who that woman was, centering on several tempting candidates—including Isabella Rossellini and Valerie Golina. Directed by Bernard Rose. (2 hrs.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Interview With the Vampire—Perhaps the most expensive and beautiful cult movie of all time—a film of great technical distinction but no dramatic interest whatsoever. The movie is tedious and fairly disgusting, and it would be best to avoid it: Let the undead bury the undead. Directed by Neil Jordan; written by Anne Rice from her novel. (Denby; 11/21/94) (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Ziegfeld; Orpheum.*

I.Q.—Walter Matthau seems a natural to play Albert Einstein, but the scientist's neice (Meg Ryan) doesn't think nice lug Tim Robbins is a natural to be her boyfriend. That's when Al and his friends decide to play matchmaker, quickly proving they know more about the dance of atoms than the mating dance. Directed by Fred Schepisi. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea Cinema; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Data

Dumb and Dumber

Though it didn't take off at the box office, *Nell* has predictably generated much conversation about another Oscar for Jodie Foster. What is it, we wonder, about a woman who can't (or won't) form coherent sentences that so captivates members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences? A brief list.

Oscar Winner & Movie	Vocal Status
Jane Wyman ***Johnny Belinda*** **1948**	**Can't talk**
Patty Duke ***The Miracle Worker*** **1962**	**Tries to talk**
Marlee Matlin ***Children of a Lesser God*** **1986**	**Signs**
Holly Hunter ***The Piano*** **1993**	**Won't talk**
Jodie Foster* ***Nell*** **1994**	**Talks in a language understood by no other living human**

**Likely nominee*

Junior—*Twins* team Ivan Reitman, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Danny DeVito give birth to a baby but not another hit in this mild comedy. (1 hr. 50 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 23rd St. West Triplex; Manhattan Twin; National Twin; First & 62nd Street Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

Ladybird, Ladybird—Director Ken Loach delivers a wrenching, memorable drama with this story about a single mother trapped in abusive relationships who manages to break free and begin a new life, only to find the government has decided she's unfit and has taken custody of her children. Crissy Rock has already received international praise for her raw and ferocious performance as Maggie. (1 hr. 42 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep aWritten by Steve Barancik. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella. It telss the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering, daunting father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same. (2 hrs 13 min.; R.) *Chelsea Cinema; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Lion King**—A return engagement of Disney's latest animated blockbuster feature. (1 hr. 27 min.; G) *Movieland 8th Street; Embassy 1.*

Little Women—The classic tale, with Winona Ryder stepping into the role that Katharine Hepburn left her indelible stamp on. With Christian Bale, Susan Sarandon, and Gabriel Byrne. Directed by Gillian Armstrong. (1 hr. 50 min.; PG.) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

The Madness of King George—Achieves that state of theatrical blessedness that lies halfway between farce and tragedy—in this case, between Monty Python and *King Lear.* This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne, who played the role onstage for nearly three years, renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. With Rupert Everett as the nasty popinjay the Prince of Wales, Julian Wadham as the manipulative prime minister Pitt the Younger, Ian Holm as a kind of proto-psychoanalyst, and Helen Mirren as the Queen. (2 hrs.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza.*

Photograph by Andrew Cooper/Twentieth Century Fox.

A Man of No Importance—Albert Finney stars as a bus employee in a small town who stages theatrical productions and has a crush on the handsome driver he works with. He seems too old to deal with the feelings he has, and his attempts to meet someone in a bar prove quite unsuccessful—though not as disastrous as his staging of Oscar Wilde's scandalous *Salomé*. With Brenda Fricker. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza.*

Mixed Nuts—Nora Ephron's follow-up to her wildly successful *Sleepless in Seattle* is a romantic comedy set in a suicide-hotline center in Los Angeles on Christmas Eve (Ephron does love her holidays). Based a little on a French film, it stars Steve Martin. (1 hr. 37 min.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle—A droll look at Dorothy Parker and her morose, but mordantly funny, life. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, and Matthew Broderick. Directed by Alan Rudolph. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 84th St. Six.*

Nell—Raised in isolation by a hermit-like mother, Jodie Foster is a "wild child" who speaks a language that seems entirely of her own devising when she's discovered by concerned folk Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson. They have divergent ideas about what's best for Nell: Neeson she's her as a natural wonder that shouldn't be sullied and wants to leave her alone; Richardson wants Nell locked up so she can be studied like some freak. They battle it out as Nell tries to go about her business while dealing with these unexpected intruders into her world. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13). *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinema; Baronet/Coronet; Orpheum; Regency.*

Nobody's Fool—Richard Russo's novel is the source for this story about a man (Paul Newman) who's been down on his luck all his life and may have one last chance to redeem himself…if he's willing to risk it. With smaller, juicy roles for Jessica Tandy and Bruce Willis. Directed by Robert Benton, who has a habit of eliciting Oscar-worthy performances. (2 hrs.; 30 min.; R.) *Village Theatre VII; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Pulp Fiction**— An ecstatically entertaining piece of suave mockery by Quentin Tarantino that revels in every manner of pulp flagrancy—murder and betrayal, drugs, sex, and episodes of sardonically distanced sadomasochism—all told in three overlapping tales. It's a very funky, American sort of pop masterpiece, improbable, uproarious, with bright colors and danger and blood right on the surface. With Uma Thurman as the mobster's woman. Co-written by Tarantino and Roger Avary. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; 57th St. Playhouse; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six.*

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

Laser disc ***The Sound of Music* has earned a bad rep over the years. Sure, it's sugary sweet, but it's never maudlin, and its score puts those of most Broadway shows of the past twenty years to shame. This thirtieth-anniversary edition is brimming with extras: a documentary, an annotated screenplay, audio commentary, and more. (Fox Video; $119.98.)**

Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Ready To Wear—Trivial. Robert Altman's fashion-world bash has the feeling of an egregious social mistake. The sets are awash with familiar faces, and the host, however eager for everyone to enjoy himself, loses track of the ebb and flow of the event. Intrigues high and low spin off into different rooms without adequate resolution; the evening grows incoherent, tedious, and redundant. What is Lauren Bacall doing here? Why does Stephen Rea, as the world's hottest fashion photographer, humiliate the three fashion-mag editors played by Linda Hunt, Tracey Ullman, and Sally Kellerman, and then photograph them? Is he blackmailing them? Into what? Each woman already wants him to work for her. Altman's worst movie since those earlier overstuffed parties, *H.E.A.L.T.H. and A Wedding,* it even misses the beauty. It's not particularly well photographed; the images are filmy—blurry and even ugly. With everyone. (2 hr. 12 min.; R) *Angelika Cinema; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza.*

Red—There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet.—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. Kieslowski constructs his movies with ineffable moments and with tiny visual motifs touched by grace. Yet the avant-garde techniques cannot conceal an extraordinarily weak dramatic sense and some very hoary ideas about women. (Denby; 11/28/94)(1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Richie Rich—Macaulay Culkin: The final chapter? Well, at least for his childhood roles, since Mac is edging into puberty. No matter; no one will be clamoring for a sequel to this. Directed by Donal Petrie. (1 hr. 30 min; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book—A live-action version of the classic tale. With Jason Scott Lee as the lovable scamp Mowgli, Sam Neill, and the always pleasant Cary Elwes. (1 hr. 48 min.; PG.) *Village East; 23rd Street West; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Safe Passage—Susan Sarandon is typically earnest as the harried mother of a brood of sons who's on the outs with her husband (Sam Shepherd) and trying to gain a little self-esteem by training to be a social worker. They're all brought together during the Gulf War when they're told the eldest—who serves in the military—might have been in a building that suffered a direct hit. The family spends two days waiting for the good/bad news and poring over old hurt feelings and misunderstandings. A fine cast—including Robert Sean Leonard, Sean Austin, and Jason London—but too earnest by half. (1 hr. 37 min.; PG-13) *Crown Gotham.*

The Santa Clause—Tim Allen is the quiet superstar: The most popular show on television, a best-selling book, and now the biggest comedy of the fall. Here he plays a father trying to reach out to his son when an unexpected turn of events makes him the new Santa. Directed by John Pasquin. (1 hr. 35 min.; PG) *Movieland 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; 59th Street East; 86th Street East; 84th St. Six.*

Sarraounia (1987)—The story of the warrior queen Aznas, who led her people to a brief but glorious victory over the French colonialists taking over her country. A major African epic gaining its first U.S. commercial exposure. Directed by Med Hondo. In French. (2 hrs.; NR) *Thalia.*

Speechless—This story about rival political speechwriters would have been a natural for Tracy and Hepburn. But they would have been certain to include a script witty and accurate enough to be worthy of them. No such luck here. For director Ron Underwood (*Tremors, City Slickers*) the thrid time is not the charm. (1 hr. 38 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Star Trek—Generations—For Trekkers only. The focus here is strictly on the new kids on the block. Picard (Patrick Stewart) grapples with a baddie (Malcolm McDowell) hoping to destroy the universe, and Data (Brent Spiner) grapples with an "emotion chip" that enables him to come closer than ever to being human. Directed by David Carson. (1 hr. 58 min.; PG) *23rd Street West; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd Street Cinema; New York Twin; 84th Street Six.*

Street Fighter—Video game. Van Damme. Violence? Vy, of course. (1 hr. 55 min.; R) *Essex; Village East; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinema.*

★**To Live**—Largely set in a small city in the north of China, it begins in the forties when Chiang Kai-shek is still in power, and takes a couple (Ge You and Gong Li) and their family and friends through the civil war, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and into the seventies. Director Zhang Yimou is willing to admit that Communist idealism really meant something once, that the state forged a new kind of cooperative personality capable of kindness and generosity. But the revolution betrayed everyone, broke everyone's heart. It's a harrowing, comic, and spellbinding film. (Denby; 11/21/94)(2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Angelika 57.*

Vanya on 42nd Street—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed *Uncle Vanya* for select groups of friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again (using a David Mamet adaptation), finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called director Louis Malle. The last time Malle, Shawn, and Gregory got together, it was for the memorable *My Dinner With Andre.* (1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; Heavenly Creatures; To Live; Queen Margot; Clerks; Pulp Fiction; Ready to Wear.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Nell; Bullets Over Broadway.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Fast Trip, Long Drop; The Darker Side of Black.*

Essex—275 Grand St. (982-4455) *Street Fighter.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Hoop Dreams; Ladybird, Ladybird; The Congress of Penguins.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Mixed Nuts; The Santa Clause; The Shawshank Redemption; The Lion King; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life; Vanya on 42nd Street; Hoop Dreams; Red.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Pulp Fiction; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Street Fighter; Interview With The Vampire; Dumb and Dumber; Cobb; Richie Rich.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *I.Q.; Nobody's Fool; Little Women; Death and the Maiden; The Last Seduction; The Professional; Disclosure; Federal Hill.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Junior; Drop Zone; Speechless.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Nell; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Pulp Fiction; Legends of the Fall; Street Fghter; I.Q.*

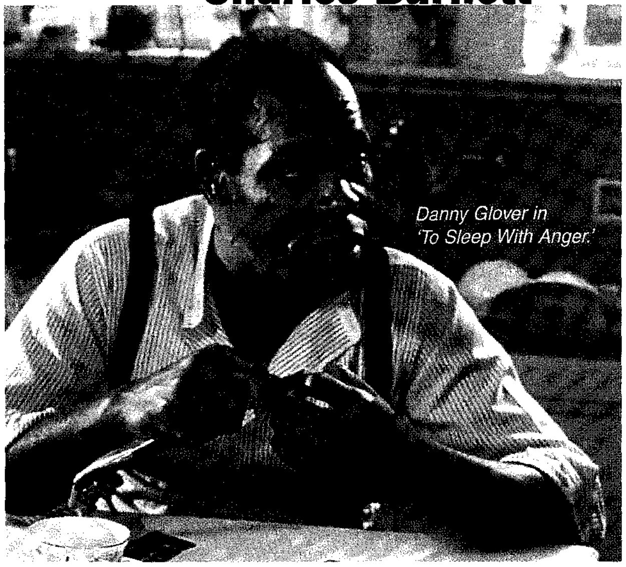
Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Nell; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Mixed Nuts; Ready to Wear; Interview With the Vampire; Drop Zone; Speechless; Dumb and Dumber.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Star Trek–Generations; The Santa Clause; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Junior.*

Retrospective

Charles Burnett


Danny Glover in 'To Sleep With Anger.'

It would be comforting to view the less-than-prolific career of director Charles Burnett as the result of his uncompromising reach for truth in depicting the African-American experience. But that isn't the whole story. Burnett's lack of credits is also a frustrating case of talent underutilized by an industry always uncomfortable with depicting hard reality, which is why he's written and directed only four features in the past eighteen years. The current retrospective at the American Museum of the Moving Image (January 7 and 8; see "Museums, Societies, Etc.") is a rare chance to view his dignified, quiet work. (Though 1990's *To Sleep With Anger* brought renewed attention to Burnett's gifts, his other two features—1977's *Killer of Sheep* and 1985's *My Brother's Wedding*—still aren't available on video and are rarely screened anywhere.) Born in 1944, Burnett has lived in South-Central Los Angeles since the age of 3. After studying at UCLA, he produced, wrote, photographed, edited, and directed *Sheep*—an exceptionally bleak portrayal of urban poverty and stasis that was, in 1990, one of a handful of films added to the Library of Congress's National Film Registry. But Burnett may not be obscure for long: He should gain a higher profile than ever with *The Glass Shield,* a look at corruption and racism in the LAPD that is being released by Miramax in the spring. Things are moving forward for Burnett, even though the obstacles to unvarnished storytelling remain stubbornly in place. MICHAEL GILTZ

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Speechless.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *I. Q.; Interview with the Vampire; Little Women; Star Trek—Generations; Drop Zone.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Bway and Eighth (869-8340)) *Drop Zone.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Nell; Speechless.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520 *Vanya on 42nd St.; Hoop Dreams.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Ready To Wear; Bullets Over Broadway; Queen Margot.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Forrest Gump.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Mixed Nuts; Disclosure; Star Trek—Generations; Speechless; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; The Professional.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) Through 1/5: *Dumb and Dumber.* Opening 1/6: *Safe Passage.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *A Man of No Importance.*

Embassy 1—1560 Bway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Lion King; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *I. Q.; The Santa Clause; Pulp Fiction.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360)(753-6022) *Pulp Fiction.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *The Santa Clause.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Junior; Street Fighter.*

Movieplex 42—244 West 42nd St. (997-7522) *Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Mixed Nuts; Drop Zone; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Junior; Street Fighter.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Death and the Maiden.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *The Shawshank Redemption.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Specialist; Star Gate; Love Affair; Barcelona; Eat Drink Man Woman; Miracle on 34th Street; Swan Princess.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Interview With the Vampire.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Legends of the Fall.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Junior; Pulp Fiction; Star Trek–Generations; Richie Rich; Drop Zone; Little Women.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Cobb; Mixed Nuts.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *I. Q.; Star Trek—Generations; Disclosure.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Little Women; Interview with the Vampire; Mixed Nuts; Richie Rich; Dumb and Dumber; Nell; Drop Zone; Disclosure.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Clerks.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Street Fighter; Speechless.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Jungle Book; A Low Down Dirty Shame; The Santa Clause.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *I. Q.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Columbus Circle—2 Gulf+Western Plaza, Bway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Federal Hill.*

84th Street Six—2310 Bway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Santa Clause; Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; Mixed Nuts; Rudyard Kipling's Junlge Book; Pulp Fiction; Star Trek—Generations; Drop Zone; Richie Rich.*

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Bway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness of King George; Red; Bullets Over Broadway; Heavenly Creatures; A Man of No Importance; Ready to Wear.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th Street (336-5000) *Little Women; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; I. Q.; Colonel Chabert; Speechless; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Bway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Speechless; Disclosure.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book.*

Nova—3589 Bway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Bway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter.*

Regency—1987 Bway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Nell.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Bway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Junior.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sarraounia; Sankofa.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Little Women; I. Q.; Dumb and Dumber; Nell; Street Fighter; Speechless; Richie Rich; Mixed Nuts; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Disclosure; Drop Zone; The Santa Clause; Star Trek—Generations; A Low Down Dirty Shame; Pulp Fiction.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800)*Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Drop Zone; Junior; A Low Down Dirty Shame; The Santa Clause; The Lion King.*

Interboro—3462 E.Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Dumb and Dumber; Mixed Nuts; Street Fighter; Disclosure.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Richie Rich; Little Women.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *I. Q; Little Women; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Dumb and Dumber; Pulp Fiction; Disclosure; Drop Zone; Junior; A Low Down Dirty Shame; The Santa Clause; The Lion King; Speechless.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Disclosure; Little Women; I. Q.; Nell; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book; The Santa Clause; Speechless.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Dumb and Dumber; Nell.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Dumb and Dumber; Ready to Wear; Richie Rich; Street Fighter.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; Little Women; Ready to Wear; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book.*

Commodore—329 Bway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Dumb and Dumber; Streetfighter.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Street Fighter; Mixed Nuts; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Junior; Drop Zone.*

Photograph by Glenn Capers.

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; A Low Down Dirty Shame; Drop Zone; The Lion King.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Avenue H (338-3371) *Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Disclosure.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Mixed Nuts; Richie Rich; Street Fighter; Drop Zone; Low Down; Junior.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Disclosure; Nell; Dumb and Dumber; Little Women; Speechless.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Dumb and Dumber; Mixed Nuts; Speechless; Disclosure.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Drop Zone; The Lion King; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Little Women; Nell; Dumb and Dumber; I. Q.; Speechless; Junior; The Santa Clause; Star Trek—Generations; Disclosure; Richie Rich; Drop Zone.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *I. Q.; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; The Santa Clause.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Street Fighter; Disclosure.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book; Drop Zone.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; Santa Clause; Nell; Mixed Nuts; Drop Zone; Disclosure.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Ready To Wear; Speechless; Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Santa Clause.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Disclosure; Street Fighter; Jungle Book.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Blvd., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Mixed Nuts; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; The Santa Clause; The Lion King.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Dumb and Dumber.* Through 1/5: *The Santa Clause.* Opening 1/6: *Houseguest.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Ready to Wear; Safe Passage; Disclosure.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Street Fighter; Star Trek—Generations; The Lion King; A Low Down Dirty Shame; Drop Zone.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Little Women; Dumb and Dumber; Speechless; Richie Rich; The Santa Clause; Disclosure.* Through 1/5: *Mixed Nuts.* Opening 1/6: *Houseguest.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dumb and Dumber; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; The Santa Clause; Drop Zone; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Nell; Little Women.*

Fresh Meadows—183–15 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Nell; Disclosure; Drop Zone; Junior; Little Women; I. Q.; Speechless; Star Trek—Generations.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Disclosure.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Ready to Wear; Disclosure; Richie Rich; I. Q.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Richie Rich; Street Fighter; Speechless; Junior; The Lion King.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Little Women; I. Q.; Dumb and Dumber.* Opening 1/6: *Safe Passage.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Little Women; I. Q.; Nell; Speechless; Strteet Fighter; Mixed Nuts; Star Trek—Generations; Drop Zone.*

Data

Art-House Hits

The holiday weekend was a tough one for independent films: A number of major-studio releases (*Legends of the Fall, Nobody's Fool*) opened in exclusive engagements and fought for the same sophisticated audience. Long-running hits *The Last Seduction* and *Hoop Dreams,* however, held steady and hovered just under the top five.

	Movie	Gross*
1	*Red*	$18,992
2	*To Live*	$16,684
3	*Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle*	$15,898
4	*Heavenly Creatures*	$14,732
5	*Queen Margot*	$14,441

**Figures, courtesy of 'Variety,' are total New York City grosses during the Christmas weekend.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Last Seduction; Clerks; Speechless; The Swan Princess.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Street Fighter; Speechless; Disclosure; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *I. Q.*

Utopia—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *I. Q.; Little Women.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *I. Q.; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; The Santa Clause; Pulp Fiction; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich.* Through 1/5: *Disclosure.* Opening 1/6: *Houseguest.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Ready to Wear; Dumb and Dumber; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Junior; Disclosure.* Through 1/5: *Mixed Nuts.* Opening 1/6: *Safe Passage.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 East Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Little Women; I. Q.; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Nell; Street Fighter; Speechless; Star Trek—Generations; Drop Zone.* Opening 1/6: *Houseguest.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—1/7–1/8: "Inner-City Blues: The Films of Charles Burnett." See essay. A look at the three films of director Charles Burnett. 1/7 at 2, Burnett will introduce *Killer of Sheep* (1977), a look at the aimless, enervating life of the poor that gives its characters dignity without giving them guns, as opposed to most urban dramas made today. At 4, clips will be shown from *The Glass Shield,* due for release in April, and Burnett will be interviewed by *Village Voice* critic Greg Tate. 1/8: *My Brother's Wedding* (1983), *To Sleep With Anger* (1990), and the short *The Horse* (1977). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Film Forum—See also "Movies." Through 1/12/95: "NYC *Noir.*" A sprawling look at the seedy, sadistic world of *film noir* (the toughest genre) set in New York City (the toughest metropolis). Highlights include *The Killer That Stalked New York* (1950) on 1/5 and *Taxi Driver* (1976) on 1/6–1/7. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—1/6–1/13: *The Kingdom* (1994). Director Lars von Trier, who made the strikingly visual *Zentropa,* returns with this four-part drama about a massive Danish hospital haunted by spirits. Its supernatural element is held in check until the full-throttle finale, but this is a blackly humorous drama that would bear watching without the spark of phantom ambulances, little girls who materialize in elevator shafts, and regular seances among the patients. The use of two apparently omniscient Down Syndrome dishwashers who comment cryptically on the action seems an unnecessary nod to *Twin Peaks,* but its an ultimately satisfying work. Warning No. 1: Like *Alien* and *The Fly,* this is not a good movie to watch if you're pregnant. Warning No. 2: *The Kingdom* ends with the words "To Be Continued," and though it has a finale of sorts, many strands of the story are left dangling. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

French Institute—1/10: *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1990). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

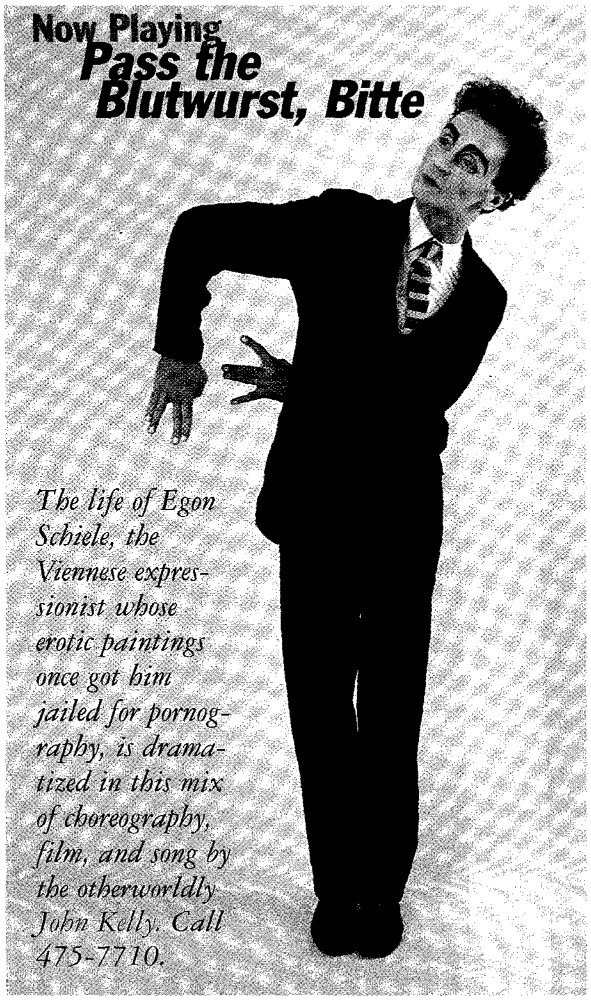
Harlem Victoria V—See also its listing under "Movies." *Ashakara.* 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—1/5 at 3 and 6: *Twitch and Shout* (1994). A look at Tourette Syndrome through the eyes of Lowell Handler, a photojournalist who traveled around the world with Dr. Oliver Sacks to meet and photograph people who, like himself, are living with TS. Directed by Laurel Chiten, *Twitch and Shout* has received critical praise and several awards. 1/7–1/24: "From the Archives: Sidney Gilliat." British screenwriter, producer, and director Gilliat had a broad, populist touch, able to collaborate on nifty thrillers with Alfred Hitchcock and turn out nutty working-class comedies with ease. 1/7: *The Lady Vanishes* (1938); *Mr. Proudfoot Shows a Light* (1941); *I See a Dark Stranger* (1946). 1/8: *The Rake's Progress* (1945); *Inspector Hornleigh on Holiday* (1939). 1/9: *Geordie* (1955). 1/10: *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan* (1952). Through 1/10: "Recent Films From Germany." Highlights include *New Germany* (1993), a collection of five fictional and documentary shorts, on 1/3 and 1/5; and *Marie's Song—I Was I Know Not Where* (1994), about an aristocratic woman in the 1800s who yearns to break free of social constraints. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

The Museum of Television and Radio—Through 4/2/95: "Barbra Streisand: The Television Work." TV specials are rarely as innovative and charming as the work Streisand did on CBS in the sixties and early seventies. Through 1/22/95: *Barbra Streisand and other musical instruments* (1973). Striesand performs with musicians playing on virtually every instrument imaginable, with a special highlight being two duets with Ray Charles. Paired with a 1976 Barbara Walters interview with Streisand and Jon Peters that coincided with the release of *A Star is Born.* 25 West 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

Photograph by Pierre Vinet/Miramax.

Freak Invasion...The Shakes



Now Playing

Pass the Blutwurst, Bitte

The life of Egon Schiele, the Viennese expressionist whose erotic paintings once got him jailed for pornography, is dramatized in this mix of choreography, film, and song by the otherworldly John Kelly. Call 475-7710.

Broadway

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Susan Egan plays the girl; Terrence Mann plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th Street (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. Carole King has just left the show, with a new marquee name á la Brooke Shields and Vanessa Williams to be announced shortly. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 West 45th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Carousel—Closing 1/15/95. A wildly acclaimed revival of the 1945 Rodgers & Hammerstein musical about a carnival barker whose romance leads to violence and finally redemption. As contemporary as anything on Broadway. With James Barbour stepping in as Billy Bigelow. $55–$65. Opened 3/24/94. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 West 65th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 55 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thur. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Christmas Carol—This acclaimed one-man show has turned into something of an annuity for Patrick Stewart. And what luck for all involved. Stewart must enjoy delving into this treasure of a production, and audiences couldn't possibly find a better way to spend the holidays. Above all, his charming, intelligent performance allows us to appreciate the words of a classic that have been denuded of their power through endless variations on television and the movies. $40–$50. Through 1/8. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 West 46th Street (307-4100).*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy*, about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig, co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 West 44th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing production of the musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959; book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 West 49th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Guys and Dolls—Closing 1/8/95. Jennifer Allen, Jeff Brooks, Kim Crosby, and Martin Vidnovic now star in this revival of the 1950 musical. The book is by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, and is based on Damon Runyon's characters (all as intoxicatingly irresistible as ever) in his short stories about high and low life around Times Square; score by Frank Loesser; directed by Jerry Zaks. $20–$65. Opened: 4/14/92. *Martin Beck Theater, 302 West 45th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, for Best Play Revival, Best Direction (Stephen Daldry), Best Featured Actress (Jane Adams), and Best Lighting Design (Rick Fisher). With Kenneth Cranham, Rosemary Harris, and Philip Bosco. $45–$55. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 West 45th Street (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 West 45th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Vanessa Williams has scored a personal triumph in the title role and extends her run (yet again) through the end of February. The show is based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys last year, including Best Musical. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel recently notched its 3,000th performance. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th Street (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Passion—Closing 1/7/95. After eight months, it wouldn't be surprising if the cast members had become a little tired and rote—especially since they've probably never had an audience that gave its full emotional support to this tricky, low-key work. That's far from the case. The applause may be only polite (the show ends on a very quiet note), but everything about *Passion* has improved. Donna Murphy was always outstanding, but the orchestration has been subtly tinkered with and the roles carefully explored and deepened. Marin Mazzie and—especially—Jere Shea have added tremendously to their characterizations, making the arc of the story more convincing than ever. The music is beautifully played, and the chorus, which delivers some of the most complex harmonizing on Broadway, puts others to shame. Regardless of one's critical estimation of *Passion*, the commitment and dedication on display are a credit to the professionalism of all involved. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim; book and direction by James Lapine. $40–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/9/94. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 West 45th Street (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

The Phantom of the Opera—An undeniable technical achievement, chock-full of gorgeous scenery and

Photograph by Paula Court.

costumes. Davis Gaines plays the Phantom, who haunts the Paris Opera House as mercilessly as Puccini haunts Andrew Lloyd Webber. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 West 44th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 min.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvingly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetrantly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 West 51st Street (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure;" remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; and Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. The word about Glenn Close was that, though she couldn't quite sing the role, she certainly could act it, half of which proves true. If opulence is the opium of the masses, the show, should, however, do well, no matter what anyone may say. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she leaves the show in July, Close will take a two-week break 3/7–3/19; Karen Mason will play Norma during that period. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 West 45th Street (307-4007). 2 hrs., 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. Winner of five 1993 Tony awards. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 West 44th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

After-Play—Four old friends reunite for an evening out to the theater and dinner, during which—naturally—they hash over past events and make some surprising revelations. The playwriting debut for Anne Meara, one half of the husband-and-wife comedy team Stiller & Meara. She's also written award-winning material for television and commercial spots for TV and radio. Directed by David Saint. With Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith, Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Oliver, Lance Reddick, and John Vennema. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews 1/10; opening 1/31. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, West 55th Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenue. (581-1212).*

Him—Christopher Walken wrote and stars in this take on Elvis Presley and tabloid reality. Directed by Jim Simpson, it marks Walken's playwriting debut. $25. Tues.–Thur. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3. In previews; opening 1/5/95. Through 1/8/95. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street (598-7150).*

I've Got the Shakes—See essay on director Richard Foreman. $10–$15. Tues. and Thur.–Sun. at 8. In previews; opening 1/5/95. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological at St. Mark's Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th Street, second floor (533-4650).*

Living Proof—A paroled junk-bond salesman has a passionate encounter in New Jersey with his ex-wife's stepdaughter. Written by Gordon Rayfield; directed by Allen Coulter. A Jewish Repertory Theatre production. $30. Tues., Wed., Thur., and Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews 1/7; opening 1/15. *Playhouse 91, 316 East 91st Street (831-2000).*

Now Playing

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 West 42nd Street (239-6200).*

American Dreaming—The very talented Chinese composer Tan Dun has collaborated with Japanese-American Chiori Miyagawa on this music-theater piece about a young woman, the Japanese-born Yuki, who marries Robert, a Caucasian-American. It incorporates Peking Opera, jazz, Eastern European, and medieval music and is performed by a chamber orchestra with an eclectic mix of Eastern and Western instruments. Directed by Michael Mayer. $30. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 3. Through 1/8/95. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 East 15th Street (353-3874).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25, $40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 5. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette Street (254-4370).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on...well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Through 1/29/95. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

A Doll's Life—A newly revised version of the musical sequel to Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. Basically, it imagines what happened after Nora (Jill Geddes) slammed the door on her old life. Music by Larry Grossman; book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Directed by Robert Brink. A York Theatre Company production. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 1/22/95. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Avenue, at 54th Street (935-5820).*

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey/The Truman Capote Talk Show—Two one-man shows starring Bob Kingdom, who received strong notices in Great Britain, not to mention the patronage of Anthony Hopkins (who directed *Dylan Thomas*) and Eric Clapton (who decided to be one of Kingdom's producers). $25. **Thomas:** Tues. and Thur. at 8; Sat. at 6. **Capote:** Wed. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 9; Sun. at 7. *Perry Street Theater, 31 Perry Street (307-4100).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan Street Theater, 181 Sullivan Street (674-3838).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members even before she's been laid to rest. $35, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. Also 12/28 and 12/29 at 7:30 and 12/31 at 5 and 9. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam Street (691-1555).*

Hapgood—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. With Clifton Davis, David Lansbury, Brian F. O'Byrne, Yaniv Segal, Josef Sommer, David Strathairn, and Michael Winther. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 12/4/94. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 West 65th Street (239-6200).*

Inside Out—A musical comedy about six smart women who regularly come together to share their triumphs and setbacks. Book by Doug Haverty; music by Adryan Russ and lyrics by Russ and Haverty. Directed by Henry Fonte. Choreographed by Gary Slavin. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/29/95. Opened: 11/7/94. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce Street (989-2020).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $25 to $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th Street Theatre, 304 West 47th Street (307-4100).*

Mirele Efros—Jacob Gordin's classic Yiddish play about the clash between a rich mother and her daughter-in-law. Starring Zypora Spaisman. In Yiddish, with simultaneous English translation. $14–$25. Wed. at 2; Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/8/95. *Folksbiene Theatre, 123 East 55th Street (755-2231).*

Dems warn Clinton: Cut big government, or else

Now Playing

Longtime improvisational troupe *Chicago City Limits* has just moved into its new home on the East Side and promises that its new show, *Two Johns Kissin Leslie*, will contain only a single, fleeting reference to O.J. Whether they can actually manage to show such restraint is another question entirely. Call 888-5233.

Photograph by T. Charles Erickson.

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—After nine years, the long-running Off Broadway show *Nunsense* has metamorphosed into this sequel, which continues the tale of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and their attempts to mount a talent show. Written and directed by Dan Goggin. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/21/94. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 West 42nd Street (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th Street (695-3401).*

The Petrified Prince—A ribald musical—based on an Ingmar Bergman screenplay—about a near-catatonic young prince awakened by the love of a young woman. Book by Edward Gallardo; music and lyrics by Michael John La Chuisa, who's had a run of success with *First Lady Suites* and *Hello Again*. Directed by Hal Prince, who's had a run of success with virtually every other musical around these days. $35. Through 1/15/95. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 475 Lafayette Street (598-7150).*

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play about a young man obsessed with James Cagney. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/28/95. *Irish Arts Center, 553 West 51st Street (757-3318).*

Radio City Christmas Spectacular—Kitsch heaven, as Radio City Music Hall and the Rockettes offer their annual tradition of glitz, glamour, and a living Nativity scene. A Busby Berkeley musical taken to undreamt-of extremes, it has camels, sheep, Santa Claus, and much more. $25–$46. Through 1/8. Numerous daily show times. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Avenue, at 50th Street (307-1000).*

Repertorio Español—A theatrical company dedicated to the Spanish repertory, with many shows—but not all—featuring simultaneous translations. *And the Carnival Erupted!,* conceived and directed by Jorge Alí Triana with music by German Arieta. 1/6–1/7 at 8. *Café con Leche,* a tenth anniversary production. 1/8 at 3. $15–$25 for Carnival; $15–$20 for all others. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 East 27th Street (889-2850).*

Slavs! Thinking About the Longstanding Problems of Virtue and Happiness—The latest work from encomium-heavy playwright Tony Kushner—his first since *Angels in America.* Drawing upon that piece's focus on a world in flux, *Slavs* focuses on the fall of the Soviet Union as symbolized by the death of the world's oldest living Bolshevik. Directed by Lisa Peterson. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 12/12/94. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 East 4th Street (302-NYTW).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. Far more engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Avenue, between 7th and 8th Streets (307-4100).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butleroff. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 East 60th Street (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th Street (239-6200).*

Tony n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, **81 Christopher Street;** then a reception at **147 Waverly Place,** with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(279-4200).*

Trafficking in Broken Hearts—An offbeat love story by Edwin Sanchez about a volatile, streetwise hustler (Giancarlo Esposito), a repressed lawyer (Neil Pepe), and a teenage runaway (Anthony Rapp). Their lives intersect in the underbelly of New York as they look for love. $5–$25. Through 1/7/95. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 West 20th Street (645-1242).*

The Venetian Twins—The third production for the Pearl Theatre Company in its new home is the Commedia dell'Arte masterpiece by Carlo Goldoni, in a new translation by Michael Feingold. A tale of mistaken identity when two twins—one good, one naughty—arrive in Venice at the same time and cause havoc with the confusion that ensues. Directed by John Rando. $20–$25. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 5 and 9; Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 1/28. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Place (598-9802).*

Vita and Virginia—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letters between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre,* for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievous, and damn good company. Effortless luxury best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow almost two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Opened: 11/21/94. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 East 17th Street (307-4100).*

You Should Be So Lucky—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. Written by Busch; directed by Kenneth Elliott. With Nell Campbell, Julie Halston, and Stephen Pearlman. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8 (dark Wed.); Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 6. *Westside Theatre, 407 West 43rd Street (307-4100).*

Zooman and the Sign—A revival of the 1980 Charles Fuller play about a young girl accidentally killed when caught in the crossfire of rival gangs. Fuller is the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *A Soldier's Play.* Directed by Seret Scott. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 1/15/95. *Second Stage Theatre. 2162 Broadway, at 76th Street (239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Andrew, My Dearest One—A new comedy drama by Mary Mitchell, it focuses on two lonely New Yorkers (Brenda Smiley and Jason Tyler White) living on the edge of alienation and isolation. Directed by Tonya Kane Parry. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/12/95. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 West 42nd Street (695-5429).*

A Certain Level of Denial—Karen Finley, the poster child for artists who want to receive money from the government so they can attack it, performs her show that premiered at the 1992 Serious Fun! Festival. $12. 1/6 and 1/7 at 8. *Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway (966-9500).*

The Cherry Orchard—With the former Soviet Union obviously undergoing a dramatic transformation, it seemed appropriate for the Jean Cocteau Repertory to stage a new production of Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard,* under the direction of Eve Adamson. $24. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 3/3/95. Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Coming of Age in Samoa—A comedic rationale for male infidelity, written by Murphy Guyer and directed by Rand Foerster. With the philandering male chauvinists David Jones, Larry Nathanson, Joe White, Jimmy Kissane, and Guyer. $10. 1/5–1/7 at 8. *West Bank Cafe, 407 West 42nd Street (695-6909).*

Coney Island Circus Sideshow—The human pincushion Kurt Steel, the snake charmer Delmonica, an erotic fire dancer, and a neon sword swallower are just a few of the many amazements on display in this totally real, all true collection of oddities. $10.50. Fri. at 10:30; Sat. at 8 and 10:30; Sun. at 8. Through 3/31/95. *Here, 145 Sixth Avenue, south of Spring Street (647-0202).*

Da—Hugh Leonard's Irish comedy about a man who returns to his boyhood home for Da's funeral and comes to grips with what his father means to him—with a little active help from Da himself. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 7:30; Sun. at 5. Through 1/15/95. No performances on holiday weekends. *Oasis Theatre Company, 230 East 9th Street (673-3706).*

The Emperor of the Moon—Virginia Woolf once suggested that "all women together ought to let flowers fall upon the tomb of Aphra Behn … for it was she who earned them the right to speak their minds." The first woman to make her living by writing plays, in 1687 Behn delivered this witty satire about a Neapolitan philosopher who is convinced that the moon is inhabited and is determined to wed his daughter and niece to lunar beings. Directed by Karin Coonrod. An Arden Party production. $12. Tues.–Sun. at 8. 1/6–1/29. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster Street (229-9004).*

Estrangers—Three one-acts about former and future lovers. Includes *Straight Up,* written and directed by Michael Fife; *The Legacy,* written by Joan Foster and directed by Fife; *Playing With Dolls,* written by Fife and directed by Jonathan Fishman. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. 1/3–1/8. *William Redfield Theatre, 354 West 45th Street (757-7059).*

Ferryboat—In the town of Coolwater, the ferryboat disappears and three pairs of young lovers try to unravel the mystery of why, in this musical with a book by 17-year-old playwright Sam Midwood

Now Playing
Postmodern Freaks

The Coney Island Circus Sideshow, a hipster magnet in the summer months, has moved into Manhattan for the winter. What's so great about the show—which features Kurt Steel, the human pincushion; Delmonica the snake charmer; and the sword swallower pictured above—is that its shtick is not an exploitation of physical freakishness, but a celebration of the wildly strange things people choose to do with their bodies. Call 647-0202 for info.

Photograph by Steven Boljonis.

and music, lyrics, and direction by Bart Midwood. A Broken Clocks Theater production. $20. 1/6 and 1/7 at 8; 1/7 and 1/8 at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 West 42nd Street (279-4200).*

The Final Feast of Lucrezia Borgia—A Renaissance-bondage production recounting the life of Italy's most infamous homicidal queen and her rival Orsini as they battle over a young Italian boy. With Sherry Vine as Borgia, Mistress Formika as Orsini, and *New York Press*'s "Go-Go Boy of the Year 1993," Mark Allen, as the boy. Directed by Joshua Rosenzweig. $10. Mon. at 8. Closing 1/30 to prepare for Theatre Couture's production of *The Bad Weed '73* in West Hollywood, California. *CBGB Gallery, 313 Bowery Street (598-4307).*

A Glimpse of the Light—A musical based on the events leading to the birth of Israel. Written by Ben Finn; directed and choreographed by Tina Marie Panyard. $10. Sat. at 3 and 8; Sun. at 3. Through 1/8/95. *Queens Family Theater, 256-21 Union Turnpike, Queens (718-343-1052).*

Hair—With *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* either here or on the way, it's a regular hippie revival. This is a return engagement for this production of the show that features "Aquarius," "Let the Sunshine In," and nudity. $25. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 1/28/95. *Theatre 1•2•5, 125 West 22nd Street (800-822-7846).*

J—It was, perhaps, inevitable. This is the first play inspired by the O. J. Simpson case. In it, a judge becomes increasingly obsessed by her sexual fantasies concerning a celebrity murder suspect in a trial she is presiding over. With Beverly Bonner as the judge and former U.S. kung fu champion J. B. Lunnon as J. Written and directed by Richard Haase. $20. Fri. and Sat. at 11; Sun.–Tues. at 8:30. In previews 1/6; opening 2/26. *Theatre East, 211 East 60th Street (718-237-0805).*

L.A.—One night, six months after the Watts riots, a film executive reveals to a friend that he executed a looter trying to pinch a toaster from the company kitchen. Written by Angus Fraser; directed by Nigel Maister. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews 1/4; opening 1/8 at 7:30. *28th Street Theatre, 120 West 28th Street (802-9967).*

The Little Book of Professor Enigma—Extended through 1/22. Seven people at an upstate arts colony engage in parlor games and battles of wit as two of the characters use the suicide of a third to frame a fourth for murder. Written by the late Harry Kondoleon. $12. Thur.–Sun. at 8. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Avenue, at 10th Street (254-1109).*

Mistakes—Thirtyish Manhattan couple Joan and Marshall spend the weekend alone in their brownstone, grappling with the news that they are HIV-positive. Written and directed by Steven Schwab. With Kim Nielsen and Peter Rizzo. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2. 1/5–1/22. *Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Avenue, between 22nd and 23rd Streets (718-748-0739).*

Objects in the Mirror Are Closer Than They Appear—In her absurdist one-woman show, Amy Guggenheim portrays numerous characters dealing with solitude, creativity, and death. $12. 1/5–1/7 at 8; 1/8 at 3. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer Street (925-8645).*

Old Times—Harold Pinter's classic about a lesbian love affair, a threatened husband, and a psychotic murder in a new production by the Independent Theatre Company. Directed by Dan Tedlie. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. 1/4–1/28. *House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton Street (353-3088).*

Pages—Amber Chase's new drama traces a family's journey from its roots in Quebec to its final stand. $10. 1/7, 1/14, 1/21, 1/28, 1/30, and 1/31 at 8. *Hamlet of Bank Street Theater, 155 Bank Street (989-6445).*

Pass the Blutwurst, Bitte—John Kelly uses choreography, film, and song to dramatize the life of Viennese expressionist artist Egon Schiele. It focuses on his imprisonment as a pornographer (Schiele delved into erotica) and his untimely death at age 28. An expanded version of the production that first gained attention for Kelly in 1986. $15. Thur.–Sun. at 7:30; Sun. at 3. Through 1/15/95. *La MaMa Annex Theater, 74A East 4th Street (475-7710).*

The Players Club—A new evening of performance comedy—a combination of sketch comedy, physical gags, and witty wordplay—written by David Latham and performed by Latham and Paul Boocock, a.k.a. Premium Bob. The latest in a series of well-received shows by the duo. $8.50. Fri. at 8. *Here, 145 Sixth Avenue, south of Spring Street (647-0202).*

Polka—Troy is 20 years old; his girlfriend Tina is 19 and pregnant. They turn to Troy's mother, which may not be such a good idea since she spends much of her time daydreaming on the roof and talking about the polka. Then Troy kills Tina and things get *very* unusual in this dark comedy written by and starring Tony Greenleaf. $8. Thur.–Sat. at 7; Sun. at 3. Through 1/15. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Avenue, at 10th Street (254-1109).*

The Preacher and the Rapper—A new satire written by Ishmael Reed and directed by Rome Neal. $10. Thur.–Sat. at 7:30; Sun. at 4. Through 1/10/95. *Nuyorican Poets Cafe, 236 East 3rd Street (465-3167).*

Quick Bright Things—A cowboy searches for a missus in the Nevada desert, with nuclear testing providing a rather vivid and long-lasting backdrop. Written by Jesse McKinley; directed by Michael Laurence. $12.50. Tues.–Sun. at 8. 1/7–1/21. *Here, 145 Sixth Avenue, south of Spring Street (647-0202).*

The Rehearsal—At a French chateau shortly after World War II, a fanatical count insists on rehearsing and re-rehearsing a production of Marivaux's *The Double Inconstancy.* Written by Jean Anouilh; directed by John Daines. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. In previews 1/6; opening 1/8. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 West 42nd Street (289-8698).*

The Shanghai Gambit—In a Shanghai brothel in the twenties, it is Chinese New Year and Mother God Damn demands payment of all debts. Written by George Klaus; directed by A. M. Raychel. The fourth extension for this production. $16. Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2. 1/7–1/29. *Theatre-Studio, 750 Eighth Avenue, second floor, at 46th Street (719-0500).*

The Sugar Bean Sisters—Two women living amongst the swampland and sugarcane fields of Okeechobee, Florida (the boonies, basically), await the twenty-fifth anniversary of a UFO landing in their backyard. Written by Nathan Sanders and directed by Evan Yionoulis. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews 1/3; opening 1/19. *WPA Theatre, 519 West 23rd Street (206-0523).*

30,000 Pigs Roamed the City—A new musical comedy with (and this gets complicated) book by Bill Baumer and Ed Stevens; music by Dean Meyers; lyrics by Meyer, Stevens, and Baumer; and directed and choreographed by Michael Piatkowski. $15. Thur. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3:30. 1/7–2/11. *Wings Theater, 154 Christopher Street (627-2960).*

The Tight Fit—Set in the Orbit Diner (a combination of Edward Hopper's *Nighthawks* and *The Jetsons*), this depicts a short-order cook and part-time shrink whose customer/clients are an actress, a historian, and a mystery writer—all of whom turn out to play a part in one another's stories. Written and directed by Susan Mosakowski. With Tom Cayler, Tina Preston, Jeff Sugarman, and Louise Favier. $12. 1/5–1/8 and 1/11–1/15 at 8, plus Sun. at 3:30. *La MaMa, 74A East 4th Street (475-7710).*

Too Jewish—A musical comedy revue created by and starring Avi Hoffman, including a Yiddish *Hamlet* and little-known comic and love songs from the golden years of Jewish theater. $20. Sat. at 5; Sun. at 2 and 5. In previews; opening 1/15/95. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 42nd Street (239-6200).*

Twelfth Night—Shakespeare's comedy, in a Blue Heron production directed by Brian Leahy Doyle. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; 1/14 and 1/21 at 2; Sun. at 3. 1/6–1/22. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 West 42nd Street (332-0027).*

Two Johns Kissin Leslie—The latest comic improvisational show from Chicago City Limits and the first in its new home. It stars John Cameron Telfer, John Webber, Carl Kissin, and Leslie Upson and they promise only a fleeting reference to O. J. Simpson. $17.50. Wed. and Thur. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. *Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Avenue and 61st Street (888-5233).*

Young Torless—Sadism in an Austrian military academy at the turn of the century. Adapted from the novel by Robert Musil; directed by A. M. Raychel. $16. Thur. and Fri. at 8. Through 1/27/95. *Theatre-Studio, Inc., 750 Eighth Avenue, second floor, at 46th Street (719-0500).*

Talent
Richard Foreman

Once, director-playwright Richard Foreman's career followed a pretty conventional path—at one point, he even had a play titled *Harry in Love* optioned for Broadway. "I had been sort of a normal playwright up until 1967," he says. "But when my option fell through, I was sitting at home and I said, 'This is silly. If I walk into a theater tonight, what do I want to see onstage?' And in as much time as this has taken me to tell you, I had this image of a certain kind of tension between performers and a certain kind of minimal language and I started doing it. Basically, I've been mining that moment ever since." For more than twenty years, Foreman has specialized in nonnarrative works that strive to capture what he calls "the nuances of the unfathomable." Today Foreman focuses on more intimate pieces, the latest of which—*I've Got the Shakes*—opens January 5. "I'm always trying to evoke what is evanescent," he says. "In this play, the lead character says, 'I have something to teach, but I don't know what it is.' And I think that's everybody's position in life. We may have one idea of what we're achieving, but the world ends up choosing to make use of us in ways we can't imagine." Despite numerous awards (including an NEA award for Lifetime Achievement in the Theater), Foreman is most proud that his writing—as opposed to his directing—is slowly garnering more attention. "When I began, people said, 'Well, he's a pretty creative director, but his writing is Dadaistic nonsense. Anybody could do that,' " Foreman says. "And I've always maintained that I'm basically a writer. I only started directing plays because when I started writing the strange kind of pieces I'm writing now, no one would direct them."

Michael Giltz

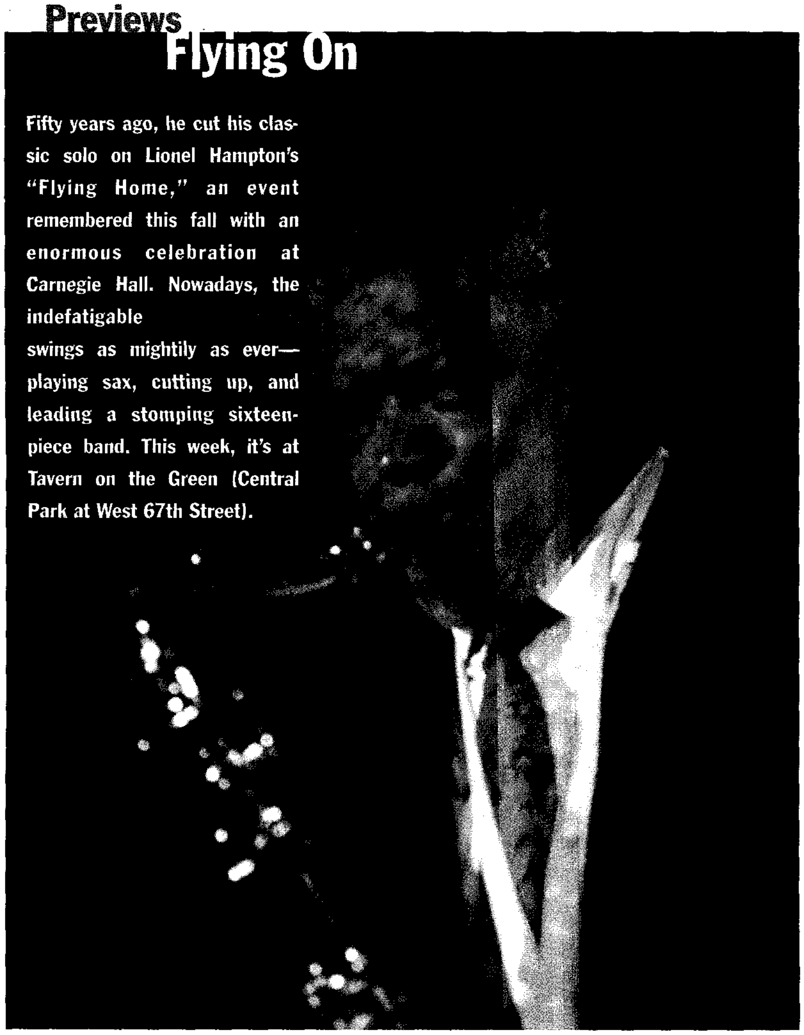
Buster Poindexter...David Murray

Concerts

Nine Inch Nails—A third and final show by Trent Reznor's industrial glam outfit, added by overwhelming demand. They play with Pop Will Eat Itself—which, in recent years, has gone from a British Beastie Boys to a sloganeering techno-rock act—and Marilyn Manson, whose cartoonishly "evil" rock is probably the perfect appetizer. 1/6 at 8 P.M., Nassau Coliseum (307-7171).

Deep Listening Band—And they mean *deep:* Listeners are actually advised to wear loose clothing and bring sleeping bags. Accordionist Pauline Oliveros will lead full-body "Harmonic Humming." Trombonist Stuart Dempster will resonate with an oversize brass didjeridu, and pianist David Gamper will man a room-size "Expanded Instrument System." For the open-minded and sonically adventurous only. Call for specific performance schedule. 1/11–1/14 at 8 P.M. *First Floor Main Performance Space, The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St., bet. Tenth and Eleventh Aves. (255-5793). $12–$15.*

Big "Citi" Jazz—Bross Townsend, Jesse Hameen, and Bob Cunningham. 1/9 at 12:30 P.M. *Citicorp Center's Atrium, 53rd St. and Lexington Ave. (559-6758).*



Previews

Flying On

Fifty years ago, he cut his classic solo on Lionel Hampton's "Flying Home," an event remembered this fall with an enormous celebration at Carnegie Hall. Nowadays, the indefatigable swings as mightily as ever—playing sax, cutting up, and leading a stomping sixteen-piece band. This week, it's at Tavern on the Green (Central Park at West 67th Street).

Clubland

A.K.A.—A smallish second-floor home to downtown hepsters, acid-jazzbos, and local alternarock bands. 1/4: Hot 'n' Hazy; Harry. 1/5: Hunk; Spacehog. 1/6: A night of live funk and acid jazz, with Marmalade and Special Request. 1/11: Local jazz guru and saxophonist Arnie Lawrence leads the Funk Co-Elation, a weekly funk jam. 77 *W. Houston St., bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uillean pipes, their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 1/6: Fiddler Patrick Ourceau; flautist, tin whistler, and singer Linda Hickman; and guitarist and singer Nancy Conescu. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—Now celebrating two decades of giving rock, jazz, and folk artists good sound and great sight lines, the Bottom Line continues to be one of the best all-around venues in the city. Great fries too. 1/6: The natty Buster Poindexter (a New York Doll in an earlier life) leads the party band Banshees of Blue. 1/7: Uncle Floyd. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $*

Brownie's—Chris Whitley, who emerged as a dobro-playing blues wunderkind some years ago, has recently traded in the roots rock of his debut, *Living With the Law,* for the more grungily atmospheric rock of *Din of Ecstasy,* due out in March. An occasionally mesmerizing guitarist, Whitley also sings with an authoritatively dissolute drawl, and his trio's five-night run (1/10–1/14) should be a well-attended scene. Shows at 9. *169 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Cafe Wha?—Once a stronghold of the Beat movement, now a low-ceilinged matrix of hippieish good vibes. The Cafe Wha? Band plays good-natured funk Wednesdays through Sundays. *115 Macdougal St., bet. W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. (254-3630).*

CBGB & OMFUG—The Village Vanguard of punk rock, this 25-year-old institution still looks refreshingly unsanitary and still books up-and-comers from garagelands everywhere. 1/3: Skyfish. 1/4: Buzz Prophets. 1/5: Byrd Dogs; Butter. 1/7: Evan Getz. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

CB's Gallery—CB's tonier performance annex, with good beers at the bar, punky art on the walls, and slightly quieter musicians on the stage. *313 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (677-0455).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. One of the hipper venues in the city and rarely overfull. Closed 1/1–1/8. Monday nights are cover-free and, this month, booked by longtime punk label Homestead records. Mon., 1/9: Babe the Blue Ox; Beekeeper; Ul. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—The plush, Moroccan ambience of the Time Cafe, along with an extremely posthumous Mingus craze, has made Thursday nights here the poseur hour of choice, complete with models and record execs. They're all turned out to bask in the vibes and music of the mighty Mingus Big Band. 1/9: The live soap opera *The Honeysuckles.* 1/11: Baby Steps; Individual Fruit Pie; Boo Trundle. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Knitting Factory—John Zorn's new improvisational game piece Xu Feng—a fast-paced follow-up to his madcap Cobra—wreaks havoc with two drummers, two keyboardists, and two guitar players. They play on 1/4. 1/5: East Village pop-punkists Kittywinder—whose delightful single "Wishing Well" has been landing them favorable comparisons to the Breeders and the Throwing Muses—plays with Splendora, Sulphur, and Uncle Wiggley. 1/6: New Jersey art-rock impresario Kramer leads a showcase of staples from his label Shimmy Disc, including King Missile guitarist Dogbowl, Tinear, and the Semi-beings. 1/7: Joi, Jazzhole, Tuba, Inviolate, and Abstract Truth play a night of acid jazz. 1/11–1/14: The bass-clarinet- and tenor-saxophone dynamo David Murray leads an octet featuring James Spaulding, Craig Harris, Wilbur Morris, and the exciting young Detroit drummer Tani Tabbal, lately of James Carter's band. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side with blues and good-time rock and roll. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells there for Ladies Night. 1/4: Johnny Allen. 1/5:

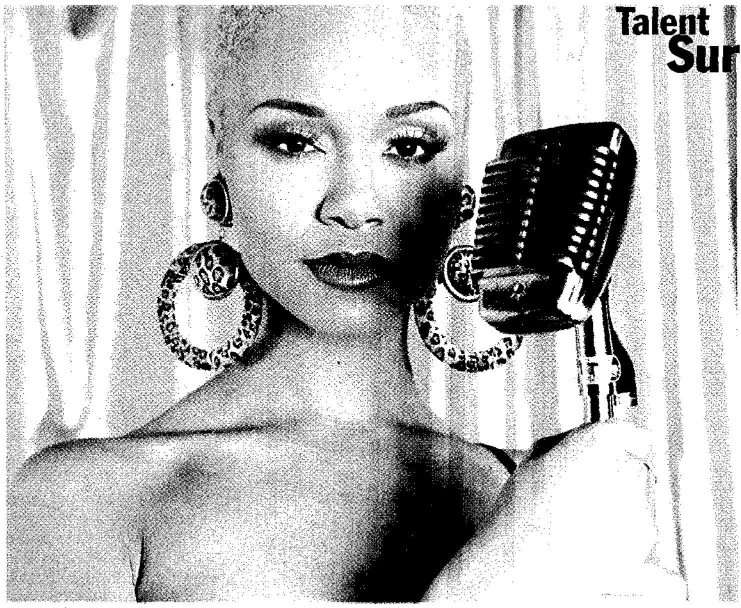
Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Rose Miasaki.

Roomful of Blues. 1/7: Jono Manson and Friends, with Slapmeat Johnson, Run Sunshine, Howie Wyeth, Neil Thomas, and Craig Dreyer. 1/18: "Manny's World Famous Blues Jam," hosted by Boxcar Joe Laing. 1/9: Judy Tint's Jude and the Dudes. 1/10: The Flying Neutrinos, who have a real, live tap-dancing trombonist. 1/11: Memphis blues diva Sandra Wright. Shows at 9. *1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB's West, this is the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. Shows at 10 Fri. and Sat., 9 Sun.–Thurs. $6–$8. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064). $.*



Talent Surprised by Joi

Dance-music divas have the life span of butterflies, but don't be afraid to get attached to Joi. When the strobe lights stop, the waify Nashvillian with the little name and the great big voice will still have about 50 flavors of soul to go. On her striking debut, *The Pendulum Vibe* (Limp/EMI), Joi swings from industrial-strength hip-hop to low-slung funk to effervescent house to medieval chant—all with an earthy assurance one doesn't often hear from a 23-year-old. "Love me for who I am," she sings in "Find Me." And judging from her imperious bearing and fiercely self-determined lyrics, you'd better. Producer-to-the-stars Dallas Austin (Madonna, Boyz II Men, TLC) gave *Pendulum* a gritty, streetwise vibe that limns the rawer sides of R&B. He also makes a fairly rare appearance outside the studio on January 7, joining Joi onstage at the Knitting Factory (74 Leonard Street, near Church Street).

Chris Norris

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's most happening music spots, the Mercury regularly hosts rock, country, and folk artists groomed for the more au courant time slots on MTV. 1/5: Downtown drummer William Hooker shares a bill with Gawk. 1/6: Former Captain Beefheart guitarist Gary Lucas plays with Rasputina and Oral Groove. 1/7: Grover & Myrrh, Jack Ass. 1/10: The Low Road; Parlor James; Flat Old World. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Muldoon's—All-Ireland fiddle champion Brian Conway and banjo/harmonica player Don Meade lead Tuesday night's Irish music session. *692 Third Ave., bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (599-2750).*

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar—A regular Wednesday- and Saturday-night home to the rollicking hip-hop-driven Irish band Black 47, which is a lot better here after a few pints than on record or on the road. $10. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210). $*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 1/3: Major Matt Mason; Danny Scherr; Gene and Mimi; The Humans. 1/4: The Heather Woodbury Report; Valerie Vigoda; Kirk Kelly. 1/7: Bubble; the Novellas; Debby Schwartz; Porkchop. 1/8: Olivia Cornell; Richard X. Heyman; Gregg Swan; Dondi. 1/9: "The Antihootenany," with Lach. 1/10: Marc Farre; Eric Wood; Al Rose; Gene and Mimi; Bill Parsons. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Avenue A, at 6th St. (473-7373). $.*

Sin-é—A cozy Hibernian folk lounge, with nightly sets by local, national, and international singer-songwriters. *122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370).*

Tramps—Though marred by ringing walls and a mid-stage column, this is still a dependable venue for the greats of American soul, funk, and roots music as well as sundry flavors of nineties rock. 1/10–1/12: A star-filled tribute to the recently departed guitarist Danny Gatton, featuring Les Paul, James Burton, Bruce Cockburn, Albert Lee, Joey DeFrancesco, the Uptown Horns, and many others. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie vibes and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 1/4: Native; Mother Sound; Sunshine Spider. 1/5: Other Half; Cherokee Sex Workshop. 1/6: Authority; Belizbeha. 1/7: Zen Tricksters; Speed of Light Show. 1/8: Murphy's Law; Madball; J.F.A. 1/9: Rhythm Republik; Ibis; Gabriel Gordon; Wish. 1/10: Franklin Turnpike. 1/11: Chin Ho; Thanks to Gravity; Ominous Seapods. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 1/6–1/7: The Joanne Brackeen Quartet, featuring saxophonist Ravi Coltrane. 1/8: Allison Stewart Trio. Shows nightly at 9, 10:30, and midnight. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 1/3–1/8: Diane Schuur. 1/9: Garrison Fewell Quartet, featuring Cecil McBee. 1/10–1/15: Phyllis Hyman. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, darkly paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 1/3–1/8: Trumpeter Philip Harper, pianist Norman Simmons, and bassist Steve Kirby. 1/9–1/14: pianist Joanne Brackeen and bassist Ira Coleman. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 1/3–1/8: Terry Blaine, a New York vocalist who has performed with everyone from Perry Como to Miss America, sings songs made famous by Billie Holiday, Fats Waller, and Louis Armstrong. 1/10–1/15: Shannon Gibbons. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

55 Bar—A smoky West Village watering hole where the electrified post-bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. 1/3: Mission Jazz. 1/5: Lily White. 1/7: Steve Johnson. 1/8: Leni Stern. 1/10: Susan Lange. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

Fifty-Seven Fifty-Seven—A martini specialty bar (they make 13 different kinds) and a swank jazz spot. The well-traveled trio of pianist Donald Johnston, saxophonist Jerry Dodgion, and bassist Ron McClure—who pool experience with Benny Goodman; Blood, Sweat, and Tears; and Keith Jarrett—play for your sipping enjoyment. Fri.–Sat., 7–9. *Four Seasons Hotel, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Iridium—Recently hailed as a jazz minimalist, percussionist Leon Parker is generating quite a buzz for such a stripped-down kit. An occasional sideman to Dewey Redman and regular drummer for young pianist Jackie Terrason, Parker has been known to work his polyrhythmic, Roy Haynes–inflected swing on nothing but a cymbal. He performs the dynamic, forward-looking jazz from his new record *Above & Below* with a quintet here, 1/3–1/7. 1/10–1/14: Danilo Perez. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. On Sundays, the Sterling Trio plays Baroque trio sonatas and chamber works by Haydn, Mozart, and other cats for brunch. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled, brass-railed room with Old New York ambience, frequently visited by excellent pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Monday, it's "Women in Jazz & Blues." Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 1/6–1/8: Sandy Stewart. 1/11: Little Isadore & the Inquisadores. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Michael's Pub—Pianist Johnny Morris and trumpeter Spanky Davis—both regulars at long-gone midtown jazz haven Jimmy Ryan's—reunite this week, coleading a quartet with Eddies Locke and Jones on drums and bass. They play 1/3–1/7. Yes, Woody Allen plays clarinet here with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra, but it's your gamble as to which set. They are Monday at 8:45 and 11. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's liquor-license-free and so stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 1/6: Tabou Combo. 1/7: Brazilian Energy; Estar Samba. 1/8: "A Journey Into Jungle" offers New Yorkers a glimpse at the speedy, reggae-infused new dance music called "jungle," currently sweeping London. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies vinyl fest Soul Kitchen, preceded by a poetry-rap performance called "Flip the Script."

Photograph by Daniel Hastings.

On Thursday nights, it's the acid-jazz confab known as Giant Step. Shows at 9 and 11. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Swing Street Cafe—A compact and festive midtown restaurant that specializes in jazz guitarists and Italian food. Sets Wed. and Thurs., 6–10; Fri. and Sat., 7–11. *253 East 52nd St. (754-4862).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 1/3–1/15: Illinois Jacquet Big Band. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Corner—NY'S CORNER OF WALK AND DON'T WALK, as the awning reads. Mark Thompson holds forth Sun., starting at 8. Other piano-playing regulars include Carol Britto, Bross Townsend, Michael Wilner, and Peggy Stern. Sets at 9. *142 Bleecker St. (473-9762).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky, 59-year-old institution is revered by fans around the world. 1/3–1/8: Ray Drummond Quintet, with Danilo Perez, David Sanchez, Craig Handy, and Mor Thiam. 1/10–1/15: The great former Coltrane pianist Tommy Flanagan leads a trio that includes Peter Washington and Victor Lewis—no doubt worked to Flanagan's usual standards of near-telepathy. The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra keeps the faith on Mondays. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $*

Visiones—Spanish food and surprisingly avant jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 1/4: Johnny King Quartet. 1/5: Cruce Barth Quartet, with Sam Newsome, Greg Hutchinson, and Larry Grenadier. 1/6–1/7: Peter Leitch Quartet. 1/11–1/14: Tom Harrel Quintet, with Don Braden, Kenny Werner, Larry Grenadier, and Billy Hart. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 Macdougal St. (800-831-2326).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno, who we're told was once funny, as well as several other comedy greats. Many of them came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's comedy series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. Through 1/3: "All-Star Comedy Showcase," with John DiResta, who was recently voted New York's funniest police officer. 1/4–1/8: Anthony Clark; Eddie Brill; and Felicia Michaels. 1/9: "New Talent Showcase." 1/10: "Out Comedy," a showcase of gay comedians hosted by Bob Smith, the first openly gay comic to appear on the *Tonight Show.* Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 1/8: Larry Amoros; Ray Romano; Kevin Brennen; Allan Havell. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 Macdougal St. (260-5358).*

Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs. shows start at 9; Fri. at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 1/2–1/8: Brian McFadden, who describes his act as "bizarre commentary on conspiracies that undermine our happiness on this planet," stars with Quentin Heggs and Mike Robles; also appearing are Terry Gillespie; Al Romero; Scot Bruce; and Danny Curtis. 1/9–1/15: Willie Asbury, a regular on *It's Showtime at the Apollo,* does a pretty good Mike Tyson, Michael Jackson, Tom Jones, and Elvis. He performs with Gabe Abelson, Sam Greenfield, Mike Robles, Sean Donnellan, Scot Bruce, and Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-Up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

West End Gate—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sun., it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway. (666-8687).*

Cabaret

The Ballroom—Thurs. at 6:30: Hellman's Angels. Fri. and Sat. at 6:30: Phillip Officer. $15. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Blue Angel—"Les Incroyables," a Parisian musical revue. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Wed. at 2. *The Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. (262-3333).*

Cafe 44—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues., Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Cleopatra's Supper Club—"Cleopatra's Follies," a continuous revue. $10–$15; $15 minimum. Wed.–Sun. at 9. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. 1/6: Daphne Foreman. 1/7–1/8: Richard Cramer. $6–$15; $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Data

Green Day: the Sedentary Years

Put that teenage ennui to work! Earn millions at home! **A sampling of lyrics from the multi-platinum punk band:**

"Sit around and watch the phone."
("Longview")

"I sit alone in my bedroom staring at the walls."
("2000 Light Years Away")

"I can't get up."
("Christie Road")

"Sit around feeling sorry for yourself."
("When I Come Around")

"I'd sit and spew my guts out to the open air."
("80")

"So I sit across the street from your home. I wonder if you're sitting all alone." ("Private Ale")

"He makes a plan to take a stand, but always ends up sitting." ("Who Wrote Holden Caulfield")

ERIC ZICKLIN

Don't Tell Mama—1/4, 1/11, and 1/18: Carolyn Mapes with Jason Opsahl of *Grease.* 1/4: Aladdom & Santos (comedy). 1/5: *Not Responsible,* one-act with Rich Stone; *Puns of Steel.* 1/6: Wendy Scherl & Nancy Bach; Jon Andersson; Danielle Politi & Co. 1/7: *The Stand-Up Comedy Experience; Alice Down Under; Totie;* The Tonics. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Duplex—Thurs.: Gotham City Improv. Fri. and Sat. at 10: *Dressing Room Divas.* Fris: *Nose Job* and Talent Search. Sats: *Nuns Against Filth.* Sun.: *Sam's Funky '50s Funhouse.* Covers range from $3 to $15. *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Eighty Eight's—Julie Halston's new one-woman show has been extended. *The Honeymoon Is Over* is performed 1/4 at 8 and 1/6 at 8:30. 1/4: Rickey Ritzel as Jimmy Durante. 1/5: Angela LaGreca; Justin Bond. 1/6: Julie Rogelstad. 1/7: Sandra Warfield; Marcus Lovett. 1/8: Caryl and Roger Butterly; Karen Saunders; Baronne & the Bon Bons. $10–$12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

The Green Room—Various musical revues and singers. $10; $12 minimum. *338 W. 46th St. (974-8897).*

Judy's—Various performers nightly. $10; $12 minimum. *49 W. 44th St. (764-8930).*

Kaptain Banana—"Masquerade," an extravagant, time-traveling revue. $40. *101 Greene St. (343-9000).*

Le Max—Every Wed. and Thurs. at 9: John Wallowitch and Bertram Ross. Every Tues.–Fri. at 8: Dennis Liburd. $10 minimum. *147 W. 43rd St.(764-3705).*

Michael's Pub—*The Capote Caper,* a musical about Truman Capote and society columnist–playgirl Doris Lilly, with music by Bruce MacRae; lyrics by Leslie Gurchik, S. Reynolds, and MacRae; and a book by Reynolds and Michelle Weissman. Tues.–Sat. $20–$25; two-drink minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 1/7: Maureen McGovern with "My 'Reel' Romance With the Movies." Her No. 1 smash "The Morning After," was the theme from *The Poseidon Adventure,* so it's no surprise McGovern has a soft spot for film tunes. $40 cover. Starting 1/10: Manhattan Rhythm Kings. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th fl. (632-5000).*

Rose's Turn—A mix of stand-up, sketch comedy, female impersonators, and singers. Thurs. and Fri. at 8 through 1/27/95: *The Musical Enquirer.* 1/5 and 1/6: *Comedy Palooza!* 1/7: "Talking Themselves in From the Ledge"; Tommy Femia as Judy. $6–$15; two-drink minimum. *55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

Tatou—"Just for Kicks," a nightly revue featuring the Tatou Follies Dancers. $10, plus two-drink minimum Tues.–Thurs.; $15, plus two-drink minimum Fri. Shows at 10. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

T-Rocks—Various revues and impersonators nightly. No cover. *358 W. 23rd St. (620-4620).*

Trocadero—Sat. at 8: *Sexually Incorrect.* $10, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8 and 10: *Renegade Sluts on Bikes.* $10, plus two-drink minimum. *368 Bleecker St. (242-0636).*

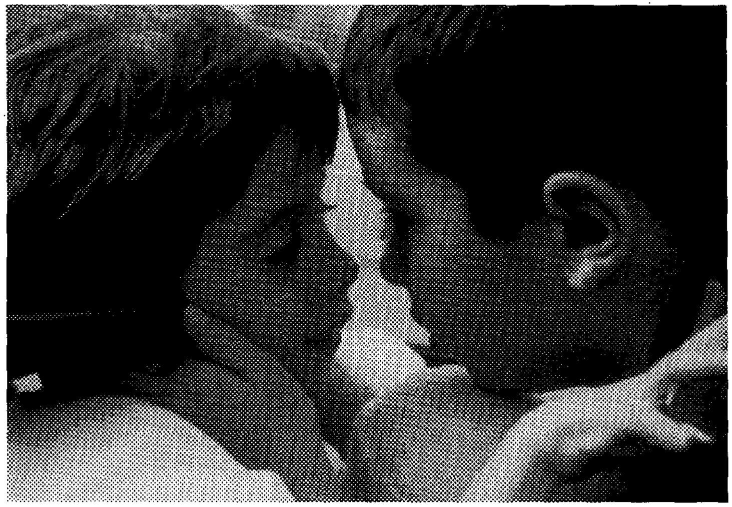
Bars

119—Wall Streeters who wouldn't be caught dead in a suit after hours and other Gramercy Park natives who get dressed down before going out. A better-than-average pool table up front, a fair-to-middling dart board in the back, and a gaggle of make-yourself-comfortable regulars in between. *119 E. 15th St. at Irving Pl. (777-6158).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias, the delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Top of the Sixes—A room with a view and not so much as a whisper of the outside world.

Photograph by Michael Muller.



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Neither the businessmen and -women on their missions nor the gawking tourists have much time for the bar—too far away from the prime window seats. *666 Fifth Ave., nr. 53rd St. (757-6662).*

Les Poulets—The roar on Wednesday night at this almost exclusively Puerto Rican night club is welcome relief from the self-congratulatory murmur of the typical Flatiron feedery. *16 W. 22nd St. nr. Fifth Ave. (229-2000).*

Montero's—A longshoremen's bar sans stevedores, but their stuff is strewn all over the place. Tragically drunk old men kept honest by the toughest female bartenders you'll ever come across. On weekends, there's a gate and you won't get buzzed in if you're too pretty. *73 Atlantic Ave., nr. Hicks St., Brooklyn (718-624-9799).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset—which is about four in the afternoon these days. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on the Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

C.J. Bentley's—Got a thing for a man out of uniform? This is a cop pickup bar, so don't be surprised if, mid-flirt, you discover a wedding band in the officer's hip pocket. Added bonus: Disco never died here. *7110 Third Ave., at 79th St., Brooklyn (718-745-0748).*

Tommy Milano's—The mother of all dive bars. The only reason they're not picking people off the floor is that a man of average height could not lie down across this bowling-alley-inspired booze-up. (Be warned: The place becomes a crowded must-avoid when New York *Press* holds its editorial meetings here, on Tuesday nights.) *51 E. Houston St., nr. Mulberry St. (226-8632).*

Great Jones Cafe—Must have sold auto parts in a past life. Now it's an elbow-banging, "Sorry, pal," putatively Southwestern watering hole. Stay long enough to recover from a Cajun martini. *53 Great Jones St., nr. Bowery (674-9304).*

Tenth Street Lounge—Former automotive chop shop still plying its trade, sort of, on the souls of a richer-than-thou herd. *212 E. 10th St., nr. First Ave. (473-5252).*

Flamingo East—A far better bar than restaurant, which it also is. There's something for everyone: downstairs, a chic subterranean beauty contest; upstairs, a townhouse parlor that bears a striking resemblance to a high-school party. *219 Second Ave., nr. 13th St. (533-2860).*

Stephen's Green—Irish "football" fans camped here during the world cup this summer because it's just like home. *43–39 46th St., at Queens Blvd. (718-786-5737).*

Spring Street (Shark) Lounge—Takes low tech to new heights with the notable exception of the top-of-the-line pinball machine. *Mulberry St. and Spring St. (219-0157).*

Bowery Bar—Finally open and already the "it" bar (of course). Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender for whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Red Strype—A downtown concept bar. Red Stripe, Dragon Stout, Ting, Hennessy, Baileys, and Amaretto; that's it. *33 Crosby St., nr. Broome St. (422-5788).*

J.J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional too-enthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look like they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnestly low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave. at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Alligator Alley—Speaking of which: Jägermeister on tap, Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox, while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave. at 84rd St. (873-5810).*

art

Brazil Nuts...Poetic Portraits

Photography
Across the U.S.A. and Back

Over the past four decades, Danny Lyon has virtually defined a certain no-nonsense kind of photojournalism, documenting civil-rights struggles; motorcycle gangs; the destruction of New York's nineteenth-century buildings; Texas prisons; and, most recently, his own family. At Lowinsky Gallery.

Openings

All of the **Guerrilla Girls'** political posters will be displayed in an exhibit benefiting the girls (opens January 6 at Printed Matter, 77 Wooster Street). Two blocks away, **"still-life portrait landscape"** focuses on those three traditional academies and the ways in which contemporary artists approach, exploit, and decategorize them (opens January 6 at Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer Street).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Carl Andre—The artist's own 1995 remake of the minimalist sculpture *Sand-Lime Instar,* an eight-element gridded field that was destroyed in 1966; 1/10–2/11. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

John Berger—A selection of drawings by the author of *The Sense of Sight, About Looking*, and other critically acclaimed books on art; through 1/28. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Willem de Kooning—A group of rarely seen paintings and drawings from the late twenties through the sixties; through 1/22. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6878).

Robert De Niro—A survey of expressionistic paintings of landscapes, still-life, and nudes from the seventies and eighties by this second-generation New York School artist (1922–1993) who studied at Black Mountain College; 1/7–3/4. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Jane Egan—These Cornell-influenced glass-sealed boxes contain maps, newspaper clippings, envelopes, various flea-market finds, and other typically American ephemera; through 1/28. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Herbert Ferber—The sculptures in this exhibition are from two series in the artist's career—"The Roofs," which originated in the fifties and in which biomorphic forms are juxtaposed in architecturally delineated spaces, and "Cages," from the late sixties and early seventies, which comprise his *Homage to Piranesi* sculptures; 1/7–2/1. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

David Smith—Not exhibited in New York since 1940, this series of fifteen bronze reliefs titled "Medals for Dishonor" was the artist's response to World War I and the Depression; through 1/28. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

57th Street Area

Jake Berthot—These new abstract paintings have a looser, more scumbled touch than his earlier works, bringing aspects of underpainting and -drawing to the surface; through 1/11. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

James Brooks—Abstract Expressionist works on paper from the fifties and sixties; through 1/14. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Michael Byron—Oil paintings on plaster panels made between 1982 and 1985 that were shown at Artists Space, the New Museum, and P.S. 1; through 1/14. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

William Merritt Chase—Paintings, watercolors, and pastels spanning the American Impressionist's career; through 1/31. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Constance DeJong—Six wall-mounted reductive sculptures in wood faced with copper and copper "drawings" in which black-patinated-copper squares sit atop black masonite panels; 1/4–28. Littlejohn/Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

David Dewey—Large-scale watercolors of the Maine coast, Greece, and Spain; 1/6–27. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Minnie Evans/David Zeldis—Paintings by the self-taught visionary artist whose themes include scenes from the Bible, the sacredness of nature, and the exotic (see Museum of American Folk Art)/Small pencil drawings from the past fifteen years, ranging from depictions of the familiar to the fantastic; 1/5–2/18. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

Louise Fishman/José Resende—Small-scale abstract paintings on single panels and in diptychs and triptychs/Sculpture by a Brazilian artist; 1/10–2/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Kevin King—Mysterious still-life and landscape paintings that invite psychological interpretation; 1/5–25. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Jacob Lawrence—A survey of paintings from 1936 to the present by the preeminent storyteller and historian of African-American culture; 1/5–2/25. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

James B. Moore—The fruits, vegetables, and rustic containers in these still-life paintings reflect the artist's southwestern environs; 1/4–28. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Lika Mutal—A survey of abstract stone sculptures from the past fifteen years; 1/6–28. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Joe Nicastri/Leonard Stokes—Symbolic boxes and wall pieces/Small-scale collages. Through 1/21. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Scott Prior—New paintings that depict the artist's life in Northampton, Massachusetts, where he lives with his wife and three children; through 1/14. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Raffaele—The Florentine artist's first one-person show in New York consists of small-scale paintings of landscapes, still life, and fantasy scenes; through 1/28. Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

Sarah Rapson—The muted white tones of the British artist's recent paintings bring to mind paper, bed linens, yogurt, and porcelain; 1/5–2/11. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Neil Welliver—Realist paintings of Maine landscapes in different seasons and at different times of day by this artist who has lived in Maine since 1962; 1/11–2/4. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Bettina Werner—Minimal paintings with textured surfaces; 1/10–2/25. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

H. C. Westermann—Sculptures and lithographs from the sixties; 1/5–28. Frumkin/Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Lowinsky Gallery.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alan Belcher—Fetishistic dolls made from the artist's own bedsheets, socks, hair, fingernails, blood, and photographic self-portraits; 1/7–28. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Gavin Brown/Kevin Landers—A work that comprises the artist's own eclectic collection of paperback books, offset posters, and other images and objects/Color photographs and objects that explore the peculiarities of life in New York City. Through 1/28. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (274-9300).

Brian Clarke—Examples of pieces in stained glass and mosaic by this British architect who has collaborated with Arata Isozaki, Zaha Hadid, and others; through 2/4. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

George Dudding/Martin Mull—New copper sculptures/Small paintings and works on paper; 1/5–2/4. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Suzan Etkin—An installation that transforms the gallery space into an architectural conundrum, using bronze hand mirrors, a blown-glass chandelier, French doors, and other reflective and transparent materials; through 1/28. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Viola Frey—New ceramic works; through 1/11. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Ken Lum—Photographs accompanied by imagined text; through 1/14. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

William Majors—*Etchings From Ecclesiastes* and other prints from the sixties by this African-American artist; through 1/28. Berman/Daferner, 568 Broadway (226-8330).

Marilyn Minter/Max Mohr—Recent paintings that draw on pop culture/A site-specific installation of strange anthropomorphic forms that questions the virtual future of the human body; 1/8–2/4. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Tatsuo Miyajima—A kinetic installation, titled "U-Car," that grew out of the artist's research into chaos theory and features battery-operated cars that move in circles on the gallery's floor; 1/7–2/11. Luhring-Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Isamu Noguchi—Two works from 1985—one titled *Beginnings* that consists of five randomly placed masses of Andesite that recall Japanese stone gardens, and another, *Endings,* a Swedish-granite sculpture positioned specifically in relation to its architectural environment; through 1/21. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Tim Rollins and K.O.S.—The group's latest paintings were inspired by Aristophanes' Classical comedies and use actual pages from the books to create a gridded background for symbols that convey the spirit of the literature; 1/7–2/25. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Bruno Rousselot—New abstract paintings from the his "Delta" series, in which square canvases carry variations on a figure/ground structure of four angled bands wrapping themselves around a slightly off-center position and around each other; 1/7–2/4. Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (941-0012).

Mira Schendel—The artist, who was born in Zurich in 1919 and moved to Brazil in 1949, began making these calligraphic drawings on thin sheets of Japanese paper in 1964; 1/7–2/4. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

David Shaw—Fabrications of objects and materials—a human arm, a bubble, a glass of water—that are intended to be as "real" as possible in scale and representation; through 1/21. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Regina Silveira—Wood maquettes that are reduced replicas of large, often more ephemeral pieces; 1/7–28. LedisFlam, 17 Laight St. (925-2806), Thurs.–Sat. 12-6.

Stan Smokler/Jean Marie Haessle—Abstract sculptures created from salvaged machine parts and other found objects/These colorful paintings of cartwheeling figures, some of which are posed to form alphabetical letters, appear to be stenciled onto the canvas but are hand-painted; 1/6–2/4. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Donald Sultan—A series of 100 drawings of "wall flowers"; through 1/28. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Selina Trieff/Trisha Orr—Confrontational paintings of people and animals that suggest Renaissance painting/Still-life paintings of intricately patterned objects and fabrics; through 1/28. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Other

Thomas Chimes—A survey charting the artist's development from his Surrealist-inspired boxes of the sixties to his somber portraits based on photographs of symbolist writers to his "white paintings" of the eighties and nineties; through 1/27. NYU's Alexander S. Onassis Center for Hellenic Studies, 58 W. 10th St. (998-6838), Mon.–Fri. 9–5.

Ellsworth Kelly—This show of recent minimal paintings inaugurates the gallery's Chelsea space; through 1/29. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). American paintings executed between 1807 and 1935, by Church, Cole, Glackens, Hassam, Moran, others; through 2/1.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Our Own Bright Land: American Topographical Pictures, 1770–1930" includes paintings, drawings, and prints that document the rise and progress of America's natural and man-made history, by Bierstadt, Cole, Hassam, Kensett, Sloan, others; through 1/28.

Spanish Institute—684 Park Ave. (628-0420). Works by seven young Spanish artists who are living in New York; through 1/31.

57th Street Area

De Nagy—41 W. 57th St. (421-3780). Collaborations between the poet Kenneth Koch and various artists, among them Nell Blaine, Red Grooms, Alex Katz, Roy Lichtenstein, and Larry Rivers; through 1/14.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "The Music Box Project" features seventeen newly created artworks combining visual and aural components, by Acconci, Anderson, Bender, Marclay, Paik, others; through 1/17.

Sheehan—41 E. 57th St. (888-4220). "The Big Picture" brings together large-scale, large-in-impact works on paper by Bellows, Johns, Kelly, Mitchell, Stella, others; 1/3-28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Anderson—476 Broome St. (431-8547). Works that explore the desire to unveil hidden memories, by Lee, Levenstein, Reed, Risley, Preheim; through 1/28.

Black + Greenberg—79 Grand St. (431-1670). Figurative paintings and sculpture by Doud, Ferran, Garfield, Howard, Peck; 1/5–28.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). An exhibit celebrating the tenth anniversary of Parkett, with all 63 special editions and multiples; through 1/28.

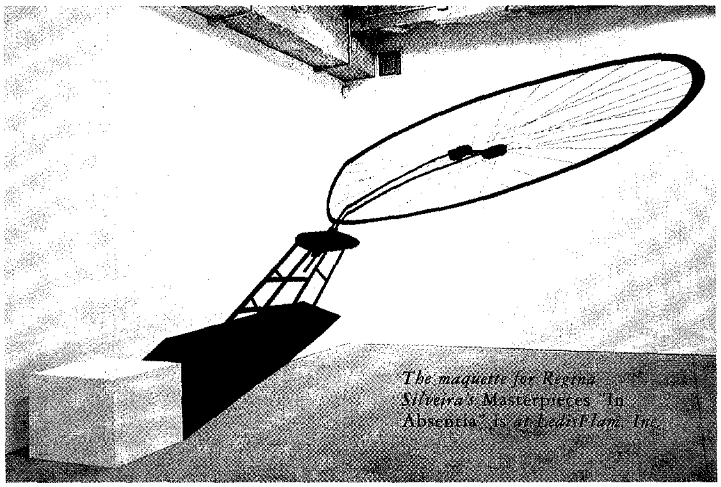
Condeso/Lawler—524 Broadway (219-1283). Figurative paintings by Brock, Copp, Davison, Lehrer, McGrew, Pierson, Suarez, others; 1/3–21.

Cristinerose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). "Chasing Angels," with works by Blondel, Charlesworth, Gerber, Majore, Merola, Pou, Serrano, Wray, others; through 1/21.

On View

Art From Brazil

This month and next, eleven New York galleries will turn their spaces over to three generations of Brazilian artists, from the late installation artist Hélio Oiticicato to figurative painter Adriana Varejão. The *grande celebração,* an open house at all participating galleries, takes place January 12 from 6 to 9.



The maquette for Regina Silveira's Masterpieces "In Absentia" is at LedisFlam, Inc.

Gallery	Artist	Dates
Galerie Lelong ***20 West 57th Street***	**Waltercio Caldas** **Cildo Meireles**	**January 10–February 17**
Robert Miller Gallery ***41 East 57th Street***	**José Resende**	**January 10–February 4**
The New Museum ***583 Broadway***	**Valeska Soares**	**January 27–April 9**
Annina Nosei Gallery ***100 Prince Street***	**Adriana Varejão**	**January 12–February 8**
Brooke Alexander ***59 Wooster Street***	**Nuno Ramos**	**January 7–February 11**
Charles Cowles Gallery ***420 West Broadway***	**Daniel Senise**	**January 7–January 28**
The Drawing Center ***35 Wooster Street***	**Mira Schendel** **Selections Brazil**	**January 7–February 4** **February 9–March 11**
Marian Goodman Gallery ***24 West 57th Street***	**Hélio Oiticica**	**January 10–February 4**
Nicole Klagsbrun Gallery ***51 Greene Street***	**Sandra Tucci**	**January 12–February 11**
LedisFlam, Inc. ***17 Laight Street***	**Regina Silveira**	**January 7–January 28**
Marc Pottier ***45 Greene Street***	**Tunga**	**January 12–February 6**

Photograph courtesy of LedisFlam Gallery.

Delahoyd—426 Broome St. (219-2111). Works by fourteen women artists—Magdalena Abakanowicz, Dorothy Dehner, Harmony Hammond, Barbara Kruger, Adrian Piper, and others—whose writings comprise the anthology *Voicing Today's Visions*, recently published by Universe Books; through 1/28.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "It's How You Play the Game," a three-month project in which five curators will take turns choosing and installing works over a five-week period; all of the works will remain on view for the last five weeks; through 1/28.

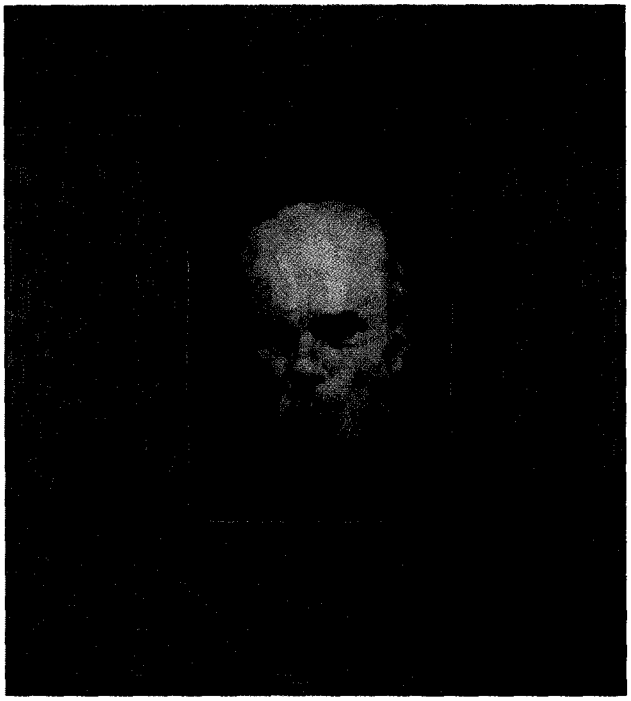
Gladstone—99 Greene St. (431-3334). Figurative sculpture by Akpan, Balkenhol, Fischli/Weiss, Koons, Ray, Veilhan, others; through 1/30.

K & E—78 Grand St. (431-7783). "Reconstituted Paint," with abstract paintings by Ackles, Ainslie, Arm, Ferris, Green, Gross, Hankwitz, Jones, Starr; 1/5–2/4.

Silverstein—591 Broadway (226-0640). Recent works by Brown, Cotton, Nuell, Rainee, Warner, others; through 1/15.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). "Emblems and Contours," with paintings by Baechler, Basquiat, Dine, Lasker, Lichtenstein, Schnabel, Twombly, Warhol, Wegman; 1/7–2/11.

Zarre—48 Greene St. (966-2222). The gallery's twentieth-anniversary exhibition features works by Barth, Bornstein, Daphnis, Lanyon, Ohlson, Pereira, Strider, Zapkus, others; through 1/29.



Survey It seems fitting that Philadelphia should have produced both Thomas Eakins and Tom Chimes. Though Chimes's recent gray paintings with raised, Braille-like dots appear to have little in common with his portraits from the seventies of literary figures like Paul Verlaine (above), Edgar Allan Poe, and Alfred Jarry, they contain mysterious relief portraits. At NYU's Alexander S. Onassis Center for Hellenic Studies, 58 West 10th Street. Edith Newhall

Other

Fordham College—Plaza Gallery, 113 W. 60th St. (636-6000). "Gene Culture: Molecular Metaphor in Art" is the first exhibit devoted to the intersection of genetic theory and visual art and features works by Dennis Ashbaugh, William Gibson, Michael Joaquin Grey, Nicholas Rule, and others; through 1/28.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Verisimilitude and the Utility of Doubt," with works by Beck, Bush, Dodge, Hilliard, Letinsky, Silverthorne, others; 1/6–2/5.

Photography

Diane Arbus—Among the pictures that the photographer shot between 1956 and 1958 was a series made in movie theaters in and around Times Square, including the exteriors and lobbies of theaters, actual onscreen images, and people in the audience; 1/10-2/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Karl Baden—Photographs of dog and cat shows that take an ironic look at the standards of perfection by which felines and canines are judged; through 1/21. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. $4; $2.50 students and seniors. "William Klein: In and Out of Fashion"; through 2/26.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. $4; $2.50 students and seniors. "Toni Frissell: Four Decades of Photography"; through 2/12. . . . "A Singular Elegance: The Photographs of Baron Adolph de Meyer"; through 2/12.

Koichiro Kurita—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of nature by a Japanese artist who works in the mountain country of Yatugatake; through 1/28. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Danny Lyon—The civil-rights movement, motorcycle gangs, the destruction of nineteenth-century buildings in Lower Manhattan, and the Texas prison system have been some of this photographer's subjects over the past four decades; through 2/25. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

Hanno Otten—These large-scale Cibachromes from the "Kino" series appear to be abstract but are actually close-up photographs of movie curtains; through 1/21. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Sebastiano Piras—Black-and-white portraits of artists; through 1/14. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Paul Strand—An exhibition of photographs taken in Europe and Africa after Strand moved to France in 1950; through 2/4. Burden Gallery at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Hiroshi Sugimoto—Images of prehistoric life and of wax figures of politicians, celebrities, the British royal family, and English murderers; 1/7–2/4. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

292—120 Wooster St. (431-0292). Classic images of snow, by Callahan, Giacomelli, Kertész, Munkacsi, Stieglitz, Weegee, others; through 1/14.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920–1945." More than 160 objects by American craft artists. Through 2/26. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The World Explored: 125 Years of Collecting Photographs." Through 1/30. CPW at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"An Enduring Legacy: The Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection." Through 1/15. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10/95. . . . "Realms of Heroism: Indian Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." Through 1/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Cartographies: 14 Artists From Latin America." Map-inspired works by Jose Bedia, Mario Cravo Neto, Julio Galan, Guillermo Kuitca, Nahum B. Zenil, others. Through 1/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th St., Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; $3 suggested admission, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 2/19. . . . "Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace." Through 2/26. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, seniors and students $1.50; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, *The Last Supper Paintings.*" Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, *Worlds Envisioned.*" Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/12. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings From a Private Collection." Through 2/12. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"René Santos: Suspension of the Law, a Retrospective." Through 12/17. . . . "Scot Cohen: An Installation." Through 12/17. New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6:30, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; free.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors. "The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943–1968." The development of Italian abstraction, from Alberto Burri's *informale* paintings through the early works of Arte Povera artists in the sixties. Through 1/29.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Japanese Art After 1945: Scream Against the Sky." Through 1/8. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"Otsu-E: Japanese Folk Painting From the Harriet and Edson Spencer Collection." Through 1/8. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912–1922." Through 1/29. . . . "Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through 3/5. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Willem de Kooning: Paintings." Through 1/8. . . . "Origins of Impressionism." Through 1/8. . . . "The Photographs of Édouard Baldus: Landscapes and Monuments of France." Through 12/31. . . . "Orientalism." Through 3/19. . . . "Ominous Hush: The Thunderstorm Paintings of Martin Johnson Heade." Through 1/8. . . . "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through 2/26. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300–1450." Through 2/26. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . "Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Baroque Crèche." Through 1/8. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions." Through 1/22. . . . "Charles Dickens: *A Christmas Carol.*" Through 1/8. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Recovering Popular Culture." The second segment of "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations With El Museo," an exhibit celebrating Latin American customs, traditions, and popular arts. Through 1/8. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4 suggested contribu-

Photograph courtesy of Marian Locks Gallery.

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tion, $2 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art." Through 3/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Every Picture Tells a Story: Word and Image in American Folk Art." Through 1/15. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Cy Twombly: A Retrospective." Through 1/10. . . . "Mapping." Works that use maps as a source. Through 12/20. . . . "Thresholds/O.M.A. at MOMA: Rem Koolhaas and the Place of Public Architecture." Through 1/31. . . . "New Photography 10: Shimon Attie, Abelardo Morell, Jorge Ribalta, Michal Rovner." Through 1/10. . . . "The Prints of Louise Bourgeois." Through 1/3. . . . "A Century of Artists Books." Through 1/24. . . . "American Politicians." Through 1/3. . . . "Drawing in Black and White: A Selection of Contemporary Works From the Collection." Through 1/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Making of a Mural: Reginald Marsh at the U.S. Custom House." Preparatory drawings, watercolor studies, photographs, and glass-lantern slides produced by Marsh in the thirties in the course of designing his mural for the U.S. Custom House. Through 1/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Ferdinand Hodler: Views and Visions." Through 1/15. . . . "An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." Through 2/19. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. noon–5 (Fri. to 8); $3.50, $2 seniors and students, free Fri. 5–8.

National Museum of the American Indian—"Creation's Journey: Masterworks of Native American Identity and Belief." Objects from tribal groups from North, Central, and South America. Alexander Hamilton U.S. Custom House, 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sun. noon–6, Sat. noon–8; $3.50, $2.50 seniors and students.

New York Public Library—"Garbage! The History & Politics of Trash in New York City." Through 2/25 . . . . "e e cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S. 1 Museum—"The Winter of Love." Through 1/8 . . . . "Alternating 1 to 100 and Vice Versa by Alighiero e Boetti." Through 1/8. 46-01 21st St., Long Island City (718-784-2084); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $2 contribution.

Whitney Museum—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through 3/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. . . . "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting." Through 2/26. . . . "Recent Photography Acquisitions." Through 2/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8). **Whitney Museum at Philip Morris**— "Jacob Lawrence: The War Series"; 1/11–3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 1/10 at 2: "European Works of Art, Furniture, and Tapestries." On view from 1/6. 1/11 at 10 and 2: "Important Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/5. 1/11 at 10:15: "Old Master Paintings From the Collection of Alice Tully." On view from 1/5.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 1/10 at 2: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/6.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/10 at 10:15: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/5. 1/10 at 7 and 1/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Cyril Humphris Collection."

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/5 at 2: "Shelf Sale."

in concert

“Altogether Different”...Upshaw and Levine

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 3

“Juilliard in Concert”—Soprano Christine Arand, tenor Jon Villars, and pianist Tim Long perform works by Fauré, Bizet, Bernstein, and Barber. Continental Insurance Atrium, 180 Maiden Ln., near the South Street Seaport (799-5000), at 12:30; free.

“Winter Lights”—Andrea Hoag and Paul Morrissett present music from Sweden and Norway, including songs of the Santa Lucia celebrations. Citicorp Atrium, 53rd St. and Lexington Ave. (691-9510), at 12:30; free.

New York Philharmonic—Andrew Davis conducts, and pianist Andrei Gavrilov makes his first appearance with the Philharmonic since 1986. Works by Rachmaninoff, Ravel, and Borodin are on the program. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.

Wednesday, January 4

Bernard Swanson—Pianist Swanson is the latest fine musician brought to Federal Hall by the American Landmark Festival. 26 Wall St. (866-2086), at 12:30; free.

Thursday, January 5

New York Philharmonic: The Rush-Hour Concert—Leonard Slatkin conducts a performance of Tchaikovsky’s Symphony No. 5. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 6:45; $10–$35. A reception follows the concert.

Bargemusic—Pianist Edward Auer, violinist Ik-Hwan Bae, and cellist Denis Brott perform works by Schubert, Franck, and Beethoven on Olga Bloom’s barge under the Brooklyn Bridge. Fulton Ferry Landing at 7:30 (718-624-4061 for more information and reservations); $35.

Friday, January 6

New York Philharmonic—Christopher Lamb, the philharmonic’s principal percussionist, is the soloist in tonight’s world-premiere performance of Joseph Scwantner’s Percussion Concerto (it was composed and commissioned especially for him). The balance of the program consists of works by Gabrieli, Lassus, and Tchaikovsky. Leonard Slatkin conducts. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.

Marc Ponthus—The pianist gives a free performance at the Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (777-3240), at 7:30. No reservations are required.

Saturday, January 7

Orchestra of St. Luke’s—Julius Rudel conducts bass soloist James Morris and the orchestra in a concert of works by Richard Strauss, Donizetti, Ibert, and Mussorgsky. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.

New York Philharmonic—See 1/6.

Sunday, January 8

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Fifty philharmonic musicians perform Ewazen’s Trio, Hindemith’s Clarinet Quintet, and Korngold’s Piano Trio in D. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 3; $15.

Great Performers: Upshaw and Levine—Soprano Dawn Upshaw and pianist James Levine perform Debussy (*Ariettes oubliées*, music from *The Vasnier Songbook*) and Berg (*Vier Lieder, Sieben frühe Lieder*). Alice Tully Hall at 3. Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500); $30.

Music Before 1800—Corpus Christi Church’s ensemble-in-residence presents “Freude über Freude: Baroque Vocal Music from Thuringia for Christmas and the New Year.” Included in the concert are German motets by rarely heard seventeenth-century composers such as Liebholdt, Topff, and Niedt. The church is located at 529 W. 121st St., just east of Broadway (666-0675). At 4; $15.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see “Nightlife.”

Bargemusic—See 1/5; today at 4.

Monday, January 9

Donald Joyce—As part of the Trinity Church/St. Paul’s Chapel noonday series, organist Donald Joyce performs music by Philip Glass. The concert takes place at the chapel, which is on the corner of Broadway and Fulton St. (602-0747); $2.

Tuesday, January 10

New York Philharmonic—See 1/6. Today at 7:30.

Wednesday, January 11

Ilton Wjuniski—The harpsichordist performs Baroque and Renaissance works; Couperin, Bach, Mudarra, Carreira, Mucillo, and Scarlatti are among the featured composers. Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—1/3 at 8: Britten’s *Peter Grimes;* 1/4 and 1/10 at 8, 1/7 at 1:30: Puccini’s *Madama Butterfly;* 1/5 and 1/7 at 8: Strauss’s *Die Fledermaus;* 1/6 and 1/9 at 8: Donizetti’s *L’elisir d’Amore.* Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center Plaza (362-6000), $22–$110.

Dance

“Altogether Different”—In honor of Altogether Different’s tenth anniversary, the Joyce is showcasing seven premieres by seven choreographers. This week’s schedule: 1/3 and 1/5–6 at 8: Jane Comfort and Company’s *S/He.* 1/4 at 8, 1/8 at 2 and 7:30: David Dorfman Dance’s *approaching no calm counting laughter, BULL,* and *Hey.* 1/7 at 8: Poppo and the GoGo Boys’s untitled world -premiere work. 1/10 at 8: Forces of Nature’s *Two Rivers, Passion Fruit,* and *The Life and Legend of Marie LaVeau.* 1/11 at 8: Sarah Skaggs Dance’s *Folked Up* and *Higher Ground.* Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (242-0800); $17.

New York City Ballet—1/3–6 and 1/10–11 at 8, 1/7 at 2 and 8, 1/8 at 7. The 1/6 performance is an all-Balanchine program. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $12–$60.

Preview

Pure Tharp

She built her career on highly theatrical, lavishly presented works. But this time around, Twyla Tharp will strip away scenery, costumes, and props to show off her enduring mastery of the fundamentals. ‘Red, White and Blues’ is at BAM *from January 16.*

Photograph by Mark Abrahams/Outline.

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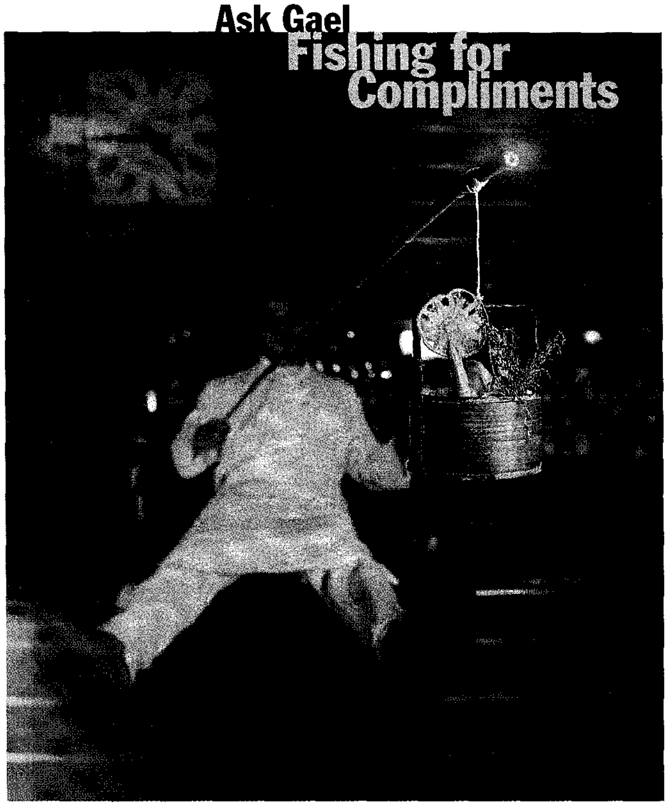


Is too much ever too much?

Perhaps chef Neil Murphy has too much time to think now that he is pleasing steady crowds at the Symphony Cafe. Sure, the antique dog-jumping-through-the-clown's-hoop metal bank that bears his deep-fried spinach doughnuts is rather clever. But dispatching a waiter to deliver strudel-wrapped shrimp in a basket hooked on a six-foot fishing pole is ridiculous. Pastry chef Richard Leach no longer builds mere monuments. His desserts are now really delicious. The "fancied assortment" of sorbet cones, ice-cream bars, and pops is enough to delight two grown-up babies. (237 West 56th Street, 397-9595.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. 475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. 152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.

Can—Pole position on SoHo's main drag. Inventive French-Vietnamese cuisine in an elegant, minimalistic dining room. 482 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-6333). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasti offering. Ironing-board tables in the booths that line the east wall and tile floors. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Fraunces Tavern Restaurant—A landmark pub with a museum upstairs that's a must for your historically minded out-of-town friends. 54 Pearl St., nr. Broad St. (269-0144). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sun. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobb makes brunch on Sunday a must. 2 World Financial Ctr, on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, off White St. (219-2777). (E) A.E. only.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., bet. Sullivan and Thompson Sts. (966-3518). (M-E) AE, MC.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866) (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken, ribs, and a fried-onion loaf that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

Two Eleven—Casual contemporary American fare with an occasional celebrity appearance. 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (925-7202) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Vegetarian Paradise—Vegetarian Chinese cuisine with a new menu. Completely vegan. The mood, like the walls, is pink. Predictably, there's no smoking allowed. 33 Mott St. (406-6988). (I) ($).

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Contemporary American dishes, crispy noodle-wrapped shrimp, wood-oven braised lamb shank with herb gnocchi, spit-roasted monkfish with lobster-potato home fries. 90 Prince St., bet. Broadway and Mercer St. (966-6722).(M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Zutto—Japanese in a Zen-like setting with mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. 77 Hudson St. nr. Harrison St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. 1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. 11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. 15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant Frenchish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Liberty Cafe—Hangar-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking*, *Ambrose*, and *Waverley* moored along the Seaport Museum. Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: *(E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate,* $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the eponymous builder, but wood panel and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. 11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. Maybe old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. 387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)

Haveli—A standout on a block so thick with Indian restaurants that you lose track of where you've been unless there's something pretty special going on. 100 Second Ave., at 6th St. (982-0533). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage posters on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*—and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Rincon de España—Intimate and rustic Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood. 226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good pub food keep them coming back. 190 W. 4th St (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cafe Melville—This exposed-brick West Village café is cozy and comfortable without being claustrophobic. 110 Barrow St., at Washington St. (924-0110). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Caribe—117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. (M) MC, V.

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that is Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-0890). (M) AE, MC, V.

Eclectic—Traditional American food with a hint of Provence served to you in the most romantic of settings. Bring a date. 38–40 Carmine St. (807-1939). (I) AE, TM.

El Charro Español—(M) Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M.) Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). AE, CB, MC, V.

El Faro—The oldest Spanish restaurant in town has been around since 1927. A small family place with murals depicting bullfights and serving regional dishes like paella. 823 Greenwich St., at Horatio St., (929 82100). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. 546 La Guardia Pl., nr Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steak house from blocks away. Just look for the larger-than-life cow on the facade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room . You'll find a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. 56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. 319 Greenwich Street (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Trattoria Pesce Pasta—Good old Italian comfort food. The attraction of this spot? Specialties that include lots of fish dishes and a casual dining room with a well-worn feel. 262 Bleecker St. (645-2993) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Zinno—An unexpected coupling of Northern Italian fare and live jazz. Sets end early, so you can catch a few and relieve the baby-sitter at a reasonable hour. 126 W. 13th St., nr. Sixth Ave. (924-5182). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Zutto—Japanese in a Zen-like setting with mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. 77 Hudson St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a restaurant strictly to American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. 488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd. St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark brick pub always pleases. 156 E. 34th St., nr. Lexington Ave. (889-3369) (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. 485 Madison Ave., nr. 52st St.(366-4020) (M) AE, MC, V.

Christine's—Polish diner-café. Open late for simple peasant fare. Try the delicious, simple chicken and a zesty sauerkraut soup. (I) 462 Second Ave., at 26th St. (779-2220). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Crystal Fountain—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business-and-tourist crowd. Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. 323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. 10 E. 38th St. (447-1854) (M) AE, DC, V.

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for oversize dining rooms. The tropical theme and kitchen are pleasing; just bring a compass for the trip from the front door through the jungle of tables to your seat. 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Metro Seafood Grill—Take the flavors of Thailand, Japan, and China, wrap them together and you get a cuisine this place calls "Asian Influence." Simple setting near the Queens Midtown tunnel. 501 Third Ave., nr. 34th St. (725-3388). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Avenue So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Restaurants

Babble From Abroad

People appear smarter when they're speaking in another language, and the bar scene at Chez Jacqueline (72 MacDougal Street) is so Francophilic that everyone there seems impossibly urbane. Don't let them intimidate you. It's remarkable how clever "Deux bières, mon ami, et pas demain!" can sound when you don't talk the talk.

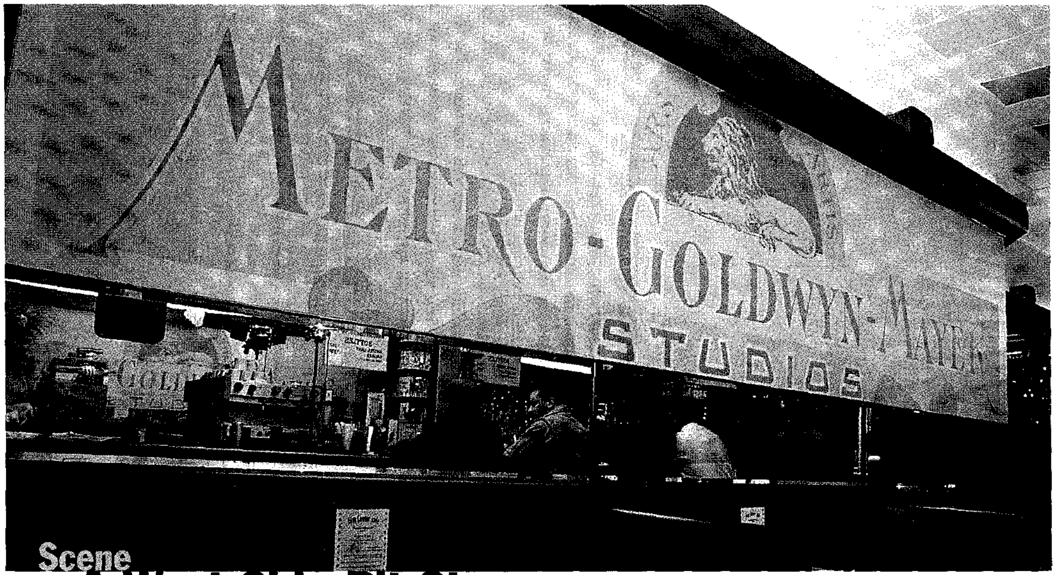
Pigalle—What it lacks in size, it more than makes up for with style and food. A bistro with a heavy French accent. 111 E. 29th St. (779-7830). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

Secret Harbor Bistro—A neighborhood lunch crowd from the outskirts of the fashion district. At dinner, local residents with hotel guests stop here for generous portions of American food with an

Photograph by Steven Freeman.



Scene

A West Side Pit Stop

For an unsung spot in an overlooked part of town, Film Center Cafe (635 Ninth Avenue, near 45th Street) gets its share of boldface customers (that Rollerblading bachelor-about-town favors the meat loaf). Sharing the counter are plenty of famous-any-minute Hell's Kitchen actors enviously eyeing the guy in the Evita tour jacket.

Italian accent. 303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St., in the Shelburne Murray Hill Hotel (447-7400). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Steak Frites—Only a few places manage not to get lost in this bustling intersection of restaurant rows. A menu complete enough to hit the nail on the head and almost small enough to do everything well. 9 E. 16th St. (463-7101). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway for fresh seafood and intimate settings. 346 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. 500 E. 30th St. (683-3333).(E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. 55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Lola's—A lively entrance in the front room that gives way to a vast and airy room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquets. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that *was* Luther Vandross. 30 W 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theatre for its reliable and very current American offerings. 169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is—you guessed it—Irish. 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032) (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-theme café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with art customers have drawn at the tables. 182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.

37th Street Hideaway—Don't dress down for this restaurant. Jacket required. A charming space with a 100-year-old fireplace caters to a "mature" audience. Italian Continental cuisine. 32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (M) AE,CB,DC,V.

T-Rex Restaurant and Bar—Modern "cave cuisine" blends old traditions with new flavors. The prehistoric cavelike setting features paintings on the walls reminiscent of Lascaux's; candles and unique pottery abound. Midnight supper club beginning mid-October Thursdays through Saturdays 12–6 A.M. with live entertainment. 358 W. 23rd St. (620-4620). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC,V.

Zip City—Pub grub and award-winning microbrew to wash it down. Collegial—if collegiate—atmosphere. 3 W. 18th St. (366-6333). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. 100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café in the back, one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St., at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Chiam Inn—Hong Kong–style Cantonese fare served in a spacious wood-paneled dining room. Be bold. The menu will reward you. 160 E. 48th St. (371-2323). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Christ Cella—Sixty-nine years old and counting. This steakhouse is run by the third generation of the Cella family. The place specializes in steaks and lobster. A jacket and a tie are required. 160 E. 46th St. (697-2497) (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies, and many of those same moguls are still deciding the fate of Third World countries—and that of the *Times* best-seller list—over Perrier and Paillard. The Pool Room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Fresco—Yes, that's a sky at your feet and fine Italian fare on the table. Attracts mostly a business crowd. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Keewah Yen—An unlikely hybrid of upscale Chinese fare and high audio technology—karaoke system and all. 50 W. 56th St. (246-0770). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. 5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC,V.

La Mangeoire—A Cote D'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of Southern France to a rustic room in midtown. 1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling environs to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Oceana—Formal setting and an extensive seafood menu make it a favorite for business lunches. 55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM,V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC ,DS, MC, TM,V.

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and good food—Creole southern with New England twitches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Monday-night talent showcase. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. 34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM,V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting room–like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

American Festival—Lunch inside this glamorized luncheonette with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Barbetta—Impressive and old-world, this theater-district favorite has space, with a regal dining room and a romantic garden. Serving Northern Italian food. 321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your Ninas while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Ciao Europa—Because of its muraled walls and abundant greenery, many feel like they're walking into a castle when they walk into this Italian restaurant. But this is no monolithic Italian: Each week, a regional dish from a specific European country is served as the special. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cafe Un, Deux, Trois—This casual French bistro has all the hustle and bustle of its Parisian cousins. Good, hearty regional food at moderate prices. 123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Dish of Salt—Classic Cantonese that serves well as a pretheater meal or a business lunch. 133 W. 47th St. (921-4242) (M) AE, CB, MC, V.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that is Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th. St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American theme. Lots of steak and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. 307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.

Langan's—American food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during precurtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and surroundings. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Le Patio—Tapas bar and light fare for hotel guests and after-work diners. 119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien (245-5000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro, reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. 328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. 7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Palio—Authentic Italian cuisine served in a formal atmosphere. The crowd is occasionally *très* international. Tourists and natives agree that the breadsticks are unreal. 151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, MC, V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neopolitan eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rainbow Room—Where troubles melt like raindrops, boasts this perch in the sky. Sixty-five stories up and over 60 years old, its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming. The food won't surprise you, but that is indeed the point; reliable and comforting. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.

René Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean Michel Bergougnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. Stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near MOMA. 33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.

Ruth's Chris Steak House—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sam's—Solid Continental food served up pub-style in the heart of the theater district. 263 W. 45 St. (719-5416). (M) AE, MC, V.

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. 1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and an eye on the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. 916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

Top of the Sixes—A beautiful view and a restaurant to boot. Perched atop the office that houses Universal Pictures's offices. American-Continental food. 666 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., 39th floor (757-6662). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Trionfo—Good Italian food in a pleasant setting close to Broadway theaters. 224 W. 51st St. (262-6660). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger "21" has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful. With a stained-glass ceiling overhead and business-minded types in abundance. 475 Park Ave. nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Previews

Fresh Talent, New Start

Having recognized that food is a secondary concern to the crowd at their gilded high-fashion fun house, Casa La Femme's owners, Medhat Ibrahim and Anastasi Hairatidis, moved their talented new chef, Larry Kolar, uptown and opened Eros (1076 First Avenue, near 59th Street) this week. Kolar, a veteran of Sign of the Dove and Quilted Giraffe, has developed a Greek-inspired Mediterranean menu featuring such dishes as Fassolatha—fava-bean-and-artichoke soup—and pomegranate-cured quail from the rotisserie.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces will make anyone feel welcome. 240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist *undersea-egg-monger*. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. 502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC,V.

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. 112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. The Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at Central Park West (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Le Bar Bat—They crowd five deep at the bar, stalking one another; young melting-pot faces with briefcases and the curious come to eat. 311 W. 57th St. (307-7228).(M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Le Taxi—Veteran restaurateur Pedro Iso has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. 37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, 6th floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Le Veau d'Or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. 129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. 182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Pierro's on the Park—Italian with a twist of art history. This parkside restaurant features original Art Deco furnishings from the thirties: frosted glass, black lacquer, and original lighting. 150 Central Park So. (541-4090). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Indeed someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

(E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959) (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Restaurants
This Little Piggy

When chef Dan Silverman signed on with Alison Becker Hurt at Alison on Dominick Street last August, he wanted to spike the menu with a few of the simple, basic dishes that he had recently become fascinated with. Classically trained, then tutored in the byzantine style of French cooking by David Bouley, Silverman has begun to take his inspiration from less formal sources. "For the last couple of years I've been eating roast pig at New York Noodle Town on the Bowery. They have the coolest oven. They bone out the pig and hang it spread-eagle on this coat hanger and sail it into this oven as big as a closet," explains Silverman, who has added suckling pig to the menu as a special on Wednesday nights.

The pig at Alison's pre-prettification.

Silverman's delicate little porker is a distant cousin to Chinatown's rough-and-tumble window pig. His tender—and delicately presented—version is served on puréed potatoes, covered with a parchment-like piece of crackling, and accompanied by glazed pearl onions and currants. Those who crave the primal satisfaction of a whole pig presented *Lord of the Flies*-style at table, however, will be disappointed. Says Silverman, "Alison would never allow that." (38 Dominick Street, near Varick Street.)

MANNY HOWARD

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. 140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC,V.

Baraonda—Another casual Italian spot on the Upper East Side. But this one reportedly starts cooking late-nite when there's more dancing than dining. With a name that translates to "what a mess," it certainly has a reputation to live up to. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($)

The Boat House Cafe—Rent a rowboat or ride the Venetian gondola before or after dining at this glorious oasis in Central Park. This is the kind of Italian food found only in America, some of it pretty good. There's a new menu for grazers at the waterside bar. Central Park nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Cafe Chopin—Very casual spot, often warm and candlelit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. 339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. 354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare; a people watcher's paradise. Don't settle for less than the front row. 768 Madison Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC,V.

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri*. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. 1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC,V.

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian restaurant has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850) (M) AE only.

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the *whole* neighborhood. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; on this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. 50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC,V.

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475) (M) AE, MC,V.

Ferrier—Neighborhood hot spot. People-watching, but be prepared to get what you give at this bistro. 29 E. 65th St. (772-9000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. 151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls. 680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. 1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. 1485 Second Ave., bet. 77th and 78th Sts. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . Close enough. This festive spot serves caribbean fare like jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. Leave with a suntan. 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Moscow on the Hudson—Authentic Russian fare. After that, there's live entertainment with music, dancing, and a live gypsy show. 803 Second Ave., at 93rd St. (534-4866). (M) AE, DC, MC,V

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze; but that figures, he owns the place. 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by personal chefs in the private teppan grill rooms. The cool, contemporary decor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. 68 East 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local *haute* boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. 840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or the lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. 853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. In the spring the terrace is a lively spot to take tea and people watch. 995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,TM,V.

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. 1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686) (M) AE, DS, MC,V.

Toraya—The purveyor to the Japanese imperial family for 450 years, this teahouse offers an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

The Townhouse American—Continental cuisine in a classic English setting. Caters to a gay and lesbian crowd. 206 E. 58th St. (826-6241) (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. 154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC,V.

West 63rd Street Steak house—Mahogany tables and red-suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for spectacular views of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363) (M) AE, DC, MC,V

Above 60th Street, West Side

Arizona 206—Innovative Southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC,V.

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267) (M) AE only.

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with its frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. 200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. 73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the yuppie handbook, and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among Upper West Siders. 467 Columbus Ave., bet. 82nd and 83rd Sts. (769-1144). (M) AE only.

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese joint on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. 235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two at 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th Street (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday-brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,V.

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this popular, giant space seem cozy. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Picholine—Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE ,DC, MC,V.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC,TM,V.

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. 72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC,V.

Sidewalkers'—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. 12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,V.

Upstairs at Jack Sprat's—An upstairs spot with an atmosphere that lies somewhere between a speak easy and an airport lounge. Healthy American fare with a creative twist, never fear they have burgers too. 169 Columbus Ave. at 68th St. (496-9494)(M) AE, DC, DS ,MC,V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711) ($)

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. 1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. 75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC,TM,V.

Water's Edge—East River views, floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tues.-Sat. 6–11 P.M. 44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

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Previews

Wild Things

Eleanor Antin's newest filmic installation, 'Minetta Lane—A Ghost Story,' is a redux of a fifties Greenwich Village street in which the viewer assumes the role of a Peeping Tom spying on bohemians—aspiring Abstract Expressionists, poets, and the like—at a time when bohemians were still fascinating creatures. At Ronald Feldman Fine Arts, January 14–February 18.

John Leonard's Television Notes

In **The Nicotine War** (Tuesday, January 3; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), *Frontline* suspects that Republican control of the next Congress will curtail the public-health war against Tobacco Road just when the lordly Merchants of Death are in retreat and disarray from a redefinition of the cigarette as a drug, based on the manipulation of nicotine content, instead of an agricultural product. This is not, perhaps, the place to enter a dissent from the New Puritanism, but as I sit here, sticking burning leaves into my food-hole, I think of Siberian shamans, San bushmen, the Bat Caves and Breton megaliths of Spain and France, Persian carpet design, the poppy-inspired ornamental vases of the Minoan III period, the ecstatic vapor baths of the ancient Scythians, the Bronze Age pipe cups found near Stuttgart, the spatulas and bird-bone snuffing tubes of Amerindians, Zoroastrian mang and Mountain Ok ginger, coca, khat, kola nuts, and those Mayans who, to meet their minimum daily requirement of apomorphine, used to smoke water lilies. Get real.

Returning with seven new episodes and a reprise of the entire series is the award-winning **How the West Was Lost** (Tuesday, January 3; 9 to 11 P.M.; Tuesdays thereafter, through March 21, 9 to 10 P.M.; Discovery). First up in this superb tapestry of 2,000 photographs, paintings by Frederic Remington and Charles Russell, interviews with descendants from the dispossessed tribes, and eerie music from Peter Kater and Carlos Nakai are "Divided We Fall," about the Iroquois during the Revolutionary War, and "The Trail of Tears," about the Death March of the Cherokees from Georgia to Oklahoma. As good as *The Civil War*, without celebrity voice-overs. For those of us who remember psychologist Susan Silverman's running away, from Boston to California, to avoid a commitment to tough-guy P.I. Spenser, his running away in **Spenser: A Savage Place** (Wednesday, January 4; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime), from Boston to Toronto, to avoid moving in with her comes as a shock, especially since Susan is played for the second TV movie in a row by Wendy Crewson. With Crewson at home like money in the bank, an out-of-shape Robert Urich has no business bopping around Ontario in search of an "encoding machine" for counterfeit credit cards with a baby-doll TV journalist as incompetent as Cynthia Dale. Her media-tycoon daddy, Gordon Pisent, doesn't want his lawyer daughter Julianne Phillips to marry anybody, much less photojournalist Richard Grieco, but in **A Vow to Kill** (Thursday, January 5, and other dates; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA), she ties the knot anyway, around her own neck, and before you know it Grieco's got her on an island and has already murdered their only neighbors and she will have to improvise with a bow and arrow, like Diana the Huntress. Daddy's pleased.

In its sanitized network rendition, **Dream On** (Sundays starting January 8; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; Fox) is exactly the same show as it was on HBO, with Brian Benben as the New York book editor who imagines his disorderly life in hilarious film clips from old movies and TV sitcoms, except that there's no talking dirty and nobody gets naked. Executive producer John Landis says he shot the original series and these alternative versions simultaneously, like parallel universes.

From his own pulp novels and the syndicated TV movies they inspired, the tireless William Shatner now spins off a weekly action-adventure series, **TekWar** (Mondays, starting January 9; 10 to 11 P.M.; USA), with Greg Evigan as a twenty-first-century ex-cop employed by Shatner's own private-detective agency to sneak into cyberspace and, with the help of some friendly hackers, morph the drug-lord baddies. Besides humor, this one features some very nice virtual reality and a future that's as brightly colored and squeaky-clean as, say, Russian Constructivism.

Radio Highlights

"The Vocal Scene"—George Jellinek focuses on two Mozart rarities, *Zaide* and *Thamos*, on 1/5 at 10:05. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—Gluck's *Les Pelerins de la Mecquie* ("ou La Rencontre imprevue"), with Lynne Dawson, Gilles Cachemaille, Claudine Le Coz, Catherine Dubosc, Guy de Mey, Jean-Philippe Lafont, Sophie Marin-Degor, Jean-Luc Viala, and the Orchestre de Opéra de Lyon. 1/8 at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New York and Company"—1/3: Laurie Garrett, author of *The Coming Plague: Newly Emerging Diseases in a World Out of Balance*; Barry Lopez, author of *Field Notes*; Richard Preston, author of *The Hot Zone*. 1/4: Sally Goodgold, chair of the City Club; Peter Grose, author of *Gentleman Spy;* Paul Alexander, author of *Death and Disaster: The Rise of the Warhol Empire and the Race for Andy's Millions;* Douglas Gresham, the little boy in *Shadowlands.* 1/5: Journalist John Hess; essayist Guillermo Cabrera Infante; Julie Landau, translator of the Sung dynasty's T'zu poems; Ellen Stern, author of *Once Upon a Telephone*. 1/6: Jean Zimmerman and Gil Reavill, authors of *Manhattan: The City, Past and Present*; filmmaker Charles Burnett; actor James Barbour; open phones on topics of the day. Each weekday at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

"Around New York"—Most of Steve Sullivan's guests this week have yet to be announced, but it is confirmed that the Zlatne Uste Balkan Brass Band will perform live in his studio on 1/9 at 3. His program is on weekdays from 2 to 4; WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"American Jews: Heritage and Responsibility"—*Jewish Currents* editorial-board members Moe Foner, Shirley Romaine, and Gerald Stillman explore the Jewish literary and musical past and highlight articles of particular interest in the current issue of their magazine. 1/4 at 2; WBAI, 99.5 FM.

"The Poet's Voice"—The Unterberg Poetry Center and National Public Radio have joined forces to bring you archival recordings featuring some of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. The series, which is narrated by actresss Blair Brown, opens on 1/7 at 10 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM, with a program on W. H. Auden. The program is

Photograph by Becky Cohen/Ronald Feldman Fine Arts, New York.

rebroadcast the next day at 3:30 on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"The Golden Age of Radio"—Host Max Schmid starts the new year with an all-request program. "How many ethnic stereotypes can you get in a one-half-hour show?" Schmid asks. "Find out in the popular comedy *Abie's Irish Rose.* And while we're at it, an episode of *Tarzan,* the Bronzed White Son of the Jungle, and *David Harding, Counterspy* (No. 41—The Case of Flatbush Fagan, 9/13/49.)" The show airs on 1/7 at 8:30 on WBAI, 99.5 FM.

Ruth Laredo and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Detroit native Laredo joined her hometown orchestra for this concert recorded in Detroit's historic Orchestra Hall in November 1993 and broadcast on WQXR on 1/6 at 9:06. She performed the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 1; Andreas Delfs, music director of the Bern Opera and regular guest conductor of the Bern Symphony, conducts the D.S.O. WQXR; 96.3 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—1/3: Williams's Concerto Grosso; Schubert's Symphony No. 1 in D. 1/4: Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*; Suk's Serenade for String Orchestra in E-flat. 1/5: Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 6 in B-flat and Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 23 in A. 1/6: Bruch's Violin Concerto No. 1 in g; Scriabin's Symphony No. 4. 1/9: Paine's *Oedipus Tyrannus* and Symphony No. 1 in c. 1/10: Saint-Saens's Symphony No. 1 in E-flat; Ravel's *Rhapsodie Espagnole.* 1/11: Roman's Sinfonia in D; Gliere's Symphony No. 3 in b. Each weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Airing the Met—Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* with Catherine Malfitano, Wendy White, Richard Leech, and Dwayne Croft. Conducted by Daniele Gatti. 1/7 at 1:30. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

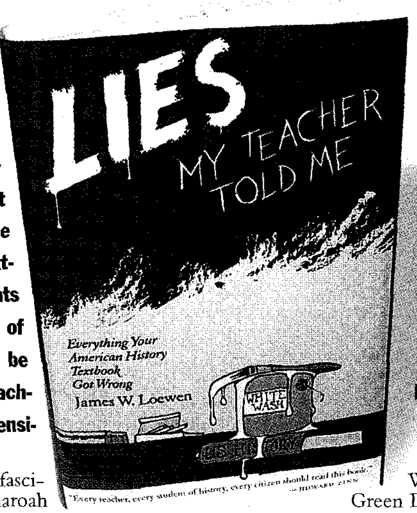
In Print

Lies, Lies, Lies

History, James W. Loewen suggests in *Lies My Teacher Told Me* (New Press, $24.95), has enjoyed a pretty good run outside the American classroom. Movies are made about it. Museums—highly patronized museums—are devoted to it. Inside the classroom, however, the interest doesn't hold: "High school students," the author announces flatly in the first sentence, "hate history." Loewen's assumption is that we start life equipped with unlimited exuberance for the high drama that is history. Loewen's point is that unrelievedly insipid textbooks snuff it out.

***Lies My Teacher Told Me* does not offer impressive evidence of a universal appetite for the past, probably because such evidence cannot be found. *JFK*'s appeal was wide and ahistorical. Ken Burns's *The Civil War* was well loved, but then, the Civil War is the one subject guaranteed to excite people who find even Carl Sandburg heavy going.**

It may be nitpicking to dwell on a single hollow assumption of an interesting book. But Loewen's Rousseauist optimism is not confined to assessments of students. He accurately takes note of deadened, dulled, revised, and excised textbooks, cites some daunting reasons (timid school boards and state accreditors, extremist special-interest groups, profit-starved publishers) why they are so bad, and then implies that all this is quite fixable: "If the authors of American history textbooks took notice of the points made in the first ten chapters of this book, then textbooks would be far less likely to present, and teachers to teach, distorted and indefensibly incomplete accounts of our past." Loewen's own experience—he co-wrote "the first revisionist state history textbook in America," had it win an award for the best nonfiction about the South, and saw it rejected for use in Mississippi public schools—is a measure of how formidable the obstacles are.


LIES
MY TEACHER TOLD ME
Everything Your American History Textbook Got Wrong
James W. Loewen
WHITE WASH
"Every teacher, every student of history, every citizen should read this book."
—HOWARD ZINN

There is also the formidability of history to contend with. America's past is indeed full of "fantastic and important stories," but they are short on certainty, long on complexity, and hence not every young person's idea of a spellbinding good time. Frances FitzGerald has spent her adult life thinking and writing about American history, but at a recent Morgan Library panel, she mentioned that she did not major in the subject at Radcliffe: She found it boring back then. Perhaps an almost ideal book for younger readers, such as Joy Hakim's splendid ten-volume *A History of Us* (Oxford University Press, $99.50), is partially lost on even the brighter members of its audience. "Oh, Jack, what a day," Jackie says about Jack's inaugural in the series' final volume, and Jack is described as having "*charisma* (kuh-RIZ-muh)." The invasion of the Bay of Pigs, the author writes a page later, "was a fiasco (fee-ASS-ko), which means it was a flop, fizzle, bomb, washout, dud, botch, bungle, failure." It is hard to imagine the most lively description of the Bay of Pigs diverting attention from the uncomplicated appeal of charisma, but that should not diminish respect for efforts to do the improbable—Hakim's, Loewen's, anybody's.

LINDA HALL

Recorded Music

Leonard Bernstein *The Airborne Symphony* (RCA)—Given that he was one of the most unforgettable conductors in American history, Leonard Bernstein's early years are surprisingly undocumented. Recently, RCA has set about to rectifying this, releasing a solo piano reading of Copeland's work, an orchestral performance of Gershwin, and now this third meeting with a U.S. composer: Marc Blitzstein, in his sweeping, overwhelmingly American opus, *The Airborne Symphony.* A stridently political composer, Blitzstein was also taken with the more stirring themes of modernity. And while in the air force during World War II, he set about to tell, of all things, the story of man's flight, from Da Vinci to the bombing of Guernica. A close friend, Bernstein conducted the premiere of this work in 1946 with the New York City Symphony Orchestra, complete with a narration by Orson Welles. They recorded the work in the same year, and though it lacks Welles, this performance still shows a vibrant spirit swept away with postwar enthusiasm. It also shows a conductor who, more than any before or since, championed the composers of his time.

Wayne Kramer *The Hard Stuff* (Epitaph)—While Woodstock's twenty-fifth birthday got hyped plenty, another precious anniversary—that of the debut of Detroit proto-punkers MC5—was woefully overlooked. Sad, especially since the recent passing of MC5 guitarist Fred "Sonic" Smith leaves his legendary brother-in-arms "Brother" Wayne Kramer to mark the occasion—and release a new record—without him. Happily, *The Hard Stuff* shows the lone guitar god to be in full command of his jam-kicking faculties. With guest spots by members of the Circle Jerks, the Melvins, and other punk fixtures, *The Hard Stuff* could come off like yet another hip tribute album. It doesn't really, thanks to a vital rawness to the sound, an authoritative seediness to the gutter vignettes, and an off-kilter free-jazz element—apparently a carryover from Kramer's early seventies fascination with Pharoah Sanders. For a strong dose ot outlaw sonics, you can't beat the unofficial guitarist of the '68 Democratic convention, even 25 years later.

Jamiroquai *The Return of the Space Cowboy* (Sony)—Long in need of a figurehead, the saxophonists, guitarists, and D.J.'s of London's acid-jazz scene were recently blessed with Jason Kay—their very own Vanilla Ice. Kay is the young white singer of Jamiroquai, a live band that, like Brit peers Galliano and the Brand New Heavies, mines early-seventies vinyl for its *déjà entendu* funk vibe. But unlike Ice, Kay has a reedy, Stevie Wonder–ish voice that's convincing enough to make the retread sound fairly legit. And, like 1993's debut, *Emergency on Planet Earth,* much of *Return of the Space Cowboy* sounds like *Innervisions*-era Stevie: Fender Rhodes keyboards, sultry horn spikes, sunny, wafting melodies. It's also again peppered with the flakily strident environmentalism and grandstanding for Native American rights that caught Kay some chuckles the first time out. But preachy and derivative though it may be, *Space Cowboy* still has enough supple grooves, cushiony harmonies, and marijuana references to curry favor with the hip-hop-savvy American kids and sound pretty good on a house mix. Who knows, Kay & Co. could be the Green Day of seventies soul.

The Written Word

Barbara Einzig and Tom Mandel—Einzig (author most recently of *Distance Without Distance*) and Mandel (author of the forthcoming *Realism, Letters of the Law, and the Prospect of Release,* among other

Photographs by Wayne Simpson.

books), read at the Poetry Project on 1/11 at 8. St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

Roy Blount Jr.—The humorist reads from his work on 1/10 at 7:30. Books and Co., Madison Ave. and 74th St. (737-1450); free.

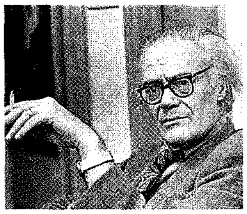
William Gaddis—The National Book Award winner reads from his work on 1/9 at 8 at the 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $8.

Tours

Big Onion Walking Tours: Ellis Island—Visit America's immigration museum for an exclusive talk on its history and a guided tour of the premises. You'll also have the option of a free stop at nearby Liberty Island. 1/8 at noon; $9. Call 439-1090 for further information and meeting place.

Adventure on a Shoestring: Little Odessa—On 1/8, Howard Goldberg leads a snacks-and-sights safari in Little Odessa, the thriving Brighton Beach community in Brooklyn to which thousands of Russian Jews have emigrated. As recently as twenty years ago, this seaside enclave was not far away from becoming a ghost town. Its Art Deco apartment buildings were half empty; its main street had abandoned storefronts and little else. But in the early 1970s, Russian Jewish émigrés began to come to this old Brooklyn neighborhood (more than a quarter of the Russian émigrés to the United States eventually settled in the area). Goldberg will explain Russian food traditions and customs and will fill you in on the history of Brighton Beach. The tour will pass the soon-to-expire Brighton Beach Bath and Racquet Club (it opened in 1907), M and I International (a superette specializing in rich Russian breads, fresh caviar, and other delicacies), and, of course, the boardwalk. The tour concludes with an optional luncheon at a popular local Russian restaurant. The tour is $5 plus $2.50 round-trip subway fare and the cost of food. For meeting time and place and reservations, call 265-2663.

Radio



"I did it because I was a poetry dunce," says actress *Blair Brown about her role* as narrator of "The Poet's Voice," a special thirteen-week series on WNYC. "Acting gives you the chance to learn about something you're interested *in, and so does this." Novices and aficionados alike will find* plenty to learn from these programs, which include archival interviews with, anecdotes about, and readings by such poets as Robert Frost, Robert Lowell (above), Marianne Moore, Dylan Thomas, and Anne Sexton (left). Brown is hard put to name a particular favorite, although she found Sexton's reading the most compelling. "It's like she's talking across a pillow to *you," Brown reports. The first broadcast features W. H. Auden* and airs January 7 at 10 P.M. on 820 AM.

The Flatiron District: Park Avenue South—See some of the finest examples of Beaux-Arts and Art Deco design on this tour, which includes a stop at Madison Square Park, "New York City's greatest outdoor museum." Your leader is architectural historian Francis Morrone. 1/9 at 12:30; $10. Meet at the northwest corner of Park Avenue South and 23rd St. Call 439-1049 for further information.

Sidewalks of New York—Call 662-5300 for information on this outfit's broad range of walks getting under way on the weekend of 1/7-8, including the Mafia tour, the murder-sites tour, the ghosts-at-twilight tour, the Greenwich Village architectural tour, and Ye Olde Tavern tour. On 1/8, Sidewalks' perennial favorite, "A Tribute to Jackie," returns. All tours are $10.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. Meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse on 1/10 at 12:30. The tour is free, but donations to the Municipal Art Society are welcomed. Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements. Call 935-3960 for more information.

Exhibitions

"Claire McCardell Redefining Modernism"—Most women are deeply familiar with the dictum that plainness, if it is elegant enough, is the highest form of style. ("Nothing looks as well as a navy-blue sweater and gray flannel pants," fashion editor Polly Mellon once told Scavullo. "Nothing. I mean, *Boom!*—perfect.") Claire McCardell, designer of clean-lined, highly practical sportswear, is held responsible for the look almost every woman professes to admire. Timid austerity, however, was not really the designer's game and timelessness not her only goal. Her pioneering achievement was to take women seriously enough to give them an affordable wardrobe that functioned as well as any man's did. "I like comfort in the rain, in the sun," she once said. "Comfort for active sports, comfort for sitting still and looking pretty." McCardell's women did look pretty, but what impresses us today is that prettiness was an afterthought. This exhibition is on through 1/12 at Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St., near Fifth Ave. Call 229-8987 for gallery hours and further information.

"Judith Leiber: The Artful Handbag"—Soon after the outbreak of the Second World War, Ms. Leiber decided to immigrate to the U.S. from her native Hungary (where she had met her husband, an American G.I.). Before she left, she was determined to acquire a skill. She learned how to make handbags at a Budapest factory; there, she says, she picked up her high standards of workmanship and her scrupulous attention to detail. In 1963, Ms. Leiber and her husband started their own business out of a small Manhattan loft. Since then, she has designed more than 3,000 exquisite bags, and today she presides over 200 employees and four floors of an office building. Pat Buckley, Anne Bass, Nancy Reagan, and Barbara Bush are among the women who have carried her creations. At the Fashion Institute of Technology's Leiber retrospective, some 300 of her handbags for day and evening are on display. Hours are Tuesday through Friday, noon to 8; Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5. Admission is free. Call 760-7642 for further information. Through 2/4.

Sports

Basketball

On 1/4 at 7:30, the Knicks host Atlanta's Lenny Wilkens, now the winningest coach in basketball history. With Oakley out for nearly two months and Ewing averaging only 20 points a game, the 1994–95 team won't get coach Pat Riley (who just shook off his longest losing streak, an interminable five games) any closer to his magic 939 wins. On 1/8 at 6, New York hunts down the Minnesota Timberwolves, who are languishing at the bottom of the Midwestern Division. On 1/10 at 8, the Knicks face Reggie Miller, former Knick Mark Jackson, and the rest of the Indiana Pacers.

Kids

The Little Prince...

Children's Events

Stormy Weather—Selected Sundays throughout the year are "Sunday Spectaculars" at the **92nd St. Y.** Mornings are spent tinkering with an art or science project. Break for lunch, and then swim or hit a ball around—a basketball, a racquetball, a volleyball, or a wallyball. On Jan. 8, one such day, the morning science topic is the weather. Participants will find out what causes thunderstorms, sleet, snow blizzards, and other phenomena of the present season. For ages 6 to 10 with parents. 92nd St. at Lexington Ave. (996-1100). Half days: either 10 to noon or noon to 3 are $40 for one adult and child and $15 for each additional person; full days are $50 for one adult and child and $15 for each additional person. Reserve.

"The Little Prince"—Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's much-loved story about a unique young royal staged as a musical by Theatreworks. Jan. 7, 8, 14, and 15 at 12:30. For children 5 and up. (Under fives are not admitted). Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (677-5959). Tickets are $13 and $17.

"Amahl and the Night Visitors"—A one-hour Epiphany weekend production of Gian Carlo Menotti's opera about the Three Kings' stopover at a peasant hut on their way to see the Christ child. Performed by professional singers; sets by Jeff Koons. For ages 8 amd up. Jan. 6 at 7:30 and Jan. 7 at 2. **Central Presbyterian Church**, 593 Park Ave. at 64th (838-0808). All proceeds benefit the children's programs at the above church. $7 for children, $12.50 for adults. ●

Circus Farewell—Catch **The Big Apple Circus's** own cross-dressing Grandma clown with soft performing props from the Swiss movement group Mummenschanz before they leave on a national tour. Tent is pitched at Damrosch Park, adjacent to Lincoln Center, through Jan. 8. Information, 268-0055; tickets, 307-4100. Tickets are $10 to $48.50. ●

Show with Legs—Last chance to see **Radio City's** *Christmas Spectacular,* with live animals, music, dance, religion, and the high-kicking Rockettes. Through Jan. 8. 1260 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center. For schedule information and tickets, call 307-1000. Tickets are $25 to $46. ●

cue

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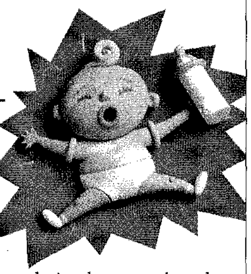
Saturday Afternoon Live—Alice Eve Cohen's one-woman show combines movement, music, puppetry, and assorted hats in the telling of two tales: *The Balinese Frog Prince* and the *Maiden who Loved a Trout.* For ages 3 to 9. Eat before or afterwards at the family-friendly café. **West End Gate**, 2911 Broadway at 113th St. (662-8830).

Pie in the Eye—Nickelodeon's two most popular game shows, "Family Double Dare" and "What Would You Do?" are coming to Madison Square Garden in a live show. Could this be the chance you and your loved ones have been waiting for to be selected to run in a "Human Hamster Wheel" or pick "boogerGAK" from

Photograph: center right, Thomas Victor.



a giant nose? Get a cream pie flung in your face in front of thousands! For ages 4 and up. **Madison Square Garden**, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-6000). Tickets are now on sale for performances Jan. 14 at 12 and 3:30. Tickets are $12 to $25.

Rolling—Family skating on Sunday afternoons at **The Roxy** are a chance to don 'blades or roller skates even in bleakest winter. Expect a party atmosphere with occasional outbreaks of games, because individual skaters are basically tagging along at one or more roller parties. Sessions are 1:30 to 3;30 and 4 to 6. 515 West 18th St. (645-5156). Admission is $6.50 for children and $8 for adults. Skate rentals are $3.

Otherworldly—The International Children's Television Festival at the **Museum of Television and Radio** looks this month at the supernatural. Award-winning videos from around the world include *The Trap Door: "Lurkings,"* a claymation from the United Kingdom, and *Sister Parrot Storytime: "The Story of the Cowherd Star and the Weaving Maid Star,"* a model animation from Taiwan. This month's offerings are suitable for ages 5 and up. 25 W. 52nd St. (621 6800). The festival screenings are on weekends from noon to 3 through mid-May. $3 for children, $6 for adults.

"The Tortoise and the Hare"—The fable that New York adults never seem to get the hang of is performed by **Puppetworks**'s marionettes. Also in the program, are other favorites from the Sixth Century Greek storyteller Aesop: *Androcles and the Lion* and the *Milkmaid and her Pail*. For ages 3 and up. January 7 through April 15, weekends at 12:30 and 2:30. 338 Sixth Ave. at Fourth St., Brooklyn (965-6058). $5 for children, $7 for adults. Reserve.

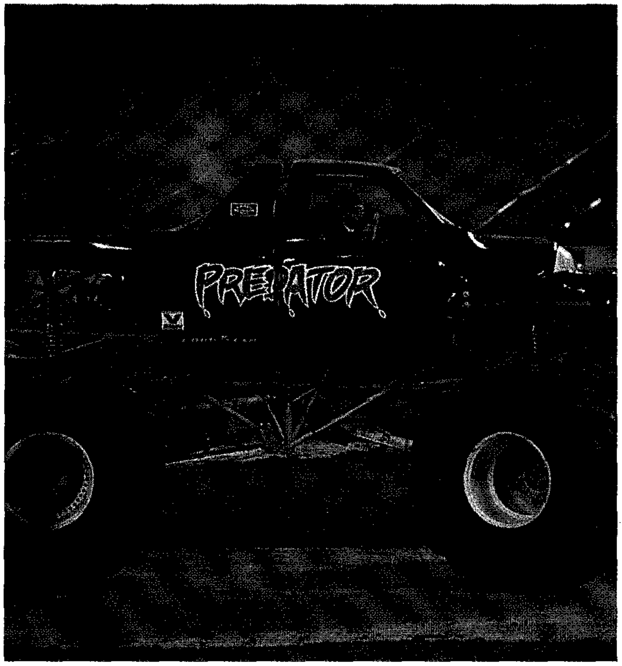
Wonder Window—**Sony Wonder Technology Lab** is an elegant new museum that beckons even the Luddites among us into a joyful technofrolic. At the entrance, visitors "log in" by getting their photographs taken and recordings of their voices made. From that point on, the faces and voices of visitors crop up on screens as we noodle with computer graphics or on the cover of hit albums. Finish editing a music video, perform ultrasound on a pregnant woman and help clean up an oil spill in New York Harbor. Headphones and the like fit 8-year-old-size and larger bodies best, but littler ones with patience will also have a blast. Hours are Tue. and Fri. 10 to 9; Wed., Thur., and Fri. 10 to 6.; Saturday 10 to 6; and Sunday noon to 6. Mornings are best to avoid lines. 55th and Madison (833-8100.)●

Works on Paper—Paint the northern Manhattan landscape of Harlem Meer and surrounding woodlands, in a watercolor workshop for families. For ages 4 and up. Jan. 7 at 1. **Charles A. Dana Discovery Center,** 110th St. nr. Fifth Ave. (860-1370.)●

Happening

Monster Mash

Expect yourself and the kids to exit the U.S. Hot Rod Grand Slam Monster Jam at Madison Square Garden (January 6 and 7) a little stupider than when you entered—if only temporarily. You have to contend first with the deafening roar of 1,400-horsepower-engine trucks racing one another across rows of junk cars. Next, with the dizzying clouds of toxic exhaust (there's a reason these events are usually held outdoors). Not even to mention that the cumulative effect of watching two hours of what Gary Porter, owner of Carolina Crusher, a 12-foot-tall, 12-foot-wide Chevy truck, refers to as "high-flyin', car-crushin' action" can't be good for anyone's attention span. But don't let any of this discourage you from going. Though the irony in attending Monster Trucks wears off after the first ten minutes, kids adore watching supervised destruction, and there are also "Cycle Wars" (guys on dirt bikes racing around in circles) and "Outlaw Quad Wars" (guys on all-terrain four-wheel motorcycles racing around in circles). To the uninitiated, this most non–New York of spectacles may seem like the equivalent of the World Wrestling Federation, but Porter assures us that the monster-racing community takes it quite seriously. "Lots of us travel together," he says. "In the pits we're friends, but when we pull up to the line, then it's all over." NORMAN VANAMEE



Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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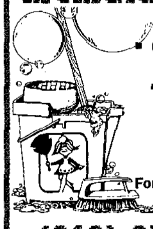

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Funny, Fit, Fabulous—34, 5'5", attractive, intelligent Jewish gymnast seeking intelligent, attractive, successful mensch who is caring and compassionate. My interests: art, theater, literature, the beach, cycling, chocolate, circus, dance and change. Note and photo essential. 4624 ✉

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Manhattanophile—43, 5'10", 180. Interests include Italian restaurants, fashion and furniture, English cars, French desserts, Irish humor, American movies. Seeks beautiful lady, health and career oriented. Note/photo/phone. 4660 ✉

What A Catch—Jewish, handsome, 5'8", trim, young 40s, divorced, no children yet, extremely successful self-made millionaire, down-to-earth, unpretentious, with a high level of intelligence, charm and humor. Serious about marriage, family and sharing success with the Right woman: Jewish, 30-35, no children, petite, very thin, very adorable, very successful, dynamic and funny. It's a lot to ask for, but I have a lot to offer. Photo and as much meaningful information as possible. Forget the parts about sunsets, liking fine dining, fireplaces and walks in the park. 4650 ✉

Pretty Blond—Physically fit, bright, warm and successful, seeks attractive, professional Jewish male counterpart in 40s-mid 50s, to share mutual interests of the arts, outdoors, friendship and romance. Photo/note/phone number. 4621 ✉

Secure, Kind Man—6', 59, Jewish, seeks lady, 40s, professional, brainy, very robust/strong. Works out, okay. 4502 ✉

Former Fencing Team—Equipment manager invites a heaping of sugar, a heaping of spice and a touch of the earth (optional) to complement interests such as music - U2, Muddy, Broadway and Vivaldi; athletics - hockey, running, skiing and canoeing; literature - of late Ken Follet, but prefer "The Grapes of Wrath"; movies - Woody Allen, "Pulp Fiction" and Disney; food - thank you very much. I am a 31-year-old career- and life-quality-oriented man with dark hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 175 lb package. All women between 21 and 35 years and 5' and 7', should respond with a photo enclosure. Come as you are. 4617 ✉

Happy New Year—Green-eyed, bright, pretty Jewish female, 35, seeks professional, intelligent, kind Jewish male, 35-40, for committed relationship. Note/phone/photo please. 4637 ✉

Friendly, Sensitive—Attractive Jewish business owner, 32 - enjoys baseball, travel. Seeks attractive, understanding, fun female, 26-32. Note and photo. 4632 ✉

Willowy, Slightly Windblown Blond—Writer/historian - seeks tall, literate comrade-in-arts (50 plus). 4480 ✉

NYC Financial Type—38, Wasp, fetching, fun and fit, seeks to share himself, the simple pleasures and more with a woman of patience, promise and passion. Note and photo please. 4646 ✉

Is Your Smile Your Trademark?—Handsome Jewish patent attorney, 33, seeks attractive female, 25-35. Jets/Mets/REM fan a plus. Sense of humor a must. Note/phone/photo. 4631 ✉

Warm, Witty, Well-Built Guy—37, professional, athletic, earnest, seeking a brainy, funny and beautiful sweetheart. Nonsmoker. Note/phone/photo. 4611 ✉

Pretty, Petite And Politically Incorrect—Brunette, sweet and serious, with wild sense of humor, seeks thoughtful, mature, professional Jewish man, 38-45, who's fit, funny, offbeat but stable, an outdoors type and unpretentious. Note/photo. 4628 ✉

Very Attractive Physician—Of Russian descent is looking for a friend and a lover. I'm tall, athletic, very feminine, with dark eyes, light brown hair and outgoing personality. I'm looking for a very successful, well-established, tall, classy, well-educated, down-to-earth and capable-of-monogamous-relationship man, 38-50 years old. 4648 ✉

Gay Woman—Late 50s, bored, uninspired, in need of miracle that comes wrapped in style and grace. 4653 ✉

Beautiful, Slim, Petite—NYC blond psychologist and Freud fan of 38, who loves nature, fitness and art, seeks a cute, fit, highly intelligent NYC man in medicine or mental health, who tries to examine his unconscious motivations and wants to share feelings. 4636 ✉

Angie Dickenson Look-Alike—Sexy, slim redhead, seeks fit, good-looking male with integrity and a great sense of humor, 48-62. Note/photo. 4491 ✉

Midtown MD—43, 5'10", 180. Interests include travel, restaurants, museums, theater. In search of very attractive, health- and career-conscious lady for one-on-one development. Great legs a plus. Note/photo/phone. 4661 ✉

What's A Nice Girl Like Me—Doing on a page like this? Single white female - 49, slim, easygoing, attractive, seeks confident, attractive, real white male, 40s-50s, for friendship/more. I enjoy tennis, riding, travel, laughing, movies...and still the Mets! No alcohol/drug abusers. Smokers okay. Photo, please. 4512 ✉ ☎

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All-American Girl—5'6", 118 lbs, blond/green, 42, works out, many interests, seeking under-50, tall, clean-shaven, physically fit, single white male, available weekends, for long-term relationship. Queens/LI preferred. 4641 ✉

Truly Stunning Woman—Loves reading, writing, sports (ski a plus). Seeks witty man, 45 plus, not given to bombast. Photo and some pithy prose. 4659 ✉

Demi Moore Look-Alike—(In face and body), with spirit, sense of adventure, great legs and a great smile, seeks romantic, tall (6' and over), attractive corporate guy, 30-40, with a wild side and a warm heart. Note and phone. 4618 ✉

(914), Warm Woman—Tall, fit, fun, 50, professional, seeks a good man. 4615 ✉ ☎

Genuine Gay Male—White, professional, 31, sincere, handsome and healthy, seeks similar for friendship, fun and romance. Send note and photo. 4616 ✉

Nice Guy!—Handsome, 6'1", green eyes, well-built, very athletic, intelligent, mid 30s, Catholic businessman with varied interests, seeks younger, beautiful buxom girlfriend. Photo/phone please. 4638 ✉

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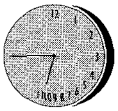

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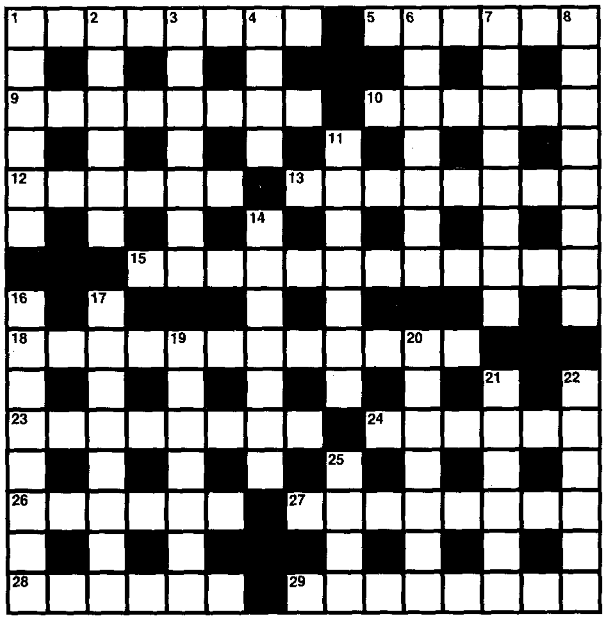
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Colours, as usual. (8)
5 Fits springs before writing. (6)
9 Left at home with relative hovering around. (8)
10 State learning means such a lot. (6)
12 A girl of three's rebellious. (6)
13 An instrument for inserting foil into glass. (3-5)
15 A wee problem! (12)
18 Unruly brats can tire anyone not thinking very clearly. (12)
23 The country's always behind this artist. (8)
24 Quiet trainee entering like a model. (6)
26 For a hot-pot when there's a meal to get? (3-3)
27 Pop back with little enthusiasm. (8)
28 Not to be firm is unexpected in the German male. (6)
29 View as a real possibility. (8)



DOWN

1 A nurse will make the connection. (6)
2 Relative turning bronze in time. (6)
3 Pick out the odd cinders. (7)
4 23's caged cock bird. (4)
6 An enclosure with bars for youngsters. (4-3)
7 Give voice about prison getting the news first. (8)
8 Demesnes can be transformed by gardening experts. (8)
11 A good man cutting unpolluted grass. (7)
14 He's made his pile, and he aims to hang on to it! (7)
16 Lonely ladies—to get together for a change. (8)
17 Winnings are of some help, though this may well be denied. (8)
19 Willing to investigate at one point. (7)
20 "I name this ship Chaotic!" (2, 1, 4)
21 Showing ill-feeling about the Right as one of the little people. (6)
22 Regret working out in the break. (6)
25 Backing strikes when there's a boom. (4)

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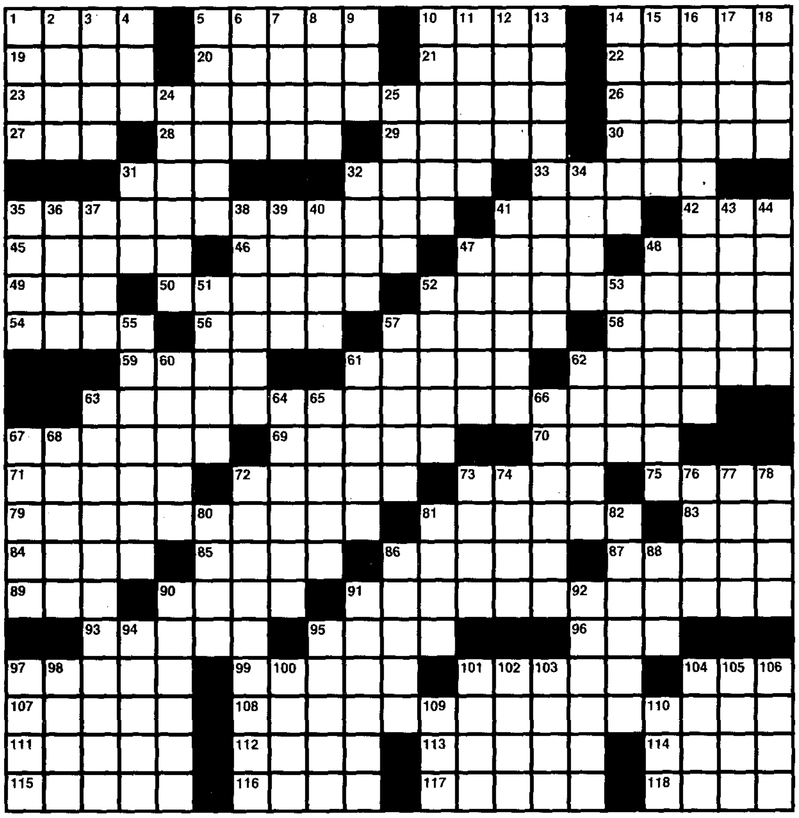
'Facial Expressions': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Valjean of "Les Misérables"
5 Italian sauce
10 Load cargo
14 Capital of Bangladesh
19 Sudden impulse
20 Man in a cast
21 Injection need, for short
22 Crazy as ——
23 Loud Alec Guinness film, with "The"?
26 Oberon of movies
27 Mystery-story pioneer
28 Become weatherworn
29 Stingless bee
30 Cupid's projectile
31 Conquistador's quest
32 Slapstick missiles
33 Impatient hurrying
35 Bartender's tumbler?
41 This may be punk
42 Crow's comment
45 Pauline's trouble, in old serials
46 "—— You Glad You're You?"
47 Robert's "Sting" co-star
48 Longfellow's bell town
49 Scottish John
50 Devil-may-care
52 Slurping?
54 Gator's acquaintance
56 Piggy-bank insert
57 Dull photo finish
58 Off the leash
59 No picnic
61 Long-poem division
62 Fell from grace
63 KLM, El Al, etc.?
67 Bamboozled
69 Sectors
70 Baltic Sea feeder
71 "Peer Gynt" dramatist
72 Incredible bargain
73 Chutzpa
75 Thwack, as flies
79 Eli Whitney's soft spot?
81 Sprites
83 Shakespearean fuss
84 Towel inscription
85 Biggers's detective
86 Gentleman's gentleman
87 Hera worshiper, e.g.
89 "For unto —— child is born"
90 Normandy city
91 Cyrano's alma mater?
93 Anticipate fearfully
95 Cause injury
96 Fort near Monterey
97 D-day beach
99 Wombs
101 Head-cold -itis
104 Scepter's go-with
107 Marceau, and colleagues
108 Invitation to a sleep party?
111 Opposite of obtuse
112 Slight advantage
113 Medici city
114 —— -de-camp
115 Tree residences
116 Ownership document
117 Knight dress
118 Fonda's "Grapes of Wrath" role

DOWN

1 Use a trampoline
2 Ending for sock or switch
3 Grippy feeling
4 Kind of profit
5 Walk the beat
6 Canyon sound
7 South African village
8 Type of bag
9 Bobby of hockey
10 Stock-market units
11 Rookies
12 Start the bidding
13 Creator of Jeeves
14 Rich drapery fabric
15 On the qui vive
16 Emendations
17 Centennial State: abbr.
18 From scratch
24 Proclaimer of tidings
25 Keats was one
31 Kimono cummerbund
32 Hunger symptom
34 Rights org.
35 Typical DeMille flick
36 Tenth of a decade
37 Conductor Rapee
38 City on the Rio Grande
39 Happy facial expression
40 Easter's predecessor
41 "Jurassic Park" creature
43 Got up
44 Treated to champagne
47 Palace in Florence
48 Penitents
51 Sharp-tasting
52 Cantrell and Turner
53 Country singer Patsy
55 Alpine dwellings
57 See 110-Down
60 "——clock scholar"
61 Just-washed
62 Move like a crab
63 16th-century seer
64 Patriot Hale
65 "Stars —— the quiet skies"
66 Nabokov girl
67 Lacy scarf
68 Bassoons' relatives
72 On the agenda
73 "Monster" lizard
74 Figure-skating leap
76 Living or minimum
77 Bede of fiction
78 Antoinette Perry award
80 College sports gp.
81 Yesterdays
82 Few and far between
86 Brazilian carrier
88 Write a P.S.
90 No longer continues
91 Attended the sickroom
92 Mountain lion
94 "GWTW" hero
95 Avoid commitment
97 Arabian sultanate
98 Nursery-rhyme trio
100 Sea phase
101 Recipe direction
102 News bit
103 Don't-do
104 Baltimore's railroad partner
105 The scarlet letter
106 Reared
109 That, to Juanita
110 Famed tomb, with 57-Down

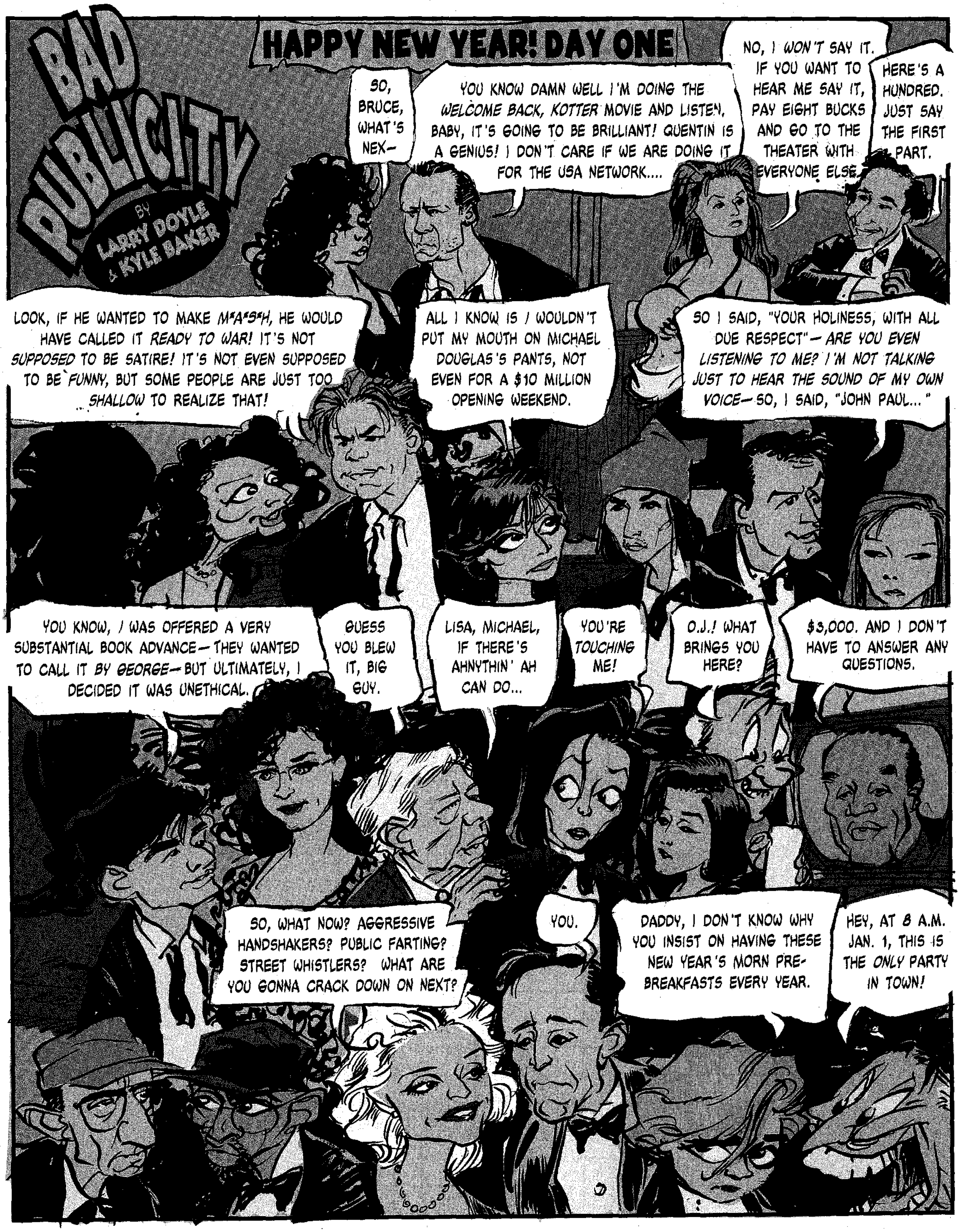


Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 87.

LATE HIT

Overhung

If it's 8 a.m. New Year's Day, it must be time for that hot, hot, hot Flacco breakfast.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
HAPPY NEW YEAR! DAY ONE
SO, BRUCE, WHAT'S NEX—
YOU KNOW DAMN WELL I'M DOING THE *WELCOME BACK, KOTTER* MOVIE AND LISTEN, BABY, IT'S GOING TO BE BRILLIANT! QUENTIN IS A GENIUS! I DON'T CARE IF WE ARE DOING IT FOR THE USA NETWORK....
NO, I *WON'T* SAY IT. IF YOU WANT TO HEAR ME SAY IT, PAY EIGHT BUCKS AND GO TO THE THEATER WITH EVERYONE ELSE.
HERE'S A HUNDRED. JUST SAY THE FIRST PART.
LOOK, IF HE WANTED TO MAKE *M*A*S*H,* HE WOULD HAVE CALLED IT *READY TO WAR!* IT'S NOT *SUPPOSED* TO BE SATIRE! IT'S NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE *FUNNY,* BUT SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST TOO *SHALLOW* TO REALIZE THAT!
ALL I KNOW IS *I* WOULDN'T PUT MY MOUTH ON MICHAEL DOUGLAS'S PANTS, NOT EVEN FOR A $10 MILLION OPENING WEEKEND.
SO I SAID, "YOUR HOLINESS, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT"— *ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME? I'M NOT TALKING JUST TO HEAR THE SOUND OF MY OWN VOICE*— SO, I SAID, "JOHN PAUL..."
YOU KNOW, *I* WAS OFFERED A VERY SUBSTANTIAL BOOK ADVANCE— THEY WANTED TO CALL IT *BY GEORGE*— BUT ULTIMATELY, I DECIDED IT WAS UNETHICAL.
GUESS YOU BLEW IT, BIG GUY.
LISA, MICHAEL, IF THERE'S AHNYTHIN' AH CAN DO...
YOU'RE *TOUCHING* ME!
O.J.! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
$3,000. AND I DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS.
SO, WHAT NOW? AGGRESSIVE HANDSHAKERS? PUBLIC FARTING? STREET WHISTLERS? WHAT ARE YOU GONNA CRACK DOWN ON NEXT?
YOU.
DADDY, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU INSIST ON HAVING THESE NEW YEAR'S MORN PRE-BREAKFASTS EVERY YEAR.
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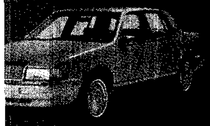

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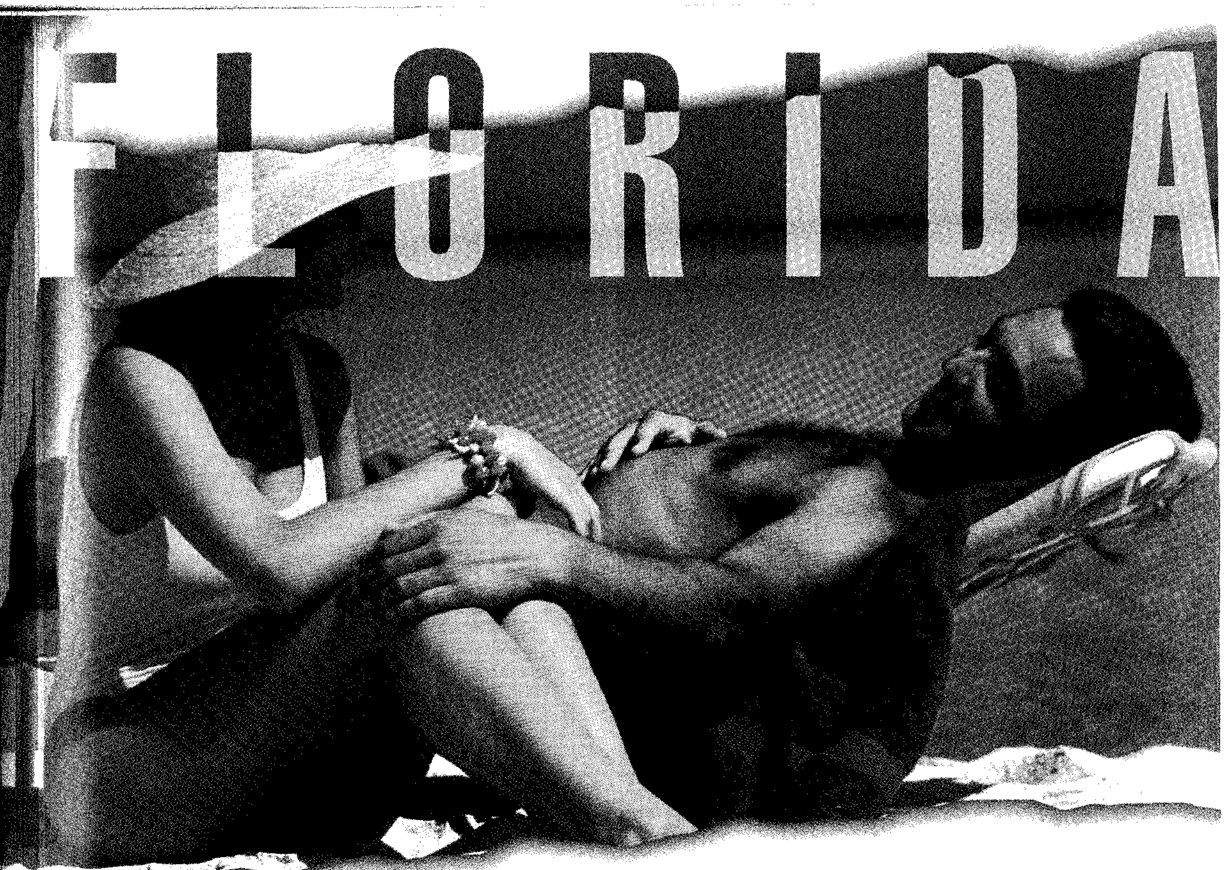

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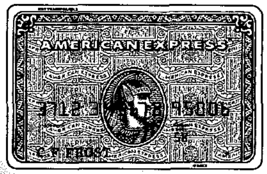

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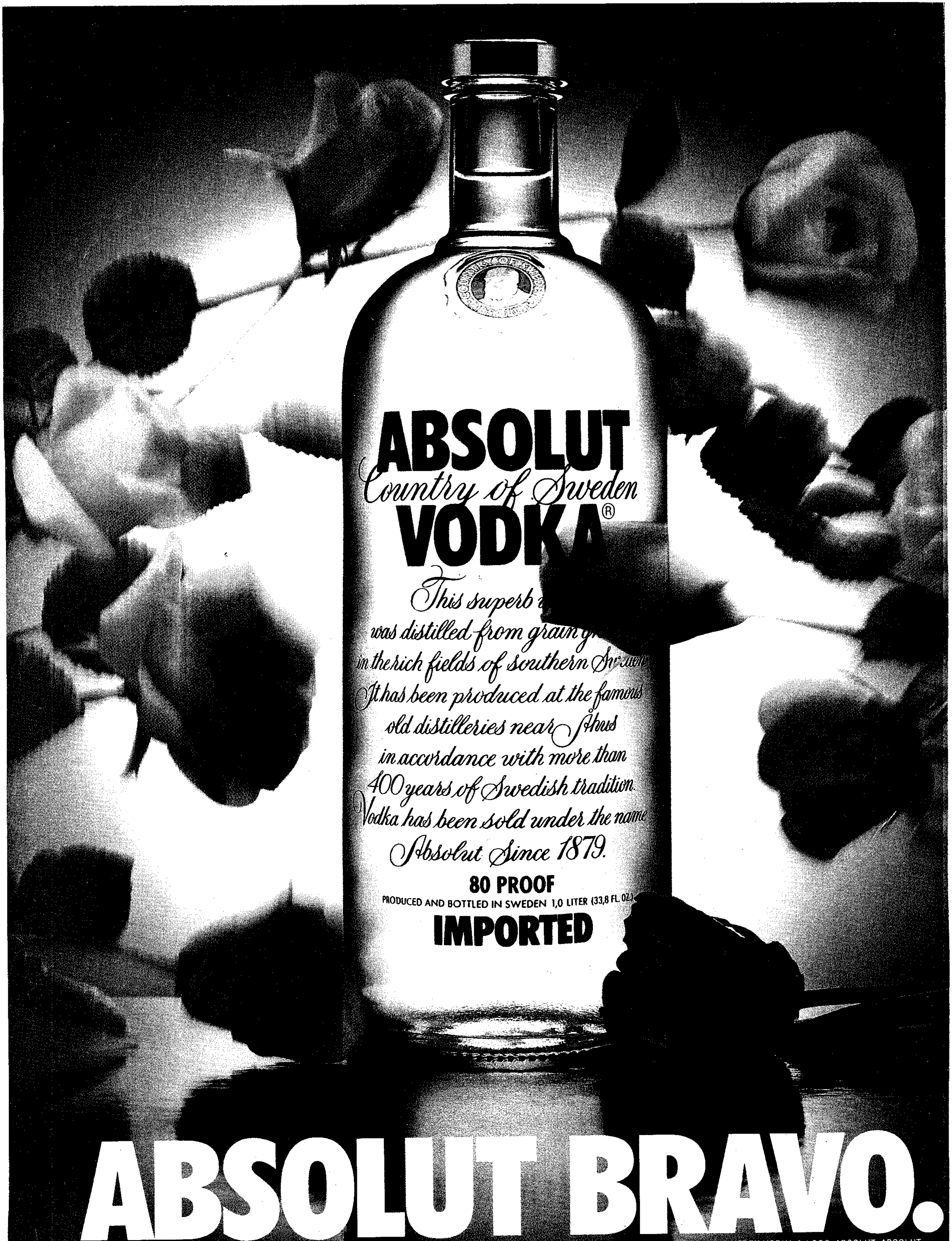
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